THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

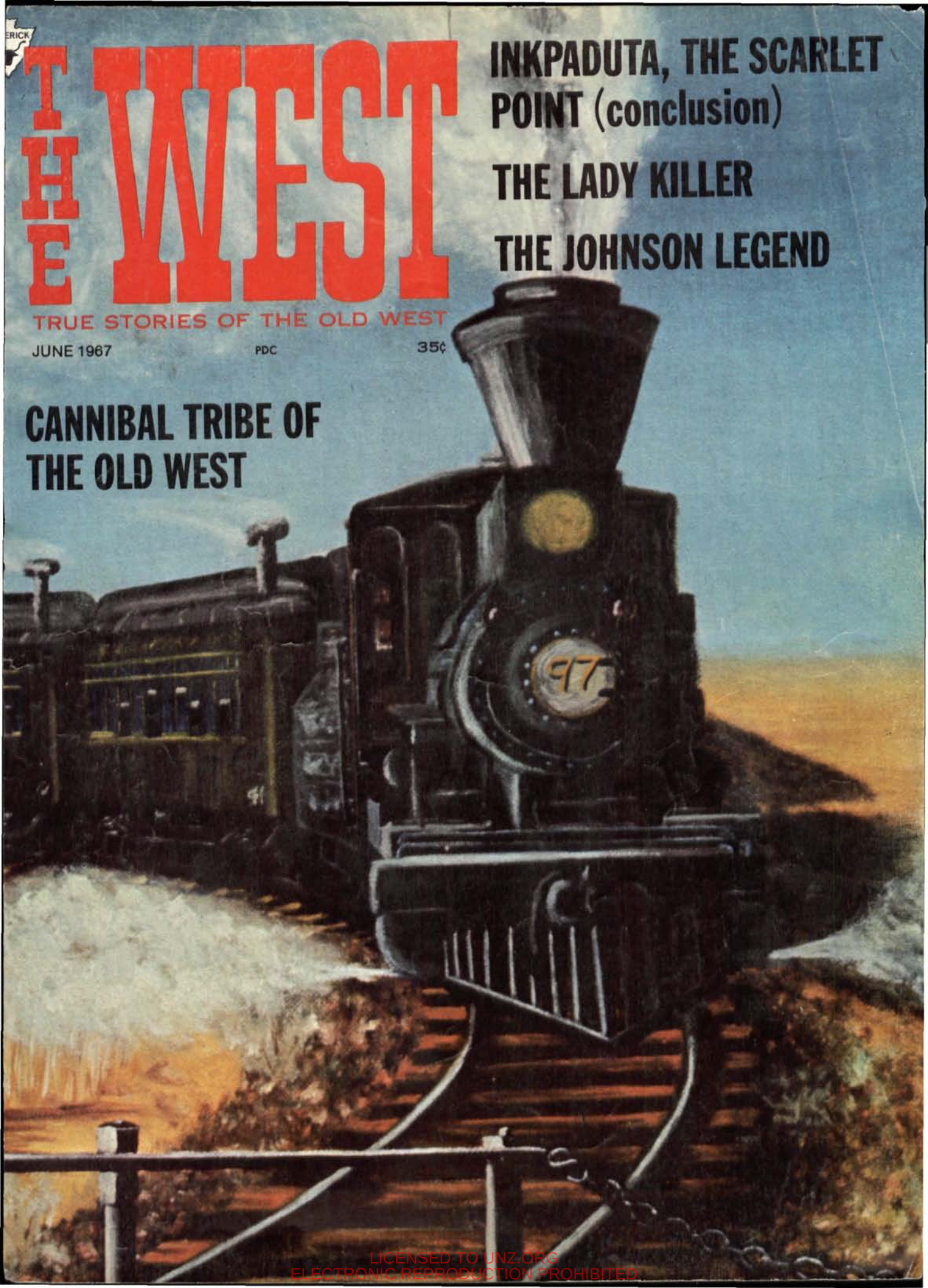
JUNE 1967 PDC 35¢

INKPADUTA, THE SCARLET POINT (conclusion)

THE LADY KILLER

THE JOHNSON LEGEND

CANNIBAL TRIBE OF THE OLD WEST



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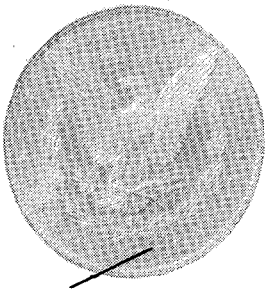

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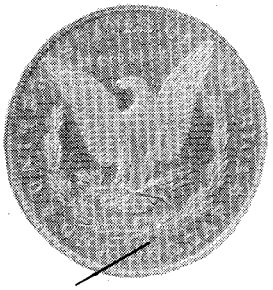

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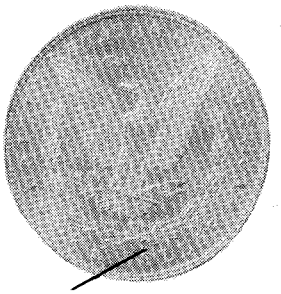

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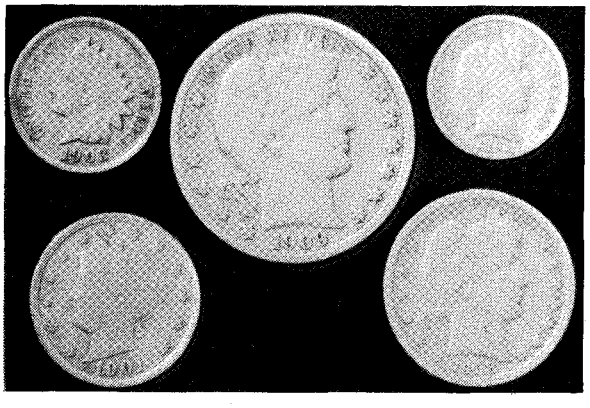

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Read the actual case histories at left. They represent just a few of the hundreds of small operators who have made a "killing" in mail order. This is *concrete proof* of what can be done . . . what has been done . . . by beginners, just like yourself.

Want further proof? Pick up any magazine and note how the same mail order ads are repeated . . . month after month. *You know* those ads wouldn't be repeated *unless* they were bringing their owners steady cash profits! What you may not know is that many of those ads are *run by small operators*—just like those described in the story by Mechanix Illustrated!

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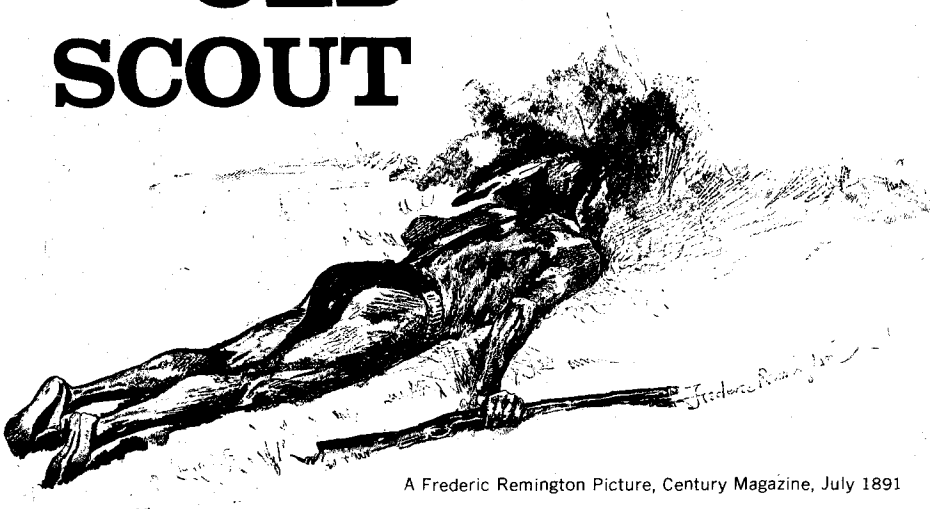
THE EDITOR SPEAKS

THE OLD SCOUT



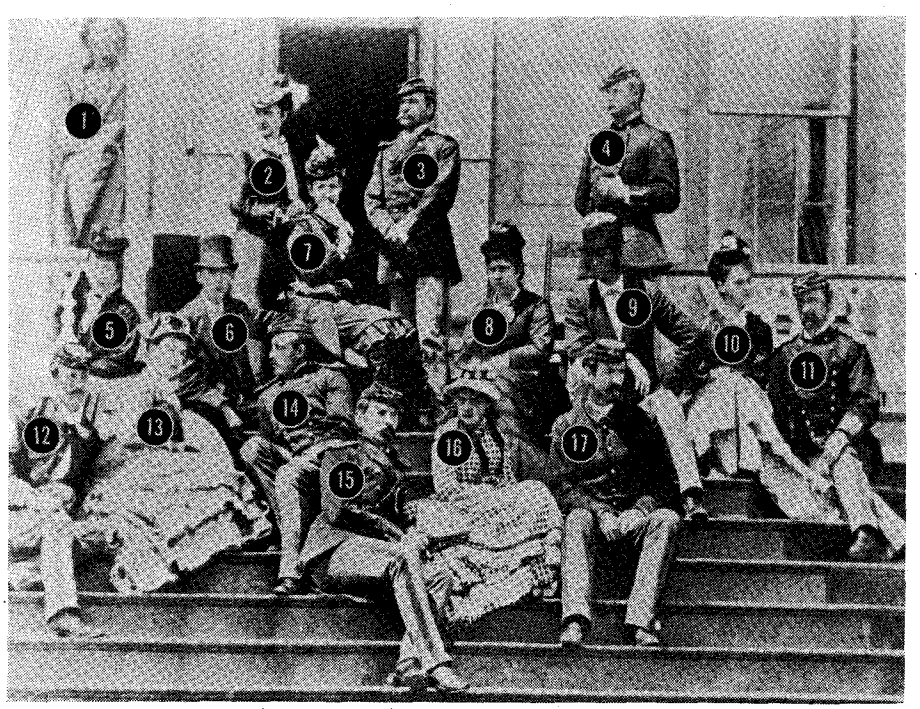
A Frederic Remington Picture, Century Magazine, July 1891

WE PUBLISHED the conclusion of the long story, *Custer's Last Battle,* in the September 1966 issue of *The West.* To illustrate that story we used, among many others, a group picture of ladies and gentlemen, most of the men uniformed. As it happened, we identified only General Custer. Afterward we received a few letters asking that we identify the persons pictured as completely as possible. We put that on the list of things we might do in the future, until we received a fine letter on the same subject from Ed Boyle Jr. of Bradford, Pennsylvania. He jogged our conscience, and here is the list of names, as complete as we are able to give it to you.

(The photo, which appeared on page dates back to 1874, Fort Lincoln, Dakota Territory.)

(1) Indian Chief, name unknown; (2) Mrs. George Custer; (3) Captain Smith; (4) Colonel James Calhoun; (5) Mrs. Smith; (6) Mr. Calhoun; (7) Mrs. Calhoun; (8) Mrs. Yates; (9) Mr. Boston Custer; (10) name unknown; (11) General George A. Custer; (12) Colonel Tom Custer; (13) Miss Wadsworth; (14) Captain Thompson; (15) Colonel M. Keough; (16) Miss Wadsworth; (17) Captain Baker.

There, Mr. Boyle, is our good deed for this issue, and we hope the additional information serves its purpose. ●



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THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST
JUNE 1967 VOL. 7 No. 1

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Research Director . . . . . JOHN LYNCH
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THE MAIL POUCH

PETER R. ODENS wrote a charming warm little story about an old—very old, 105-year-old—Indian, Apache Jack. In this article he had Apache Jack first see the light of day in Tombstone, Arizona, on December 8, 1859. So what happened? Plenty!

Mr. Odens very goodnaturedly answers in this column not only the letter from Lee Strobel which is the lead letter, but by proxy, communications on the same subject from several other readers.

THE HORSE ERRED

Dear Editor:

Peter R. Odens is well posted on western history, of course. But didn't he slip a cog in his Apache Jack article which appears in the March 1967 issue of *The West,* when he said Apache Jack—Daniel James Kelly—was born in Tombstone, Arizona, December 8, 1859? Peter must have gotten that from the wrong end of the horse. Its front end could have told him truly that Tombstone would be a very vacant area for about another 20 years after the date mentioned above. (See John Meyer's history of Tombstone—"The Tombstone Story."

Cordially,
Lee Strobel
Route 4, Box 297-A
Escondido, Calif. 92025

Mr. Strobel is quite right—Tombstone did not exist when Apache Jack was born, and I apologize. However, please remember that there was considerable mining going on in the area. In fact, Frederick Brunckow, the German who found the famous mine near where Tombstone is situated, began operating it in 1859. Also in that same year, the first newspaper in Arizona was printed in nearby Tubac. I think that what Apache Jack was trying to say, is that he was born in what is today the Tombstone area. (Sgd., Peter Odens.)

BEAUTIFUL PAXSON COVER

Dear Editor:

I am writing in regard to a wonderful cover illustration which I happened to see belatedly on the cover of the October copy of your excellent magazine *The West.* I am more than a little familiar with the Artist E.S. Paxson as I lived for many years in Montana. E.S. Paxson is considered by many one of Montana's greatest artists, possibly greater even than Charles Russell, who has been so highly publicized.

If I am not mistaken, this cover painting is similar to or is one of the historic murals in the County Court House in Missoula, Montana. If it is, it seems it would be proper and appropriate to so identify it. I am from Missoula and am proud of our Court House murals by Paxson. I generally buy and enjoy your magazine and hope to see in the future more paintings by Paxson and Russell. Few states can point with pride to two such famous artists.

Very truly yours,
Joe McDonald
Alhambra, California

Thank you for sending me a copy of Joe McDonald's letter. It is always very gratifying to hear such appreciative words. Mr. McDonald is correct, the cover painting by Edgar S. Paxson, my grandfather, is one of the documentary murals in the Missoula County Courthouse in Montana. There are seven others there by E.S. Paxson which depict frontier events in Montana's early history... (Sgd.) Wm. Edgar Paxson.

BLOOD ON THE COFFIN

Dear Editor:

I have been buying your magazine for several months now and enjoy it very much... but there is one story in the Feb. 1967 issue that I cannot agree with and that is the story about the death of Pancho Villa by Knoles-Peterson. Perhaps you would like to hear the true story. My late husband and I were both personally acquainted with Francisco Villa. We had lunch with him two days before his death and my husband talked with him for about three hours, discussing Villa's troubles.

To start with Pancho Villa was not shot from the house... This was the plan, but only one of the men was in the house at the time of the shooting. The others were standing across the road by their horses unarmed.

Pancho Villa and his bodyguards were shot with a submachine gun from the back seat of a car that pulled up beside their car near the house. They were shot by a young gunrunner from Arkansas whose name was Chester Worley. (He used several aliases while living in Mexico.) Villa owed Worley and some of his American

(Continued on page 60)

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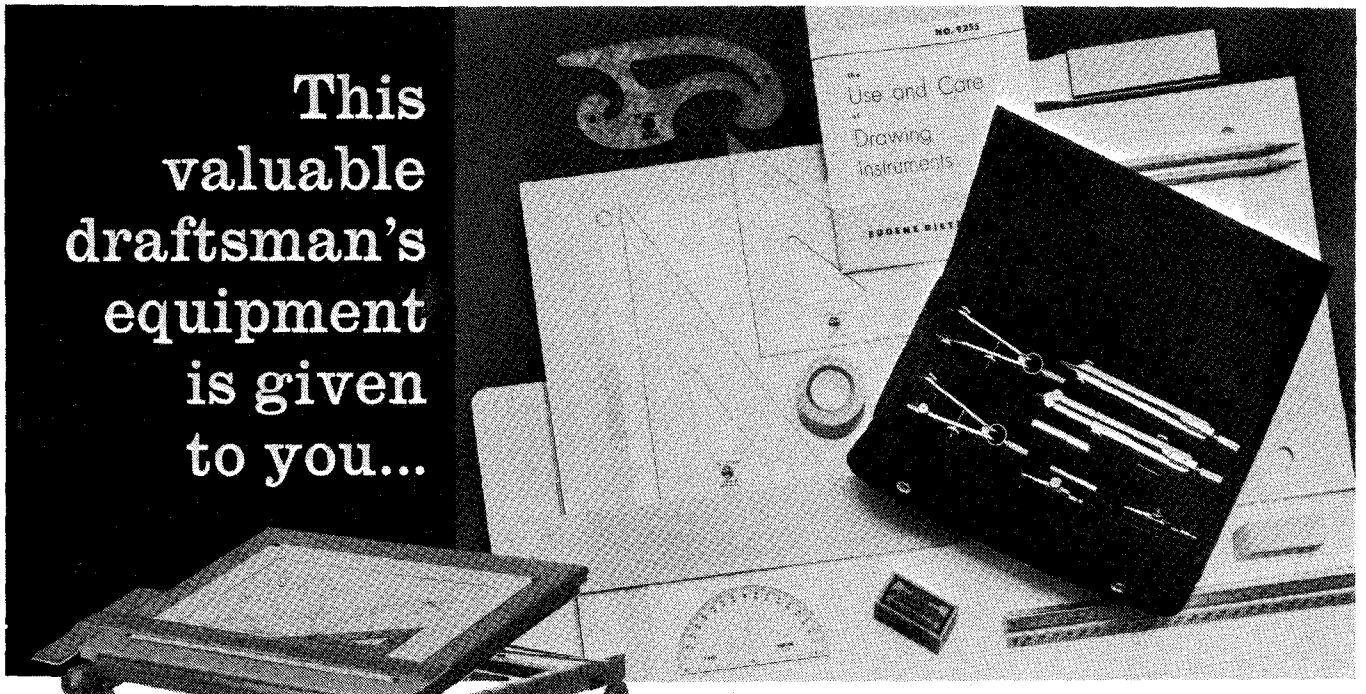

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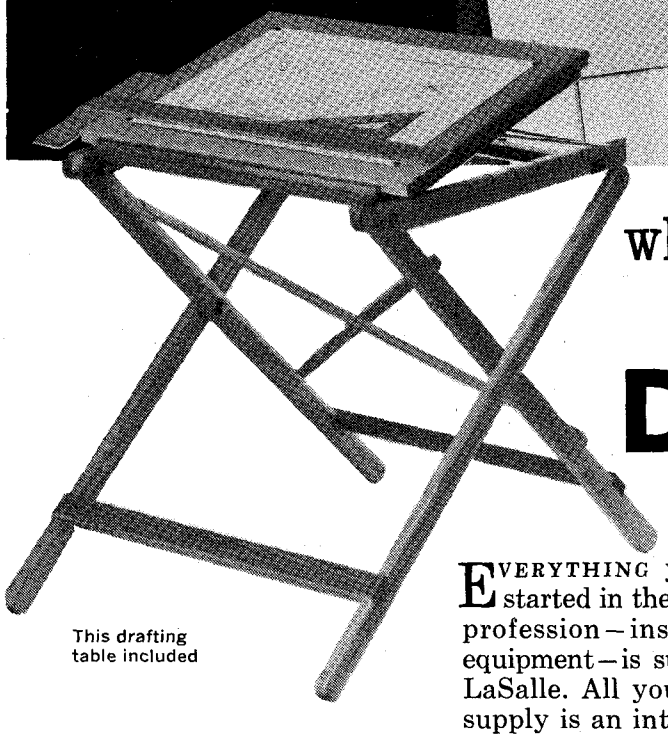

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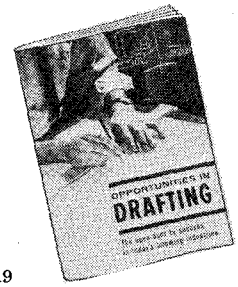

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The Pollock DIAMOND ROBBERY

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY

The victim was shot, beaten and robbed in a crowded train by a black-bearded bandit — but that wasn't the way some other passengers remembered him; it was most confusing

by Cleveland Moffett

ON A FRIDAY NIGHT, November 4, 1892, with thirteen men in the smoker, a train on the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad drew out of Omaha at six o'clock, and started on its eastward run.

Among these thirteen, sitting about half way down the aisle, enjoying a good cigar, was Mr. W.G. Pollock of New York, a travelling salesman for W.L. Pollock & Co., of the same city, one of the largest diamond firms in America.

In the inside pocket of his vest he carried $15,000 worth of uncut diamonds, while a leather satchel on the seat beside him contained a quantity of valuable stones in settings.

On the front seat of the car, just behind the stove, sat a stolid-looking young man who would have passed for a farmer's lad. He seemed scarcely over twenty, having neither beard nor mustache, and a stranger would have put him down as a rather stupid, inoffensive fellow.

Compared with Mr. Pollock he was slighter in build, although an inch or so taller. As he sat there staring at the stove, the passenger in the seat behind him, J.H. Shaw, an Omaha well-digger, a bluff, hearty man of social instincts, tried to draw him into conversation. But the young fellow only shook his head sulkily, and the well-digger relapsed into silence.

Presently, as the train was approaching California Junction, the young man on the front seat rose and started down the aisle. Curiously enough, he now wore a full beard of black hair five or six inches long. No one paid any attention to him until he stopped at Mr. Pollock's seat, drew a revolver, and said loud enough for everyone in the car to hear him:

"Give me them diamonds."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he shifted the revolver to his left hand, drew a slungshot from his coat pocket, and struck Mr. Pollock with it over the head such a heavy blow that the bag burst, and the shot rolled upon the floor. Then he said again:

"Give me them diamonds."

Realizing that the situation was desperate, Mr. Pollock took out his pocketbook and handed it to his assailant, saying: "I have only a hundred dollars; here it is."

Pushing back the pocketbook as if unworthy of his attention, the man aimed his revolver coolly at Mr. Pollock's right shoulder and fired. Then he aimed at the left shoulder and fired. Both bullets hit; and were followed by two more, which went whizzing by the diamond merchant's head on either side, missing him, perhaps by accident, but probably by design, as the men were not three feet apart.

By this time the other people in the car had disappeared under the seats like rats into their holes. To all intents and purposes Mr. Pollock was alone with his assailant. The latter evidently knew where the diamonds were secreted, for, ripping open his victim's vest, he drew out the leather wallet in which they were enclosed, and stuffed it into his pocket.

Black-beard brought down fearful blows on victim's head.

Wounded though he was, Mr. Pollock now grappled with the thief, who, using the butt of his revolver as a weapon, brought down fearful blows on Pollock's head. The latter, however, was game to the end and, getting into the aisle, fought the robber up and down the car, until a crushing blow at last laid Mr. Pollock senseless on the floor.

With perfect self-possession and without hurry the thief walked back down the aisle to Mr. Pollock's seat, and took one of the two leather bags lying there, by mistake choosing, though, the one that did not contain the mounted diamonds. Then he went to the end of the car, pulled the bellrope and, as the train began to slacken its speed in response to this signal, jumped off the steps, rolled down a bank fifteen feet high, and disappeared.

Sharing apparently in the general consternation and terror inspired by the young fellow, the conductor, instead of holding the train to pursue the thief, signalled the engineer to go ahead, and no effort was made for a capture until the train reached California Junction, several miles farther on. Meanwhile the panic-stricken passengers recovered at their leisure their composure and their seats. Had but one of his fellow-travellers gone to the assistance of Mr. Pollock, the robber might easily have been overpowered. As it was, *(Continued on page 61)*

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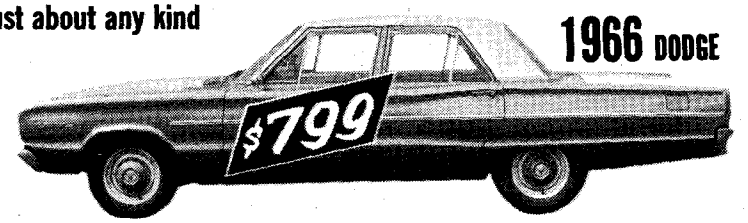

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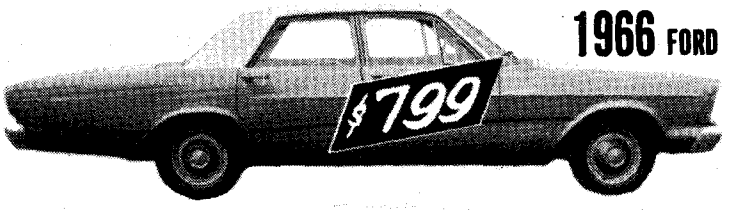

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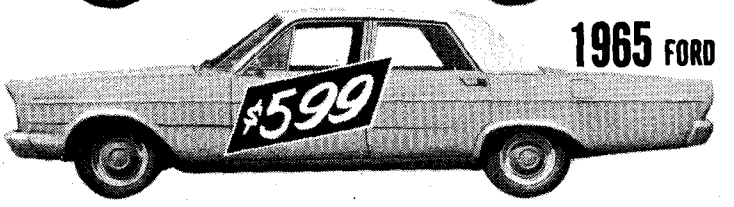

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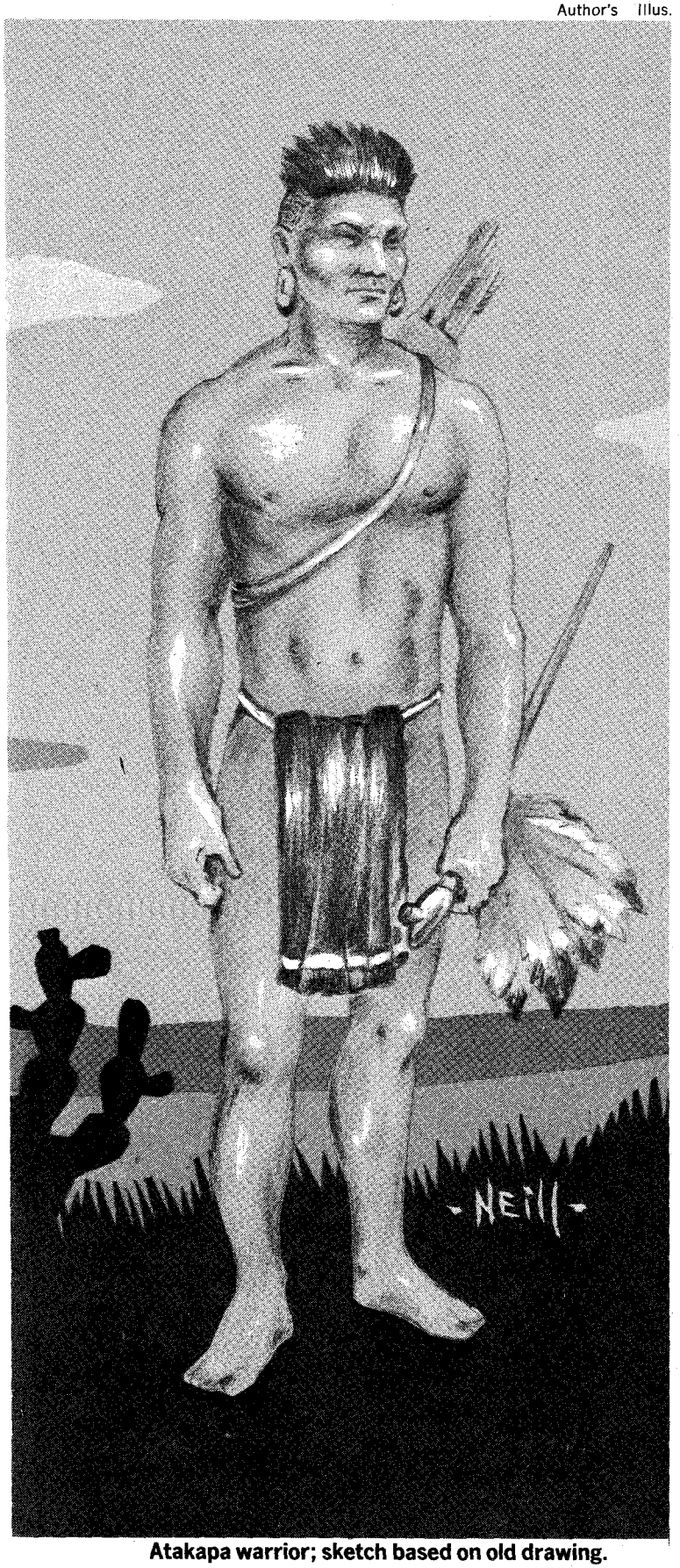
CANNIBAL TRIBE

Author's Illus.



Atakapa warrior; sketch based on old drawing.

by Wilfred T. Neill

IN THE OPENING YEARS of the Eighteenth Century, the West was a vast and untamed land where numberless buffalo roamed the grassy prairies. Herds of pronghorn antelope nibbled at the sagebrush and the greasewood; bighorn and mountain goat walked the high ridges while elk browsed in the valleys.

Scattered throughout this wild region were Indian tribes—Sioux, Apache, Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and a hundred more—who still lived in the old way, and who did not realize that the white man was pushing steadily westward toward their ancient hunting-grounds. In the forefront of exploration were the French, who had built military posts along the Mississippi River, and who were gazing westward to the prairie lands beyond.

In 1703 the French captain Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, the Sieur de Bienville, sent three men to explore the unknown lands that lay west of the lower Mississippi. These three struck out toward the northwest into the Texas plains. Months later two of them returned with a horrifying story. They told how their party had pushed inland for nearly 500 miles, passing unharmed through the territories of six Indian tribes. But the seventh tribe, they said, had captured their comrade and eaten him. This was the first hint that a cannibal tribe dwelt on the western prairies.

These cannibals were known as the Atakapa, a name given them by the Choctaw in whose language it means "man-eater." Bands of Atakapa—variously called the Akokisa, Bidai, Deadose, and Patiri—held much of southeast Texas, from the Brazos and Trinity River country eastward to the Neches, and westward to the Colorado below present-day Austin. Other Atakapa lived in Southwestern Louisiana, but our story has mostly to do with the prairie bands.

The Texas Atakapa were typical Plains Indians, in that their life centered around the hunting of the buffalo. In the autumn, great herds of buffalo would move down into Atakapa country, coming from lands farther west; and then the Atakapa youths would form two or three big hunting parties. Horses and firearms were left behind. Afoot, and armed only with bows and flint-tipped arrows, the Indians would quietly camp near the herds each night, always working closer and closer to the shaggy beasts. Eventually the buffalo would tolerate the hunters within easy bow-shot, and then at a signal the slaughter would begin. The attack being silent, the herd would be slow to take alarm, and at first would only mill about while the arrows flew.

Unlike some tribes, which saved only the choicest morsels from the slain animals, the Atakapa would spend several days drying the buffalo meat, to preserve as much of it as possible. For this purpose they would move to the nearest river bank, where brush and cottonwood trees could always be found even though the surrounding country might be a dry and treeless grassland. From brushwood and branches the successful hunters would build racks, upon which the strips and slabs of buffalo meat were hung for curing.

The hides were saved, to be made into clothing, bags, ropes, and shelters; the sinews would furnish bowstrings and thread for sewing; the horns would be carved into spoons and drinking-cups. Even the buffalo bones were useful; the shoulder-blade made a fine shovel, while the limb bones could be worked into lance points and needles. Stories of the hunt would be told around the campfire on many a long winter's night.

Often some other Indians would glimpse a far-roaming band

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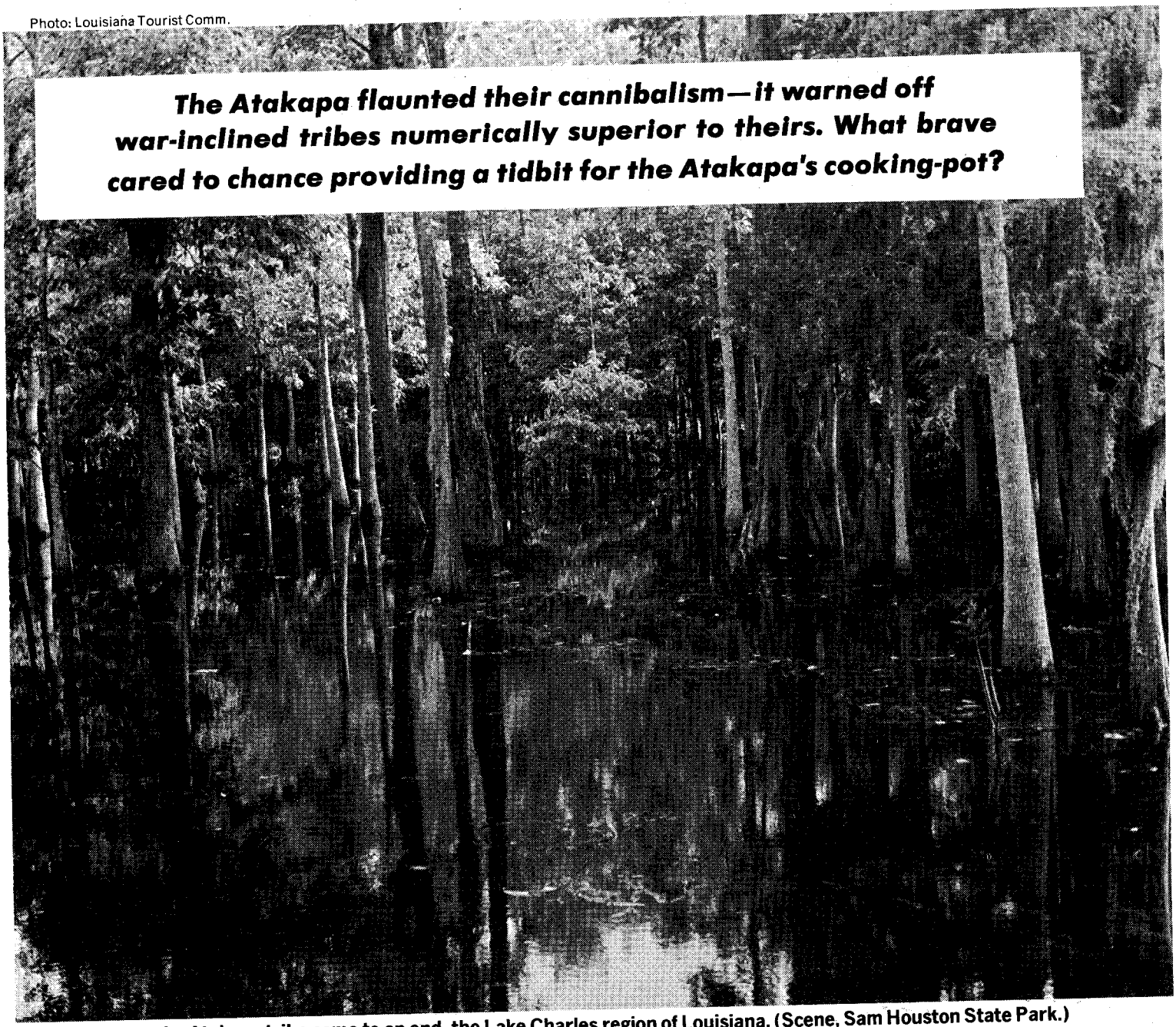
OF THE OLD WEST

Photo: Louisiana Tourist Comm.



The Atakapa flaunted their cannibalism—it warned off war-inclined tribes numerically superior to theirs. What brave cared to chance providing a tidbit for the Atakapa's cooking-pot?

Where the Atakapa tribe came to an end, the Lake Charles region of Louisiana. (Scene, Sam Houston State Park.)

of Atakapa, or come upon their trail; and the legend grew that the cannibals were homeless wanderers who built no villages. This was not the case; the Atakapa had settlements and cornfields, even small herds of cattle and hogs. The women and oldsters tended the villages, fields, and livestock while the young bucks tracked the buffalo. But it is true that the Atakapa did not grow many crops in the dry prairie country, living instead by the hunting of the buffalo, and sometimes by fishing along the Texas coast.

The Atakapa way of life was fairly typical of the plains tribes, and it might be asked how, or why, these Indians attained their unusual reputation as man-eaters.

Actually, the eating of human flesh was more widespread among American Indians than is generally realized. In fact the word "cannibal" is from "Caribal," the Spanish name for the Carib, the Indians who met Columbus. The Algonquin, Iroquois, Cree, Chippewa, Sioux, Kiowa, Comanche, Hopi, Mohawk, and many others practiced some form of cannibalism.

Most often, the heart of a valiant enemy would be eaten in the belief that the eater would gain bravery; or the heart might be given to a warrior while the blood, brains, flesh, and bone marrow were served out to the women and children. Several tribes felt that the eating of captives was a religious duty; and in the far north, where winter famine often endangered whole villages, dead bodies were consumed in order that some members of the tribe would survive. For a few Indians, cannibalism was neither an emergency measure nor a matter of ceremony, and human flesh was devoured just as venison or buffalo steak might be.

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Yet the Atakapa were cannibalistic to a degree that disturbed the other Indians of the region. Today we have a good idea why the Atakapa were such notorious man-eaters. These people may once have been a powerful tribe. They always claimed that their ancestors built the ancient Indian mounds that are scattered over east Texas; that each mound once had served as the foundation for the home of a prominent chief. But by the time the West was opened to the white man, the Atakapa had been reduced to a mere remnant, with perhaps 500 warriors to hold 4,000 square miles of Texas land. And this remnant was hemmed in.

East of the Atakapa country the prairie gave way to forests and then to the swampy lowlands of the Mississippi Valley — a region unsuited to buffalo hunters whose way of life was developed through centuries of residence on the prairies.

Other tribes — the Natchez, Tunica, and Houma — lived on the bluffs overlooking the Valley; the Chitimacha held the Grand Lake region; the Hasinai and Caddo confederations dominated the Red River and the Tensas. To the west of the Atakapa were the Tonkawa, allies of the Wishita and the relentless Comanche. Still farther west, but not so far that they could be ignored, were the Kiowa and the Apache.

In their precarious position, cornered by other tribes, the Atakapa did everything they could to encourage the notion that they were a dangerous people who would tolerate no invasion of their land. They flaunted their cannibalism, for even a battle-hardened Apache or Comanche dreaded the possibility of becoming a meal for his tribe's enemies.

The Atakapa also spread the idea that they were medicine-men of exceptional ability, and the other tribes did not question the point. Caddo medicine-men were even recruited from an Atakapa band that lived on the Trinity River.

No doubt the Atakapa encouraged their own reputation as wanderers, too. They could not patrol all the vast area to which they laid claim, but other tribes were kept at bay by the thought that the man-eaters might turn up almost anywhere.

The Atakapa even preferred to be called by a Choctaw name drawing attention to cannibalism. In those days a simplified version of the Choctaw language served as a trade dialect, spoken all the way from east Texas to Florida and far up the Mississippi Valley. You did not have to be a Choctaw to understand the sinister meaning of "Atakapa."

In short the Atakapa were employing what we would now call psychological warfare, in an effort to keep their enemies at a distance. The man-eaters were not hostile to someone who approached with good intentions; they even made an occasional friendly advance toward some other tribe. They took advantage of their central location by acting as middle-men, getting dried fish from the Chitimacha, swapping it to the Avoyel for flint, then passing flint to the Karankawa in return for jugs full of oil.

The inland tribes of Texas swapped animal skins to the coastal people by way of the Atakapa, and obtained in return various sea-shells, sharks' teeth, and dried fish.

As everyone knows, the original West, with buffalo and Indians, rapidly gave way to a different West, with cattle herds and cowpunchers. How did the Atakapa weather this storm?

Their story is a strange and tragic one. In 1719 a French vessel, *the Maréchal-d-Estés,* landed on the Texas coast, in Galveston Bay, and five officers went ashore to fill water casks. Here the Atakapa fell upon them, killing four of the officers and capturing the fifth. The captive, an ensign named Simars de Belle-Isle, was not eaten but was held for over a year, during which time he fared miserably.

News of his plight reached the captain of a French garrison on the Mississippi, and that officer sent a band of Natchitoches Indians, who rescued the prisoner. Not until early 1721 did Belle-Isle get back to French-held territory. He hoped never

Author's Photo.

The Brazos River country of Texas, where Atakapa once roamed, dry and open land except along the brushy bank.

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Photo: Canadian Gov't Travel Bureau.

Cannibal tribe of Texas lived mainly by pursuing the buffalo across the grassy prairies.

again to see an Atakapa Indian, but Bienville promptly drafted him as an interpreter and sent him back to cannibal country on another ship, the *Subtile.*

The vessel put into Galveston Bay with enough men and arms to deal with the raiding tribe. The Atakapa struck but were repulsed; when the battle was over, nine of the Indians had been captured. Jean Beranger, the ship's captain, took down from these prisoners a vocabulary of Atakapa words.

The Indians later escaped from a French post on the Mississippi, and started overland for their old home. They passed through the country of the Chitimacha, where sympathizers gave them bows and arrows; and eventually they got back to their Texas village.

For a short while thereafter, things were quiet in cannibal country. Near the mouth of the Mississippi River, Bienville had built the town of New Orleans. Indians of many tribes came to see the wonders of the fast-growing port, and among them was an Atakapa. He created quite a stir in his native costume, or rather lack of it.

In New Orleans a French draftsman, A. de Batz, made a sketch of this Atakapa. The drawing shows a tall, muscular Indian, dark of skin; he wears only a decorated loin-cloth and big earrings. Over his shoulder is slung a quiver of arrows, and in his hand a pipe with feathered stem.

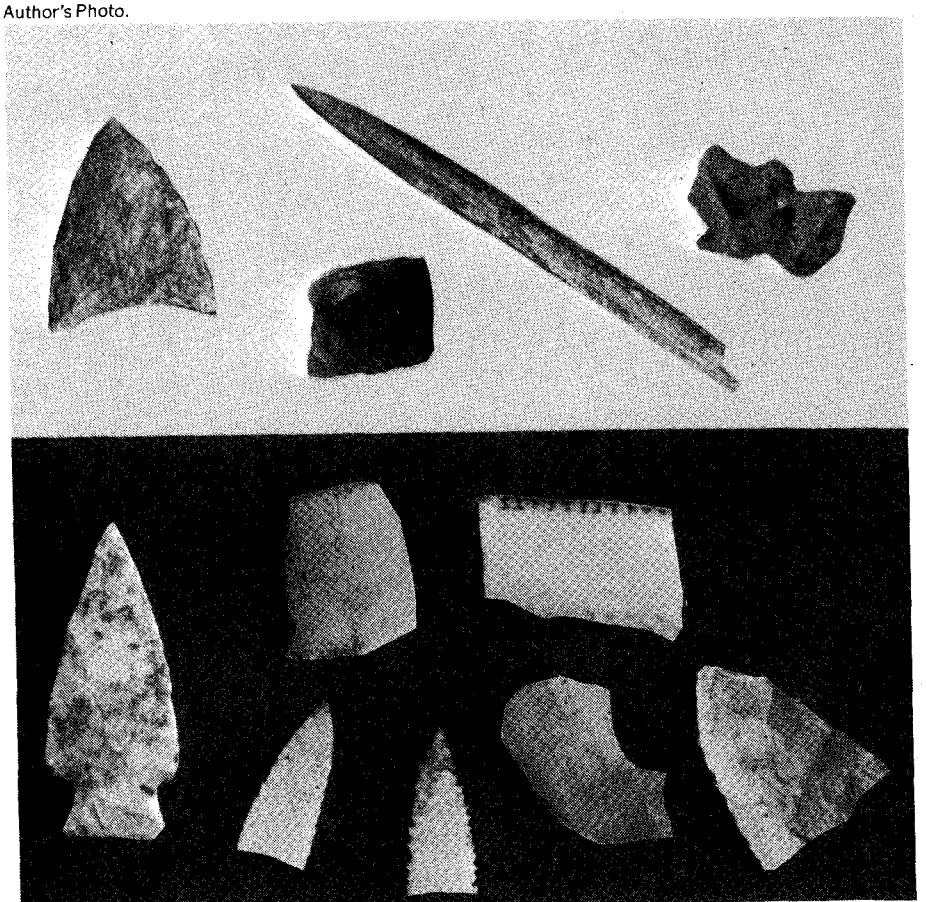
The pipe, or more accurately its detachable stem, is the so-called calumet, used by many Plains tribes in important ceremonies. The Indian's hair has been shaved or scraped away in the back, but worked into a high crest across the front of the head. Apparently the Atakapa braves wore their hair in a unique style, but this is not surprising. Most Indian warriors wanted their tribal identification to be clear at a glance, and almost every Plains tribe had worked out a distinctive method of wearing the hair.

De Batz' sketch was amateurish, but still very valuable to us; it is the only portrait of an Atakapa made before these Indians abandoned native dress. (The Atakapa portrait that accompanies the present article was drawn by the author, using de Batz' old faded sketch as a guide.)

Now the Spanish entered the picture.

(Continued on page 56)

Author's Photo.



All that remains of Atakapa is handful of relics on old village sites; arrow points, gun flints, bits of bone and iron, scraps of pottery.

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The LADY KILLER

Frank was a dude who liked the ladies almost as well as he loved a gunfight, until the law caught up with him . . .

by Ivan Clyde Lake

THE CROWDED stage from Tucson wheeled noisily up the long hill mesa on which Tombstone stood and then clattered down Allen Street, the town's main drag. Pedestrians who had been squeezed out of the pressing throng on the plank walks into the dusty roadway, scattered for safety as the four-up stage rapidly rolled on. It stopped in front of the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

A well-dressed man pushed the stage door open and alighted. He extended his hand to a young woman who linked her fingers to his and stepped down. She was a slightly-built, saucy-looking blonde.

"I must go quickly, Frank," she said nervously. "My husband is very jealous."

"So you told me, Mary," he said. "But I'll see you again, won't I?"

"I don't know, Frank," she told him.

And then she was gone, swallowed up in the engulfing crowd.

It was a summer night in July, 1880, when nattily-dressed Frank Leslie arrived in the silver mining town recently established in the crumpled-up lands of southern Arizona. He was in his early thirties; a sharp-eyed fellow, with dark hair and dark mustache, well-barbered. He wore a tall top hat, a stiff, pearl-studded shirt, tight-fitting checked trousers, shiny leather boots, and a Prince Albert coat of fine broadcloth. Under the skirt of his coat he carried a pair of sixguns—a holstered gun on each hip. He was dressed fit to kill . . . anybody.

The stage driver, unloading luggage from the boot, set down Leslie's valises beside him on the plank walk. Leslie slipped him a silver dollar, grabbed up the luggage, and headed for the hotel entrance. The driver glanced at the coin and pocketed it.

"Wonder who that capitalist is?" he mumbled.

Leslie hired a room, deposited his luggage in it, and left in search of a bathtub. He had accumulated a lot of desert dust since morning when he'd begun the 75-mile haul out of Tucson. Grime on his hide irritated him, made him feel crawly all over, made him take a bath nearly every day to chase off the creepers.

He located a bathtub in a rear room of the barbershop connected to the hotel. He shucked his clothes and placed them neatly on a chair. Someone thumped on the door.

"What do you want?" Leslie yelled.

"We don't want nothin', mister," a shaky voice said. "But mebbe we got something you want. Water. Hot as hell."

"Bring it in. The door's unlocked."

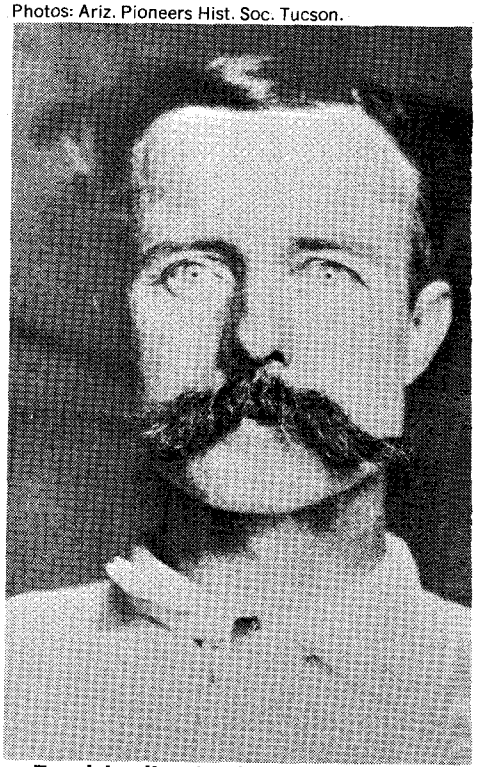
Two old-timers brought in the water, spilt it from their pails into the bathtub and then skittered out.

"Well, I be damned," one of them said. "Didja get a look-see at that feller's muscles? Why, he could take on John L. Sullivan any day."

"Wonder if he's a prizefighter?" the other said.

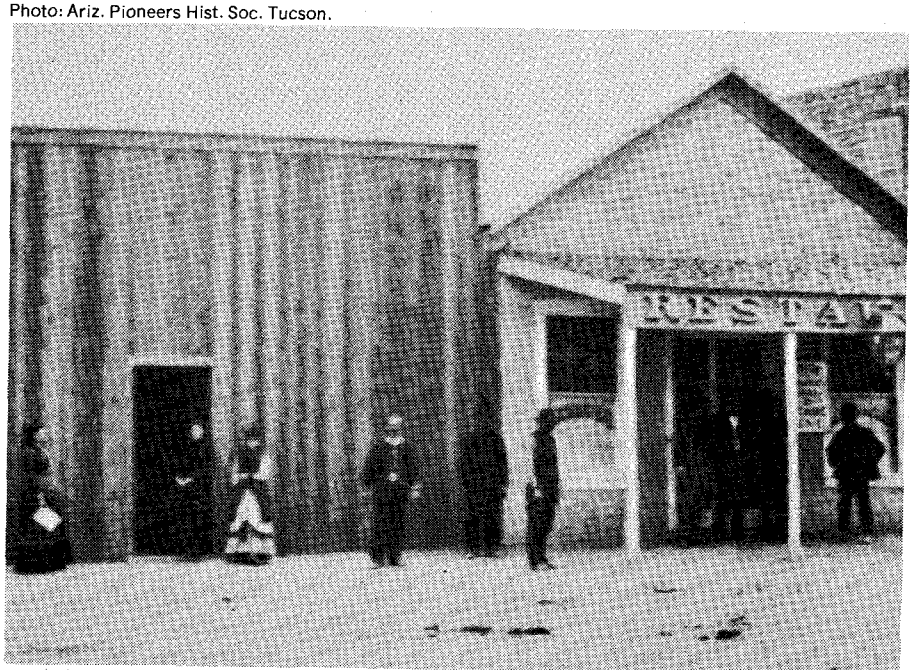
Leslie slid down into the water, picked up a huge cake of yellow soap, and went to work on himself. Whilst he scrubbed hard, he softly whistled a tune that sounded like a Te Deum. Did that tune come out of his yesterdays? When he had finished, he stepped out of the tub and whilst toweling himself, he glanced into a dusky mirror that hung on the wall. He rubbed his jowls. Scratchy. He dressed and made for the

Photos: Ariz. Pioneers Hist. Soc. Tucson.



Frank Leslie—he drank too much.

Photo: Ariz. Pioneers Hist. Soc. Tucson.



Dance Hall Girls in Tombstone—this picture was used in stereoscope.

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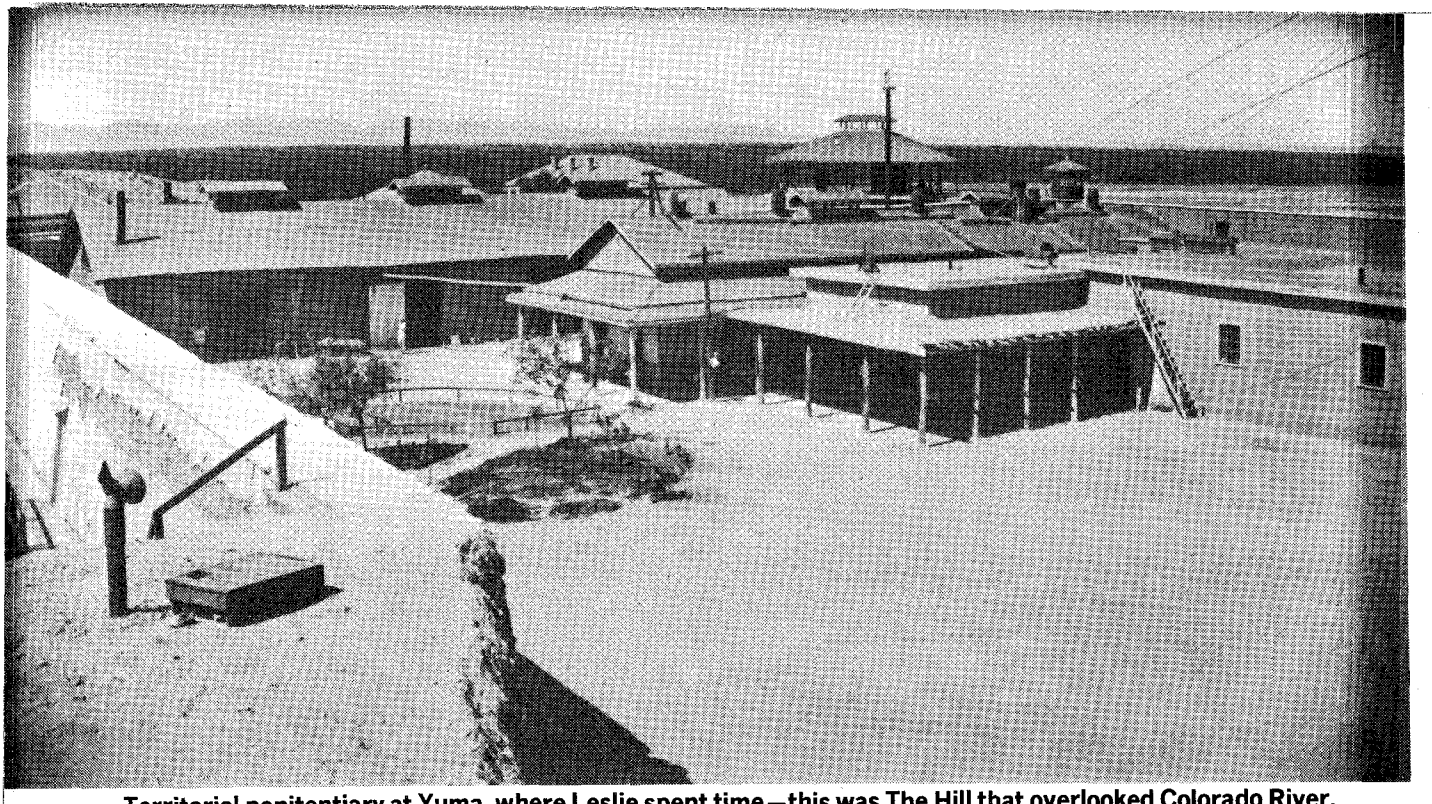

Territorial penitentiary at Yuma, where Leslie spent time—this was The Hill that overlooked Colorado River.

barbershop and a real close shave.

"A few tonsorial touches," he said.

"Huh?" the barber said. "Oh, sure. A shave, huh?"

Leslie nodded and sat down in the barber chair.

"Like our town?" the barber asked, after a full minute of silence.

"Don't know yet. Haven't been here long."

"You'll like it."

Leslie grunted.

"Town needs men like you."

"It does? Why?"

"Needs good entertainment. Say, like a prizefighter." Apparently the water-carrying old-timers had been talking to the barber. "Bet you could lick John L."

"Bet I couldn't. Also bet I wouldn't try."

"Huh!"

Frank Leslie stood in front of the Cosmopolitan hotel, idly watching an assorted crowd press up and down Allen street's plank walk. That fellow Ed Schieffelin, he mused, sure started a ruckus when he discovered silver in these hills.

Leslie now pressed his way downstreet less than a block. He stopped at the entrance of the Crystal Palace saloon, corner of Allen and Fifth streets, and peered through the open doorway. Then he glanced across Fifth street where the Oriental saloon welcomed one and all, opposite the Palace. He crossed the street and entered the Oriental, crowding into the line of guzzlers along the bar.

"Lots of room, I reckon, over at the Palace," a man said, irritated by the crowding.

"So I noticed when I passed by," Leslie said nonchalantly, "I happen to be in here. A beer, barkeep—make it two!"

"Coming up."

"Hold it!" a voice cried from a corner table. "Got any money, mister?"

Leslie looked about him.

"Answer the gentleman," the irritated man said.

"He's no gentleman," Leslie said. "Mike Joyce, you old sonofagun, come out of hiding."

Mike Joyce reached Leslie and extended a hand.

"What are you doing here, Mike?" Leslie queried.

"I own part of this resort," Mike said. He turned to the barkeep. "Bring us a coupla beers. No, make it three."

"Coming up."

They threaded their way to a table in a corner of the barroom. A man sat there, absently tugging at first one and then the other end of his droopy mustache. Mike introduced Leslie to him.

"Earp, you say?" Leslie looked at him sharply. "From down Kansas way?"

Wyatt Earp nodded.

"Wyatt's here collecting taxes for the county." Mike offered.

Leslie nodded and turned to Mike.

"It's been some time, Mike, since I've seen you," he said. "St. Louis, wasn't it?"

"Five-six years ago," Mike said. His eyes roamed over Leslie. "You look prosperous, Frank."

"Looks are deceiving."

They were interrupted by a whiskified voice.

"Who's your dude friend, Mike?"

"That could be none of your business, Killeen."

"Oh, I dunno. Whatever I want to make my business I make my business. If I wanna know who a dude is, I wanna know."

"That fellow needs a different point of view," Leslie said.

"Don't start a ruckus," Earp said.

"Who said I was going to?" Leslie said sharply.

"What do you plan to do, Leslie?" Mike asked.

"A little shooting. Oh, not at him. I'll pick out *one* housefly somewhere—"

"Only one?"

"One only. I promise. Sure you can spare it?"

"Reckon I can."

The place swarmed with houseflies.

Leslie stood up.

"Hey, there, Killeen," he said. "Do flies bother you?"

"What's it to you, dude?"

"Just being sociable, friend," Leslie said. "You pick out a fly up there, walking by himself along the wall, and I'll show you something."

"You can't show me anything."

"Pick out a fly, damn you."

Leslie flipped open his coat and his quick hand dove for a gun. Killeen pointed out a fly. Leslie shot. Nothing remained there but a spatter. The crowd roared.

"I'll be damned," Earp commented. "Never saw such shooting. At—I'd say—twenty or thirty feet."

Killeen downed his drink and left. Leslie turned to Mike.

"Who's that *hombre* Killeen, anyway?" he asked.

"Bartender down at Slocum's place. Comes in here now and then to express himself. They don't cotton to his mouth where he works."

"Could be he's Mary Killeen's sidekick?"

(Continued on page 52)

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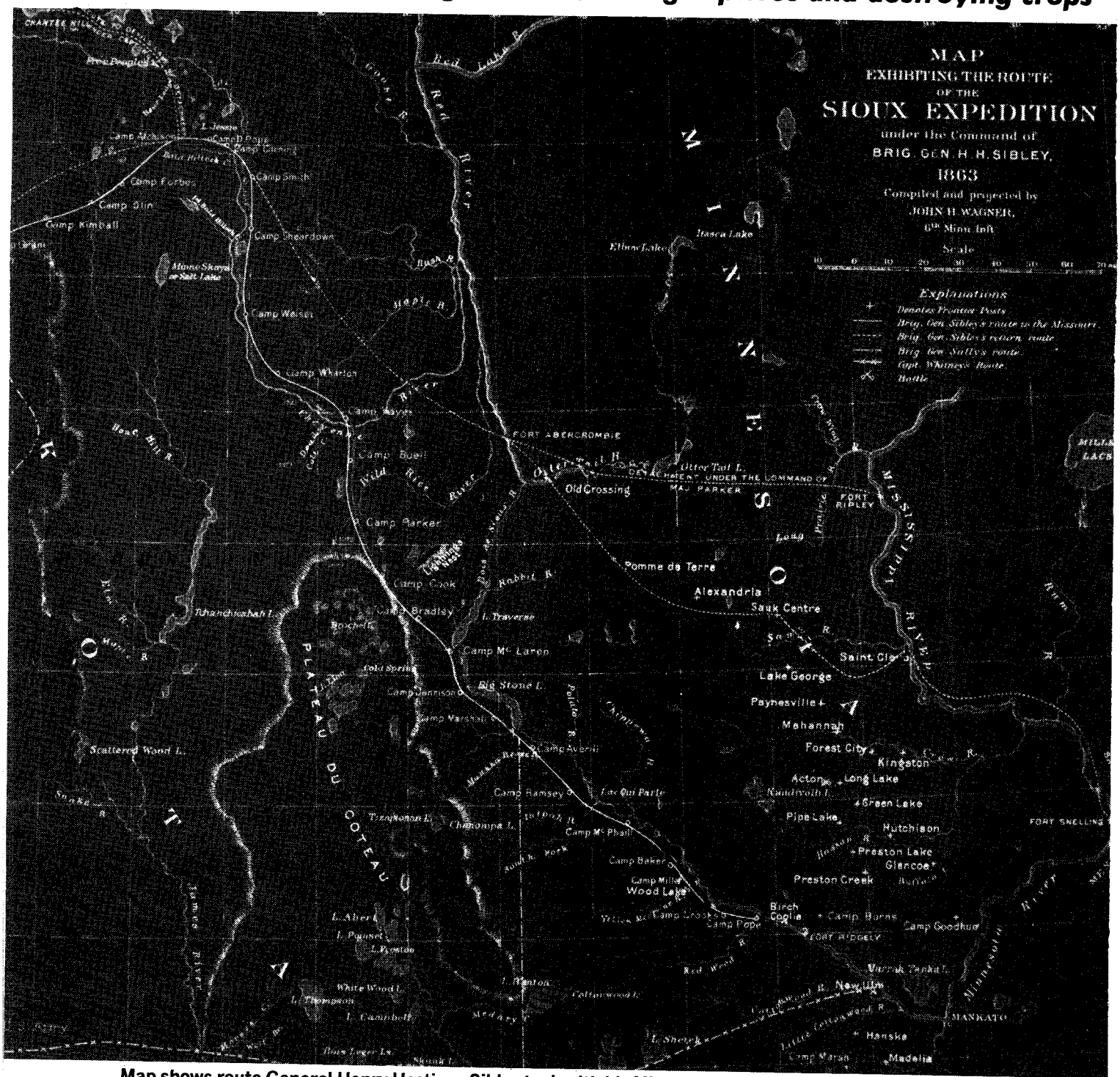
CONCLUSION INKPADUTA-

The Santees, with an assist from Scarlet Point, decided the year 1862 when the white men were at each other's throats was the time to get their own back, and from this developed the Minnesota Massacre, when the Indians under Little Crow went wild—murdering, scalping, raping women, braining children, taking captives and destroying crops



Map shows route General Henry Hastings Sibley took with his Minnesota column to trap warring Indian Army.

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THE SCARLET POINT

by Maxwell Van Nuys

BY THE SUMMER of 1862, the white men were at each other's throats in an all-out civil war. They were so desperate for fighting men that the agent at the reservation was attempting to raise a company of half-breed Indians to send into the war.

Clearly the hour was at hand for the reservation Sioux in Minnesota (the Santees) to revolt and drive the whites from their old hunting grounds which the Indians now realized were being stolen from them, as they were regularly being cheated of their annuities by crooked white officials and traders.

There is evidence that Little Crow sent word to Inkpaduta to be on hand for the impending outbreak. At any rate on July 27, Fort Ridgely had word that Inkpaduta had dared to appear once again at the Yellow Medicine Agency and was camped back on the river. A squad of soldiers was secretly dispatched with orders to take Inkpaduta and all his men, dead or alive, and deliver them to the agency.

But Inkpaduta had his spies out who informed him in time and sent him fleeing. The soldiers pursued him sixty or eighty miles, traveling much farther, over false trails, than did the wily bandit. When the soldiers gave up the chase and returned to the fort on August 2, Inkpaduta lurked not far behind them.

By the middle of August, the annuities were six weeks overdue and were in fact not even on hand, and the Indians were daily becoming more ugly and unmanageable.

The explosion, when it came on August 17, 1862, developed into the great Minnesota Massacre or "War of the Outbreak."

Of all the massacres in American History, this was by far the bloodiest, taking four times the toll of Custer and his men at the Little Big Horn. Still it has remained comparatively unknown in the history of the West, due largely to the fact that the nation was then deep in the throes of its own far greater struggle, the Civil War.

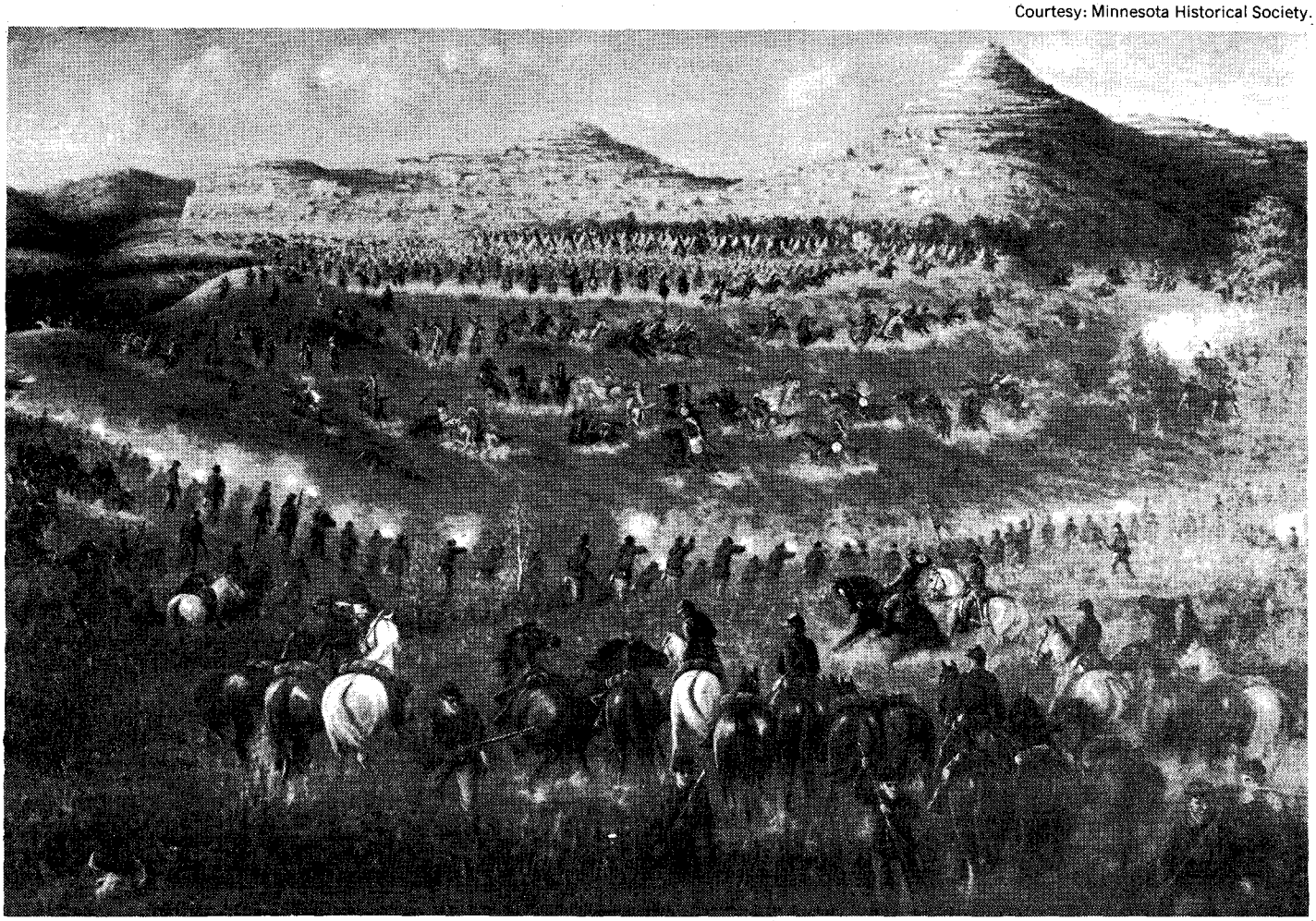
For three days, the reservation Sioux under Little Crow went wild, murdering, scalping, outraging women, braining children, taking captives, plundering stores and destroying crops. The Indians actually achieved, for a time, one of their main objectives—to depopulate the Minnesota Frontier!

In all of this bloodshed, the hands of Inkpaduta and his warriors were among the bloodiest.

An army of fourteen hundred soldiers and civilians was hastily organized under General Henry Hastings Sibley, who in a month's time had the Indians suing for peace.

All Indians who could escape fled to the wilds of Dakota, including the two most dangerous of all, Little Crow and, of

Courtesy: Minnesota Historical Society.



Battle of Killdeer Mountain, showing Eighth Minnesota Infantry, (mounted) from painting by C.L. Boeckmann.

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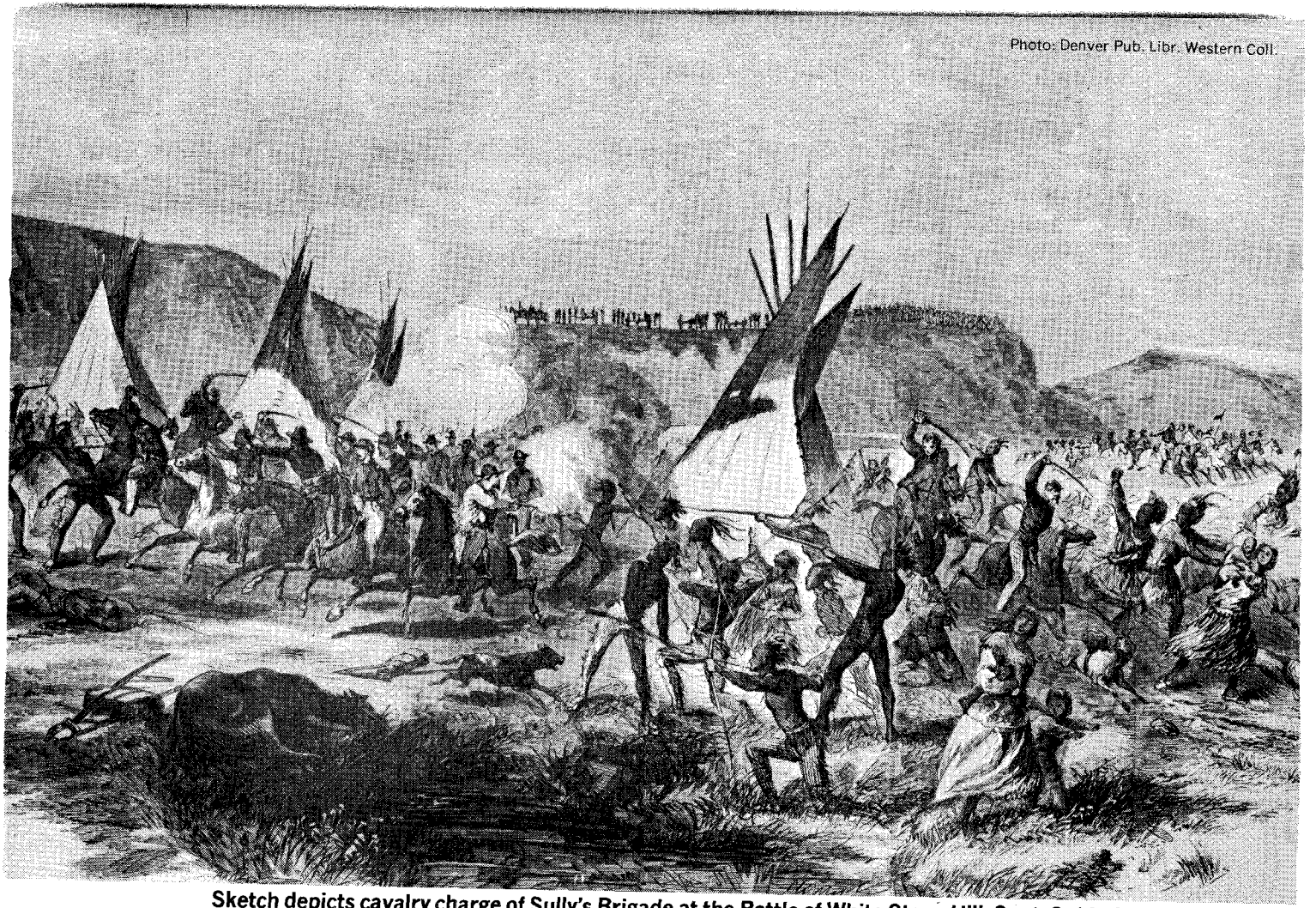

Photo: Denver Pub. Libr. Western Coll.

Sketch depicts cavalry charge of Sully's Brigade at the Battle of White Stone Hill, Sept. 3, 1863.

course, Inkpaduta—Scarlet Point.

Those who surrendered were shipped off to a new reservation on the Missouri, and indeed by the end of 1862, there was not a Sioux Indian remaining in Minnesota or Iowa.

Early in 1863, the bleeding state of Minnesota was seething with rumors that Little Crow was again beating the war drums —not only among the escaped Santees, but among the wilder Sisseton and Yanktonais Sioux who ranged that part of Dakota that lay between Minnesota and the Missouri River and had not yet felt the wicked point of the white man's boot.

The Yanktonais were the most powerful and warlike of all the Sioux tribes, while the Sissetons, under their wise chiefs Scarlet Plume and Standing Buffalo, were believed to be inclined to peace.

Loud were the clamors of the outraged Minnesotans not only to punish the escaped Santees but to deal all of the Sioux such a thrashing as would forever teach them to fear the white man's wrath. Other rumors that Little Crow was seeking help from the British in Canada and from the Confederacy emphasized the awful danger of renewed Indian attacks as soon as good weather permitted.

Consequently, in the midst of the Civil War, from which such forces could ill be spared, the largest army ever to move against the western Indians was mobilized to deal with the Sioux Hostiles, as they then became known.

By July 1, two mighty armed columns, one from Minnesota under General Henry Hastings Sibley, and the other from Iowa, led by General Alfred Sully, were on the move.

Sully's aim was to push far enough up the Missouri River to cut off the retreat of the Sioux Hostiles, whom Sibley was to attack from the east. Together they were to crush the Hostiles in a giant pincers movement.

General Sibley rode at the head of an army of 3,200 infantry and artillerymen, 800 cavalry and 170 pioneers and scouts, not to mention a great herd of beef on the hoof.

Travelling at the dignified pace of its 325 supply wagons, drawn by teams of six mules each, the mighty column required over two hours to cross the border into Dakota territory. General Sully, meantime, with 3,000 cavalry, was proceeding up the east bank of the Missouri from the young town of Sioux City, and was gam-

Dreaded cannon were decisive weapons which defeated Indians.

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bling that he could carry his supplies up the treacherous Missouri in four Mississippi River steamboats!

It is one of the great ironies of American history that as this Brobdingnagian army moved ponderously against the enemy, its principal quarry, Little Crow, far to the rear and almost alone, slipped down out of Canada. He was within fifty miles of Saint Paul when, on July 3rd, he was shot and killed by a farmer who had no idea of his identity!

The body of the unknown Indian was first scalped and then tossed onto a pile of slaughterhouse refuse.

The next day being the fourth of July, General Sibley invited his staff of officers to lunch with him in his headquarters tent where the *piece de resistance* was a cake baked by Mrs. Sibley and sent along to help celebrate the National Day. There were palatable accompaniments to the cake culminating in a toast to the General commanding and to the success of the expedition.

The General responded suitably, assuring the assembled company that the expedition, "...will not turn back until Little Crow and his murderers have been exterminated, if such a thing is possible." He offered his compliments to Lieutenant Holt Beaver, of his staff, representing Queen Victoria, and expressed the hope that he would in a few days receive from him full authority to pursue into British territory any guilty Indians who might seek sanctuary there.

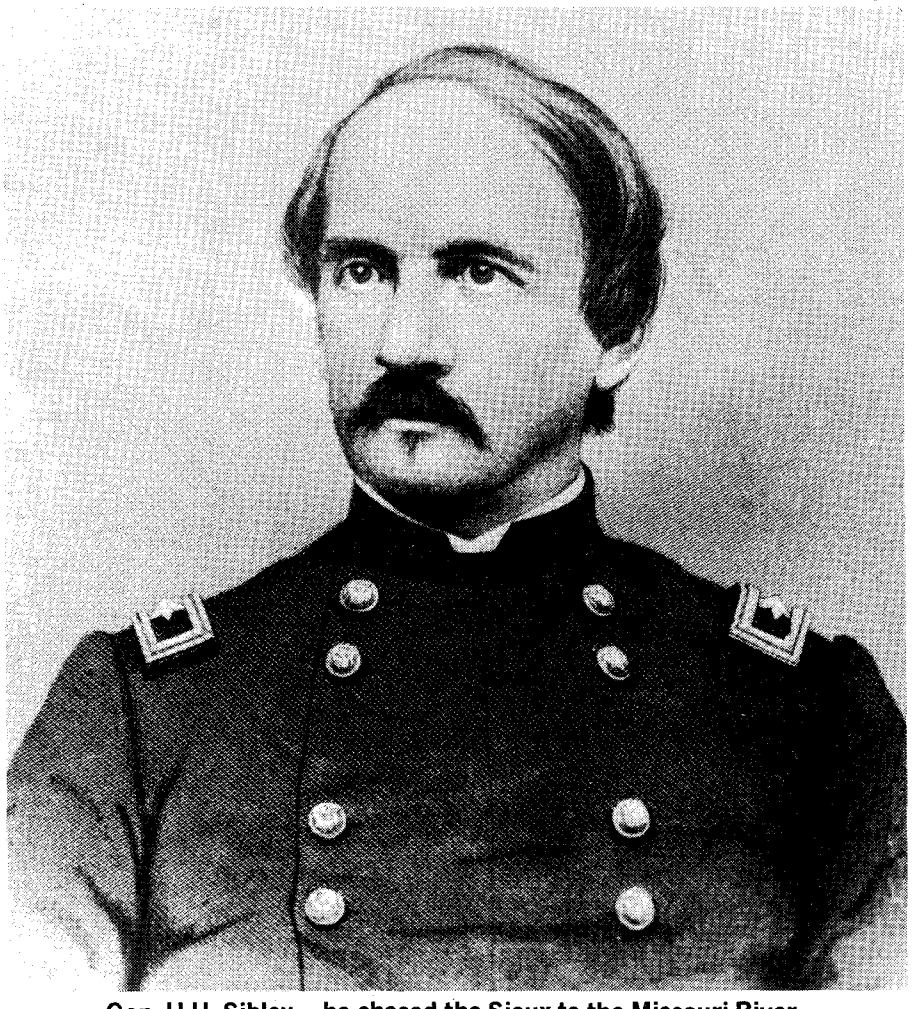
As the General orated in this vein and his staff washed down tasty slices of Mrs. Sibley's cake, a hungry mongrel had gnawed Little Crow's head from his body and tossed it out onto the prairie, leaving the brains oozing out in the broiling sun! The next day, a half breed Indian was scarcely believed when he identified the body as that of Little Crow. Yet identification was easy, for Little Crow had one withered arm; the other, once broken, had never mended properly and was badly deformed, and his front teeth grew peculiarly like the back teeth.

Two weeks later, General Sibley was flabbergasted when the report caught up with him. From long acquaintance with the chief he knew of his physical deformities and knew there could be no mistake.

The report also posed several most perplexing questions. What had Little Crow been up to so near to Saint Paul? Who, if anyone, was now leader of the hostiles? Would the new chief, if approached, fight, flee, or sue for peace?

The popular feeling in Minnesota at this time—to punish or even exterminate all Indians—was not shared by General Henry Hastings Sibley. Through a lifetime of association and dealings with them, he had a truer understanding of their way of life and of their unfortunate plight than any other white man of affairs in Minnesota.

Photo: Denver Pub. Libr. Western Coll.



Gen. H.H. Sibley — he chased the Sioux to the Missouri River.

It was his sincere hope to bring the Indians to terms without bloodshed so long as they surrendered those who were guilty of participating in the massacres, and he had informed the Sisseton chiefs of these views in a message delivered to them the previous fall. He also believed their chiefs were desirous of peace.

With the death of Little Crow, the possibility of effecting a peaceable solution now seemed excellent indeed. Sibley now hoped to secure the peaceful surrender of the Sissetons first, as an inducement to the other tribes to do likewise.

He was amazingly close to the mark, but neither he nor any other white man could know all of the cross-currents which now bestirred the councils of the Sioux Hostiles.

It was true that during the spring Little Crow had exerted his masterful oratory upon the Sissetons and Yanktonais, but all in vain. They were innocent of any part in the great massacre and the wiser ones had no intention of sharing in the blame, or the punishment which would surely come this time to the guilty.

Little Crow had spoken as a defeated leader of a lost cause and they drove him out. His situation as he skulked back into Minnesota was therefore one of utter defeat.

Still, a great many of the Hostiles, particularly the younger braves, were ready to rally to the war cry of a popular leader.

In Inkpaduta they found such a leader.

That winter he took over, from Little Crow, as chief of the Santee fugitives. In the spring, several large bodies of Sissetons and Yanktonais, rejecting the peaceful intentions of their own leaders, rallied around the bloody standard of the Scarlet Point to which no stigma of blame attached for the inglorious outcome of "Little Crow's War." Inkpaduta had been primarily a guerilla fighter in that war and his exploits added greatly to his lustre. All that winter he had continued his depredations, keeping his by now legendary reputation glistening with repeated splashes of that scarlet fluid everywhere from the Canadian line and the Bad Lands down to his old haunts in Iowa.

Inkpaduta was probably the most fanatical hater of whites ever produced by the Indians. The loss of his twin sons had not grieved him as much as it had fixed his resolve never to submit to the white man but to hate him the more relentlessly.

Other reasons made him the natural leader of the war party. He knew the whites would demand, as a price of peace, the surrender of the guilty Santees of whom none was more notoriously guilty than himself, a fact of which he was most

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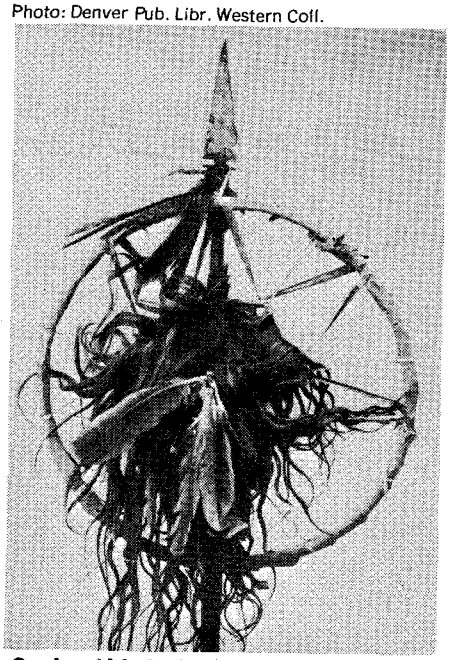
Photo: U.S. Dist. Ct., Minnesota.

Little Crow—led 1862 massacre.

Photo: Denver Pub. Libr. Western Coll.



Scalp of Little Crow, killed by farmer.

Photo: Denver Pub. Libr. Western Coll.

Chief Standing Buffalo, Sisseton Sioux.

proud. In fact no Sioux Indian then alive could boast of more experience and success in fighting the white soldiers than Inkpaduta.

By the middle of July, Inkpaduta and all the Indians along the Missouri knew that Sully's expedition was in trouble. Due to an extremely dry winter and spring, the river remained but an inch deep and Sully's steamboats, with all his supplies on board, were sitting most of the time in the mud!

General Henry Hastings Sibley, on the other hand, made good progress overland in search of the Sissetons whom he believed were in the neighborhood of Devil's Lake, in what is today northeastern North Dakota.

The Sissetons had indeed fled to Devil's Lake the previous fall after receiving Sibley's message and had remained on an island in the lake, anxious not to be confused with the guilty Santees fleeing the massacre. They hoped to be called down to the reservation in the spring to receive their annuities. But the call never came, (the outraged Minnesotans wanted them chastized, not "rewarded") so the Sissetons moved southwest, in the very direction of Sully's planned advance up the Missouri River, to hunt the Buffalo and make their winter meat.

Sibley quickly picked up their trail and pursued them speedily, making twenty-five to thirty miles a day.

At the same time Inkpaduta and his by now considerable body of Hostiles, in company with the mighty Yanktonais, were also following the buffalo and met up with the Sissetons on July 22 near a landmark called the Big Mound, about thirty miles east of the present location of Bismarck, North Dakota.

Inkpaduta told the Sissetons that a large party of Teton Sioux (living west of the Missouri River) having nothing to fear from General Sully, were crossing the Missouri to hunt buffalo on the east side, but they had not yet arrived. He spoke the truth.

The situation seemed made to order to fit the now ambitious designs of Inkpaduta. Within a few days would gather the largest body of Indian warriors ever until then assembled upon the North American continent—2,500 warriors who, with their families, numbered about 12,000 Indians, Inkpaduta estimated.

Facing them would soon be but half the army of whites that was sent out to overpower them and to this army they would be superior in number, as soon as they were joined by the Teton Sioux.

Inkpaduta's mind characteristically turned to schemes of deception. He urged the Sissetons to go through all the motions of desiring peace and to invite Sibley and his immediate command to a council where they would be treacherously killed. Standing Buffalo and the other chiefs wanted none of this business and were determined to sue for peace.

This was the undercurrent of dispute as the Indians pursued their favorite sport—hunting the buffalo. They supposed that General Sibley was in the neighborhood of Devil's Lake which the Sissetons had left a couple of weeks before.

On the afternoon of July 24 one of their outriders, reaching the top of a ridge, looked out to the east and beheld a large army almost upon them. Racing into camp he reported that "...all the Americans in the land are right here!"

Surprising as it seems, and unusual in Indian history, the Dakotas were taken wholly by surprise at the sudden appearance of Sibley. Standing Buffalo ordered the Indians into a defensive position in the rocky ravines around the base of the Big Mound and called a council. With the Tetons still a day's march away and with an army about to fall upon them, all but Inkpaduta and his renegades and a few Santees voted with Standing Buffalo to negotiate for peace.

Furious at being thwarted in his grand scheme, and having no intention of being handed over to the whites as a peace offering, Inkpaduta jumped on his horse and with eight of his stalwarts galloped away from the council. Standing Buffalo, who was perfectly acquainted with his capacity for treachery and mischief, sent a party out after them with orders to bring them in.

Immediately a group of Sibley's scouts approached the Indians, and reported that the General wanted to see Standing Buffalo and have a council with him, that he had not come to fight the friendly Indians but to fight the bad Indians only. There was a large number of reservation Indians and half-breeds with Sibley's scouts who were anxious to assure the Sissetons of Sibley's sincerity, and there was a general handshaking and greeting among them. The Sissetons warned the scouts that there was a conspiracy to get Sibley into a council and kill him.

A delegation of the older men of the Sissetons then set out for a council at Sibley's camp with high hopes of a peaceful conclusion. At the same time, Dr. Joseph Weiser, a regimental surgeon, approached the gathering of scouts to see what was taking place, and joined in the general handshaking.

By this time, Inkpaduta and his bunch had been corraled and brought in and were rapidly approaching the same group of scouts among whom the doctor was the only one in military uniform.

At this crucial moment, with both sides still feverishly preparing for battle if it should become necessary, and with the

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message of peace but perilously on the wing in the hot breeze of summer, Inkpaduta, to whom peace with the white men was unthinkable, craftily and treacherously saw his chance to precipitate a great battle, save his neck, and put himself in command of all the Sioux with a single master stroke!

Mistaking Dr. Weiser for an officer of rank, the weak-eyed Inkpaduta pointed him out to his sharpshooters with a look that said, "You know what to do!" Three rifles cracked and Dr. Weiser fell dead instantly. The scouts discharged their weapons at the assassins, but they escaped. The surprise element, of course, worked in their favor.

Instantly the battle was on—the mightiest battle ever, until then, to be fought between Indian and white man in North America.

The fifteen hundred Indian warriors were superior in mobility but not in numbers to Sibley's fourteen hundred infantry and five hundred cavalry. In weapons, the Indians were hopelessly out-matched. Besides having no artillery, not over two-thirds of them had firearms, and these were an inferior lot of shotguns, with an occasional rifle. The rest were armed in primitive style with bows and arrows, clubs and spears.

The first victims of Inkpaduta's treachery were the older men of the Sissetons who had started out for Sibley's camp and who, when they turned to flee, were the first ones reached by the avenging infantry.

In the battle he had single-handedly precipitated—and with the Sisseton patriarchs eliminated as a result of his nefarious action, Inkpaduta, by common consent, took over as commander-in-chief. Nor was he unequal to the challenge of the terrible emergency which he had thrust upon the great band of Indians who but an hour before were avidly hunting buffalo.

A general attack being out of the question, Inkpaduta first tried cutting off Sibley and his immediate command who were separated a short distance from the rest of the column. The General, however, had a six-pounder with him against which the Indians were powerless, and easily repulsed this clever tactic. From then on, all the efforts of the Indians were directed at protecting their rear as they retreated, giving the women and children an opportunity to get away. This Inkpaduta accomplished with consummate skill, and his fatalities, except in those first few minutes, were few indeed.

The infantry and three companies of cavalry advanced steadily and rapidly upon them, pouring a constant fire into the Indian ranks which reached them before their shorter range guns could have any effect on the troops. Pressed hotly on three sides, the hostiles were driven out of the rough terrain and finally made to scramble around the Big Mound.

They would try to hold ridge after ridge and to cover themselves in the ravines, but the superior weapons of the whites were too much for them. The Indians also had to be sparing of ammunition and fired their pieces only when at close range or when hard pressed.

As they were driven over the last ridge and out onto the level plain, two fresh companies of cavalry under Colonel McPhaill charged unprotected rear elements before Inkpaduta was able to regroup his forces and form an effective rear guard. The terrain was no longer in favor of the defenders and their situation for the first time became critical.

A great thunder storm which had been coming up was now directly over the scene of the cavalry attack. Momentarily overcome by despair, Inkpaduta shouted, "Makpi-opeta wakon! Makpe—a—hotomon wakon!" ("Spirit of Lightning Cloud, Spirit of Thunder Cloud, my sons, help me now!")

As he shouted, a cavalry corporal had just been shot in the shoulder by an Indian he had marked for personal combat. Colonel McPhaill thrust his sabre through the Indian.

A tremendous bolt of lightning here struck and killed a cavalryman and his horse riding beside Colonel McPhaill. The shock loosened McPhaill's grasp on his sabre and he lost it in the dying and convulsed Indian. McPhaill thought a shell had fallen amongst them!

So shattering was the lightning bolt, that it momentarily checked the cavalry charge, permitting the Indians to get out on the plain where in a moment they

(Continued on page 67)

Photo: Denver Pub. Libr. Western Coll.

General Alfred Sully, mighty Indian fighter, artist, writer.

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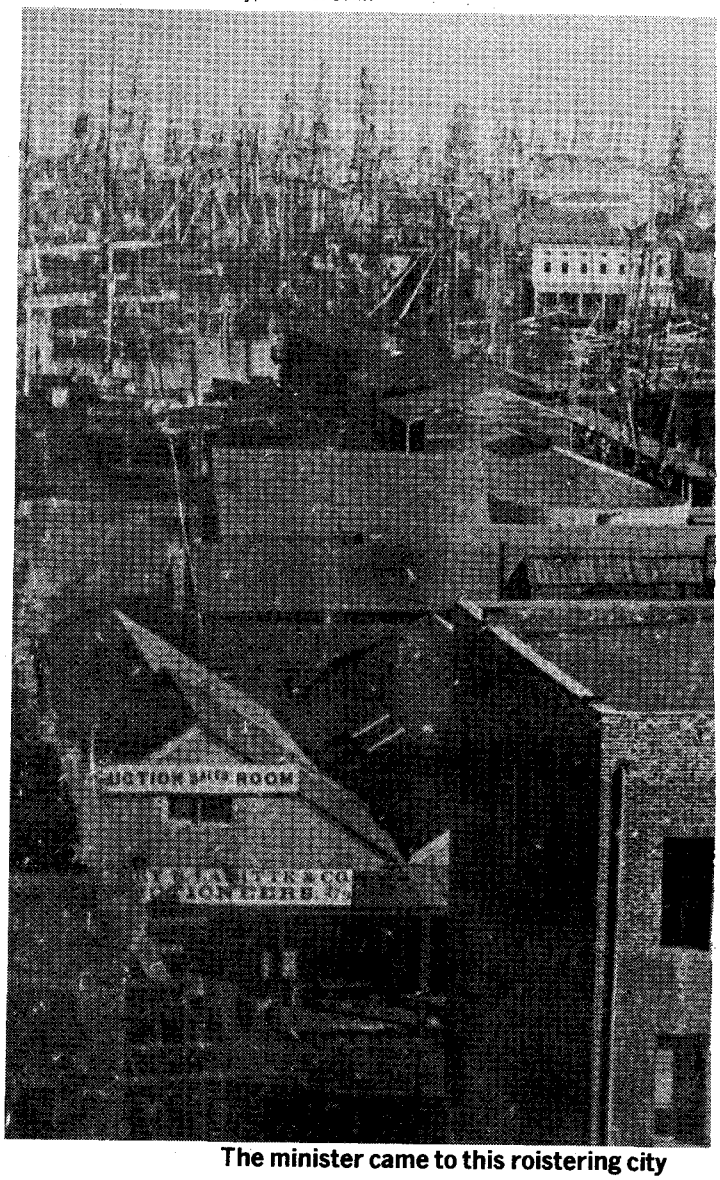
PIONEER SCOURGE OF MORAL SLACKERS

This man of God never allowed a collection to be taken up for his personal use; he refused to have money taken at his street services; he wanted no one to be able to say he preached for money...

Photos: The Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif.



The minister came to this roistering city

Rev. William Taylor — he lived to preach God's Word.

by L.C. Auer

IN 1849 a teeming, heterogeneous mass of humanity, by every known conveyance of the times, swept toward California like a tidal wave in search of the siren, gold. Among that vast throng there was at least one man who had no thought of the precious ore. He was the Reverend William Taylor, a Methodist minister, and his purpose in going west was to save souls in the sin spots of the new frontier.

Although his calling was that of a gentleman, nevertheless he proved himself as stalwart and red-blooded as any pioneer on the scene and equal to any emergency. Reverend William Taylor knew no fear and was so outspoken as to be reckless in his condemnation of sin.

He arrived with his family in the boom town of San Francisco on September 22, 1849. True to his expectations he found the place teeming with vice. Everyone, but everyone, gambled and most every man drank generous portions of redeye.

A writer in 1876 describing the San Francisco of the early gold rush days wrote, "the finest and most substantial houses in the city were the gilded places of chance; faro, roulette, monte and rondo were the favorite games." Gold was so easy to obtain that almost everyone had "money to throw at the birds." The writer of 1876 went on to elaborate, "So popular was the game of chance that men who had quit the pulpit, the deaconship, the Sabbath-School teacher's place to come to California,

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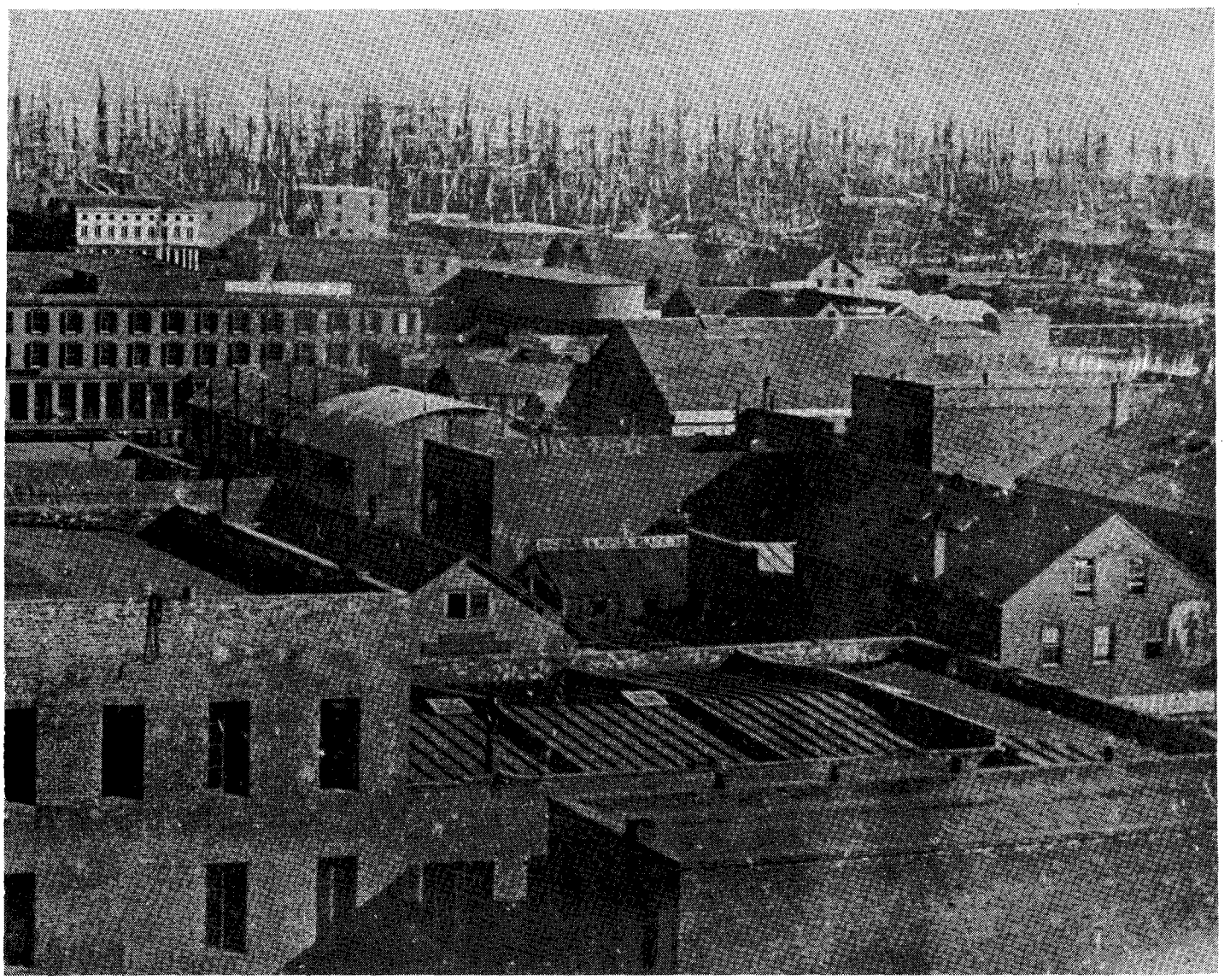

and proceeded to build his own house and grow his own vegetables — and then he turned on the evildoers.

as naturally drifted to the gambling house and took their turn at play as the most hardened gamester.

"The gambling houses were the only places of resort. Every lodging house was full and overflowing; hotels were crowded and there were no homes in this strange community. The restless people must needs seek shelter in the barrooms where the games went on. These places were comfortable at least. They were well lighted at night, and there was that other subtle attraction, that exciting and intoxicating amusement that once indulged in with success, becomes fascinating.

"In short San Francisco was a city of sin, noise and fun, where the wheels of chance spun merrily twenty-four hours per day, and where pianos tinkled, fiddles whined and banjoes strummed.

The writers of the *Annals of California* stated: "...the general population of San Francisco in 1852, with shame it must be confessed, in those days — as is still the case in 1854, to a considerable extent — drank largely of intoxicating liquors. A great many tippled at times, and quite as many swore lustily. They are an adventurous people and their enjoyments are all of the exciting kind. They are bold and reckless, from the style of the place and the nature of both business and amusement. Newcomers fall naturally into the same character."

George Wharton James, in his book, *Heroes of California,* wrote "the openness of vice was so glaring that it obstructed the vision of the ordinary observer, and prevented him from seeing and knowing the large number of good men the city possessed. But it was bad enough and honest, true, sober and Christian men of every faith, Catholic and Protestant alike, felt that something should be done to check the open spirit of profligacy, vice and immorality."

James also wrote that a common expression in those early days to palliate man's open indulgence in wrongdoing was, "God doesn't hold any man responsible for his conduct after he crosses the Mississippi River," and another, equally popular was, "It is impossible to live religion in California, and therefore, it is no use to try."

And so, such were the conditions in San Francisco when Reverend Taylor arrived. But he was not fazed — not in the least. He had made up his mind that he was needed in San Francisco and began looking about for a house to rent. He learned that the Reverend O.C. Wheeler, the Baptist minister, was paying five hundred dollars per month rent for a five room residence. Taylor was shocked at the price and made up his mind he would not pay such for a house. He then determined to build his own home. Lumber was selling at four hundred dollars per thousand feet and the members of his tiny church were so poor that they raised only $27.00 by popular subscription for a parsonage.

But the Reverend Taylor did not give up. The great redwoods were across the bay so he decided to cross over and fell his own timber. He knew nothing of building but already he was possessed of the spirit of the frontier that enabled a man to accomplish anything to which he set his mind and to carry it through.

With a friend, Taylor secured passage on a whale boat and after crossing the bay the two men walked five miles into the mountains. *(Continued on page 46)*

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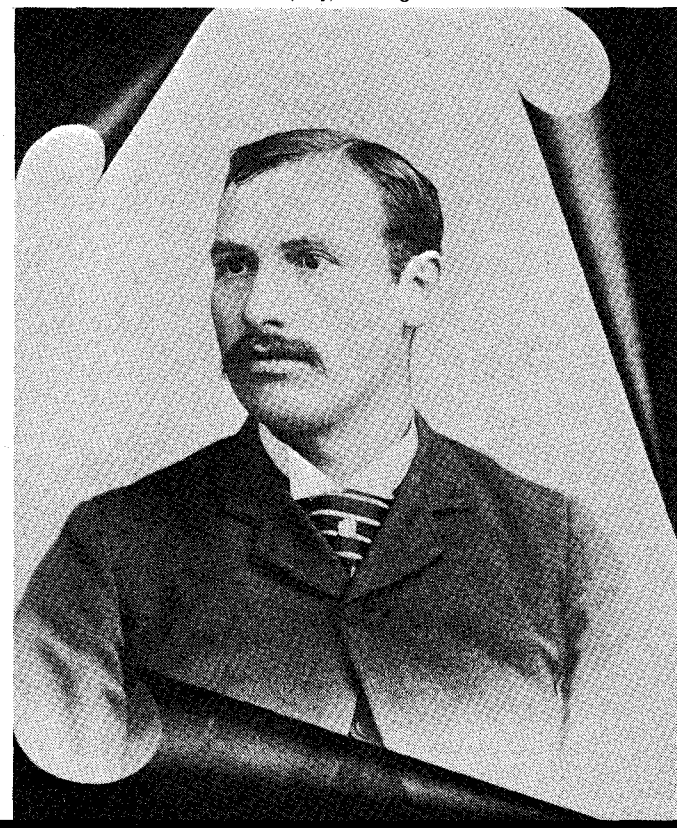
Photos: Union Title Insurance Company, San Diego.



Henry M. Jackson—
he and Josie worked as a team.

THE JOHNSON LEGEND

HISTORY OF A FAMILY

HENRY M. JOHNSON looked across Horton Plaza on a spring day in 1885, and noted the sharp contrast between the California town of San Diego and the quiet New England village Stratford, New Hampshire, which had been his home. The streets there would be covered for some time with deep snow, and zero weather would keep folks inside their houses. He looked around him and noted the citizens who were enjoying siesta time in the warm sun.

As this young man walked down the dusty street, he really had his feet on California soil; in the weeks he had been traveling his shoes had worn out.

The expense of the trip now left him with just one coin, a five-dollar gold piece. There were two important things to be done that afternoon; to find a place to stay and to get a job. The job wasn't hard to find—he would pile lumber.

The second part was rather difficult without funds. He was turned away from several boarding houses but at last found a kind lady who would trust him till pay-day. That last coin he now spent on shoes, so he could go to work.

The following fall he returned to New Hampshire and moved his mother and younger brothers and sisters west. The family would put down roots at Oaty, California. The next few years Henry would work at many different jobs. He even opened a real estate office before trying his luck at a meat market. There was not much success and often he barely broke even.

In a simple wedding, on July 3rd, 1891, Henry was united in marriage to Miss Sophia Josephine Perry. Her family and friends called her Josie. This young lady was willing to help her husband, and the events of the years of their marriage would prove just how great a help she was. Her willingness to live in a remote back country, her ever-helping hand and cheerful spirit did much to finally achieve success.

Henry and his brother Fay each had a small amount of capital. They firmly believed that by pooling their funds and opening a general merchandise store, the enterprise could be worked into a paying venture. Thus a surburban store was opened at 10th and "F" Streets in San Diego. This partnership, after a year, proved a grave and costly mistake and the sign, "Johnson Cash Grocery," was taken down.

Henry and Josie felt that alone, they could have made this store a paying concern, and they hoped some day for the opportunity to have their own business.

Klauber Wangenheim Company, San Diego's largest wholesale grocery firm, also known as K.W.Co., held a large note on a store at Jamul. Melvin Klauber thought he could guess why the Johnson Cash Grocery had failed and he asked Henry to come in and talk to him about the Jamul store. That firm's note was long overdue and not one cent of interest had been paid.

These were drought years of the late 1880s, and the back country of San Diego was without its normal low rainfall. The dry farmers were without cash to pay for bare necessities, much less pay on long overdue bills. Jamul was some 30 miles from San Diego. The store served also as a Post Office, and stood alone at the crossway of the narrow mountain roads.

To offer this store to the young couple was to offer them a challenge. For there was not only the drought to contend with; there would also be a language barrier. These people spoke a dialect of Indian and Spanish which neither Henry nor Josie spoke or understood. Then there was the long haul over narrow, nearly impassable roads to bring out the freight. Realizing the circumstances, and with full confidence in each other, they accepted the challenge.

Austerity would be their first and fast rule; they would live on a frugal diet of chicken, cornbread, oatmeal and wild grape jelly. This would allow them to conserve the stock on the store shelves.

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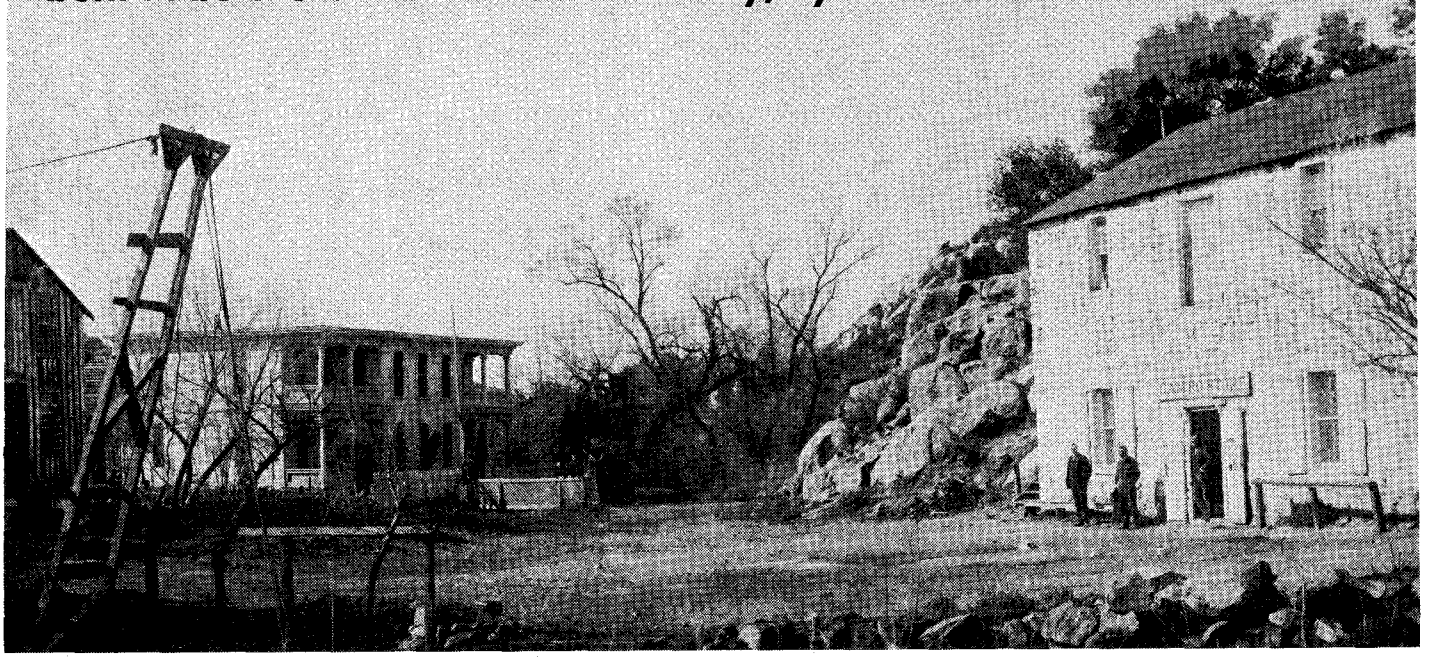
Photos: Union Title Insurance Company, San Diego.

Poignant memoirs of the struggle of a pioneer to attain prominence both in business and in the community, by a descendant of the founder



The cross-roads store at Campo, 65 miles from San Diego; rock for store was quarried with derrick in photo.

ENTERPRISE

by Eva Ann Johnson Butler

Henry now drew on his mercantile training when, as a lad of ten, he carried a pack and became, with his father, a "Yankee Peddler" in the northern woods of New Hampshire and Maine.

When there was no cash you bartered and traded and saved and bought additional stock. With this thought in mind he began an inspection trip of the parched dry ranches around Jamul. Two good commodities were found: the wild sage honey, and the dead cottonwood trees that had grown along the gullies and would now make cordwood.

San Diego was a waiting market. Housewives cooked on wood ranges, and fuel in this arid country was scarce and would bring a good price. Sage, honey, eggs, beeswax, wood—whatever the rancher had in excess, he now traded at the store. Then the store wagon would be filled and the long trek to San Diego would begin.

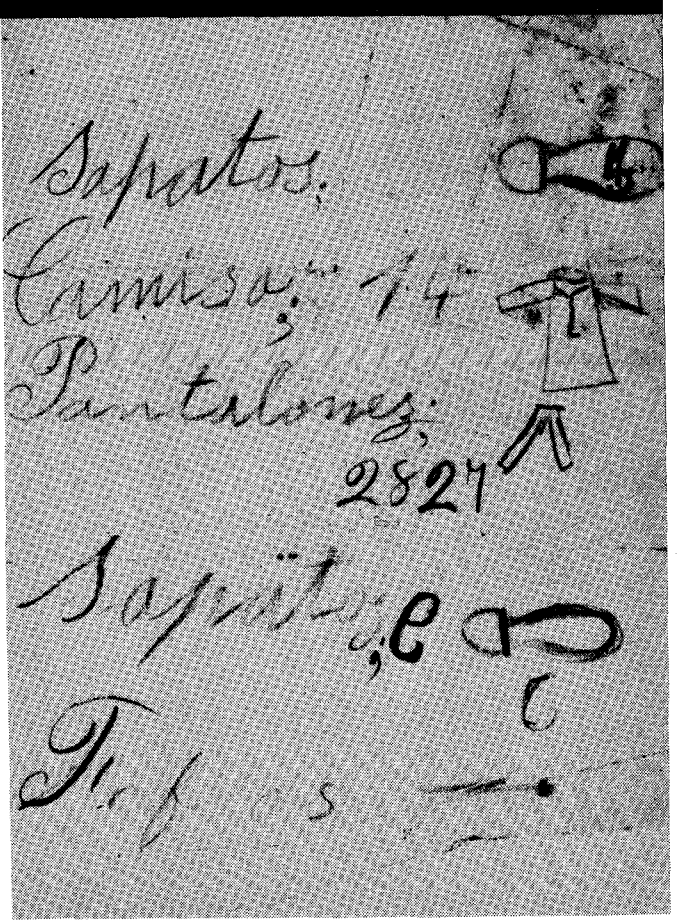
Early afternoon would find the Jamul trader calling out his wares as he drove along the streets of San Diego. When the wagon was empty he would proceed to the K.W. Co. and load up with supplies.

Tired from his long day's labor, Henry would open the lard pail that served as a lunch bucket, take out his cornbread and chicken and enjoy his supper. Afterward he secured the reins and curled up on the wagon seat to sleep on the homeward trip. He had complete trust in his faithful lead horse Susie to find her way home. When the wagon reached a certain point near San Miguel Mountain, Susie would know that here she was to stop and wait for her master to wake.

The downgrade into Jamul was very steep and Henry would have to brake the wagon. The gray dawn would be breaking over the purple mountains as the team pulled into Jamul. Time to feed and rub down the team, unload the freight and open the store.

Several times a week this would be the pattern of Henry's life.

Mr. Melvin Klauber looked at the books one day and could



When a Campo customer was stumped for words he substituted sign language—and orders were filled.

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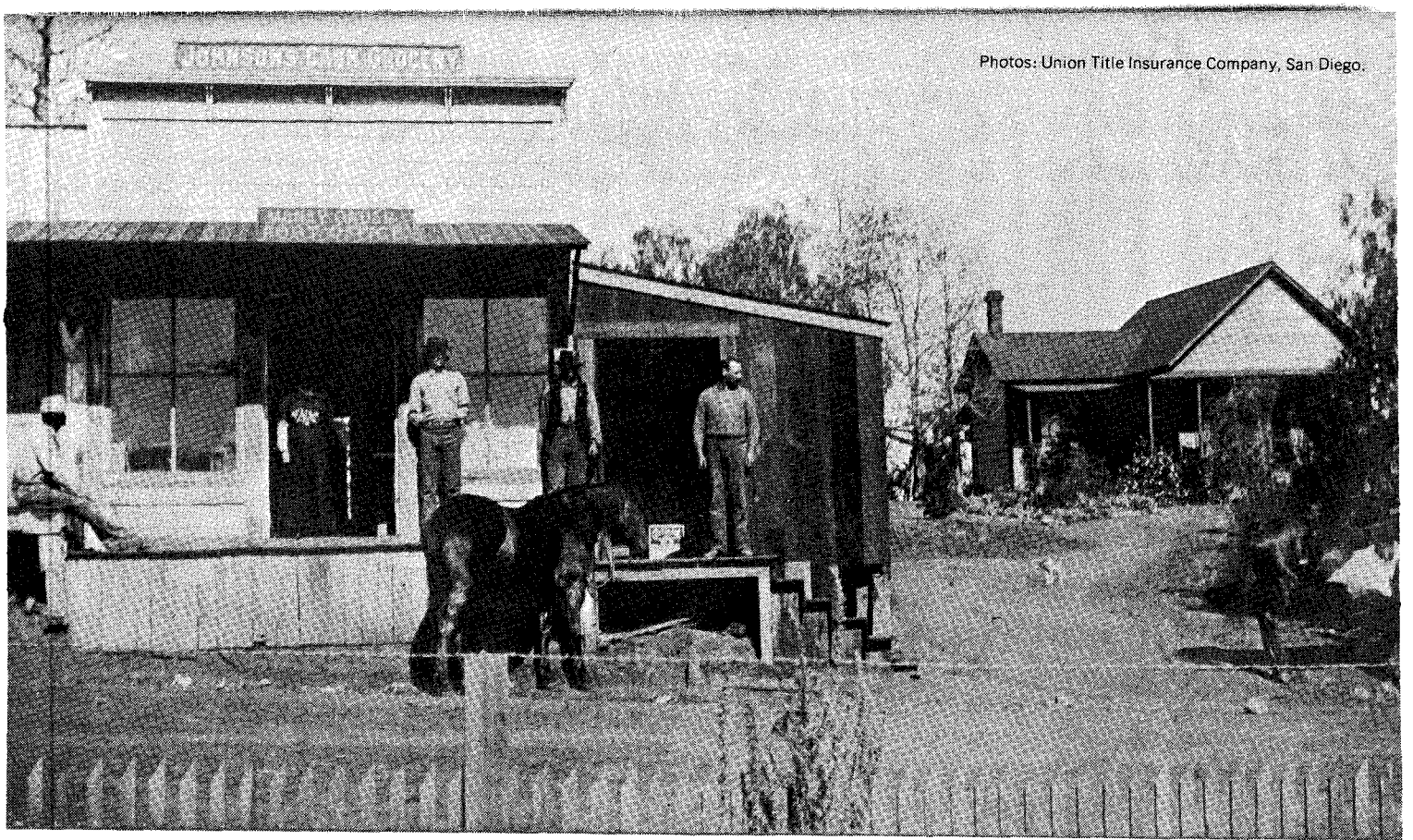


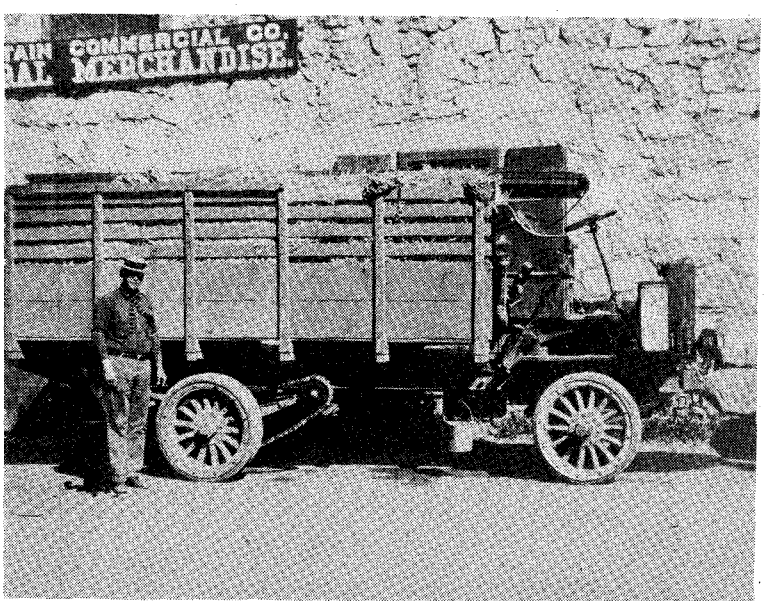
Photos: Union Title Insurance Company, San Diego.

The Jamul store: Josie in doorway, and to the right is Will Perry; Josie's father, Mr. Perry; Henry Johnson.

hardly believe that in just a little over a year the store was not only debt-free, but beginning to show a good profit. The Johnsons were rightly proud of their hard work and effort, and Mr. Klauber was proud of them, too.

The K.W. Company had taken a lease on a store at Campo from a Mr. Ed Aiken. The purpose was to have a country store where Hugo Klauber, a recent graduate of Stanford College, could gain first hand a practical knowledge of merchandising. Young Klauber had worked hard and learned much during the last 16 months, and the family felt he was now ready to take his place in the firm.

There now arose the problem of who was to take over the store. In view of the fine record Henry Johnson had made at Jamul, he was asked if he would like to take charge of this store and use his skill to improve the property.



Murray Johnson welcomed mechanization with gusto.

Henry and Josie talked it over and weighed the advantages and drawbacks. They were doing quite well—was it worth the move? It was decided that Henry was to go out and look over the Campo store. If he thought it would be wise to make the move, they would do it. It was the summer of 1898.

The settlement of Campo was 65 miles from San Diego, a 3-day trip over narrow roads nestled in the foothills on the edge of a large mountain valley. The Indian word "Milquatay," which means big foot, fully describes the shape of the valley, as the toes fan out across the border into Mexico.

Campo could not be called a town, but rather a trading center. The Gaskills had built here a store, grist mills, a blacksmith shop and a hotel among the granite boulders. The U. S. Government had a custom house at this point on the border. The store harbored the Post Office.

The first store built there had been burned. The cheapest material was put there by nature, so the great granite boulders were quarried and the stone used to build a new store. The store was built into the hillside, and its thick walls gave it the appearance of a fort. The outside stairs led to a large room above the store where dances were held.

Arrangements were made for Henry to accompany Melvin Klauber to Campo. Henry wanted to check the books and the inventory himself before beginning negotiations.

After a long, dusty trip Henry and M.K., as Melvin Klauber was called, were glad to check in at the Campo Hotel. The food here was noted for being red-pepper-fire-hot. (Hugo once said he was not too sure of what he had learned at the store but he was positive where he got stomach trouble.) After some food, and a brief clean-up, Henry was ready to go to the store to meet Hugo.

At Jamul there were few Indians and Henry noticed with interest that here they loitered around the buildings. In years past they had been troublesome but now they were, mostly, nuisances of a peaceful nature. As they were passing the blacksmith shop there was great excitement. An old Indian named "Spoons" was the center of attraction. Spoons in his youth had tried to steal a spoon from a settler's home by placing it between

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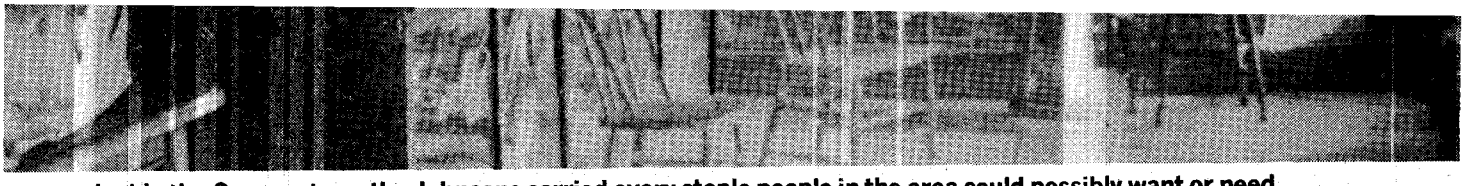


Inside the Campo store: the Johnsons carried every staple people in the area could possibly want or need.

his toes. He was caught, as it plunked down on the floor, and after that he was never called anything except Spoons.

The smithy had been shoeing a horse and, child-like, the old Indian just had to see how it was done—and got in the way. He had been cussed at and had moved to a place nearer the open forge. Soon a terrible smell of burning flesh penetrated the air. Everyone looked around to see what was burning, but saw nothing suspicious. All at once the live coal burned clear through the hard calloused foot of old Spoons, who moved quicker than ever before in his life to make one fast jump into the horse tank. His action caused much merriment and laughter even for the men from San Diego. Though, of course, not for Spoons.

It always took a second or two to accustom one's eyes to see in the store after coming in from the bright sunlight. The first sight caused Henry to start laughing again. Hugo, who still dressed and looked like a city gentleman, was trying to fit a squaw's hefty size nine foot into a dainty size four slipper.

The next days were seriously spent giving careful study to the books. Finding that the lower floor of a house across the creek could be rented, Henry was ready to make a deal.

His readiness to eat a piece of cheese and a handful of crackers or a slice of boiled ham and a pickle and call it a meal, saved him from eating many meals that week at the hotel.

The stage was due to arrive to take them to San Diego and a final discussion of the details of the deal. Josie had surmised they would move and had been busy readying the store. All she asked was to go home and visit both their families, and her friends at Oaty, before going out to Campo.

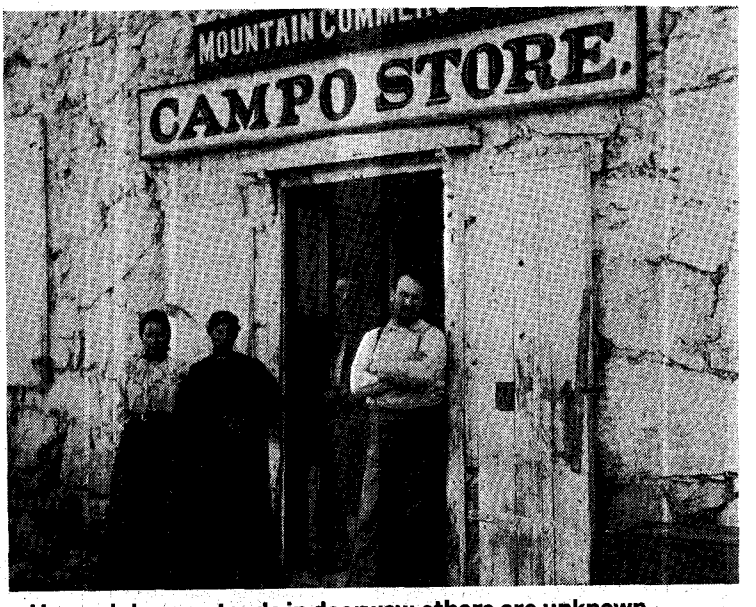
This time Henry spent closing out his interest at the Jamul store. The move out to Campo would begin the period in their lives Henry would refer to as the "15 years of solitary confinement."

The feeling of the Civil War still ran high, as most of the citizens around Campo were southern, having moved here at the close of the war.

It would be hard for Henry Johnson, who called himself a "Blue-Belly Yankee," and whose family had fought for the north, to feel really welcome among them. They quickly learned not to talk about anyone, nor to try to make any friends. The people in the valley seemed to be closely related, as a father and his son—long before—had married two sisters.

Again, there was the language barrier. At Jamul they had learned some Indian words but a lot of the trading had been by sign language. The dialect, also, was a little different. Often orders were drawn on a paper for the Yankee storekeeper. Some were quite hilarious.

The customers could be categorized into several groups. To the Indians of the reservation the store was more than a place to trade their baskets and cordwood or to buy supplies. It was a haven where they sought advice for their problems, related their grievances and troubles, looked for treatments of their wounds and doctoring for their ail- *(Continued on page 44)*



Henry Johnson stands in doorway; others are unknown.

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by Art Fee

THE PASSING OF

Photo: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary, Alberta.

A 30-H.P. Avery pulling 12 plows and land patcher (1912). This type of steamer was known as an undermount. The engine was mounted under the boiler.

THESE MIGHTY MONSTERS made their first appearance in the West after the buffalo and the longhorns were gone. The great blizzard of 1886 had ended the reign of the cattle baron and the open range had been divided into homesteads. Men began to plow the old trails under and build barb wire fences. This was the day the great steam tractors made their debut.

They entered Death Valley and pulled ore from the mines, hauled freight in the frozen north, carted gold seekers up the Caribou trail, snaked logs out of the woods, graded thousands of miles of roads and for 40 years ruled the great harvest fields of the west.

Photo: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary, Alberta.

A 25-H.P. Reeves cross compound pulling a disk and set of drag harrows (1906).

The big steamers were heavy, powerful, slow moving monsters, the largest weighing 25 to 30 tons. They could handle the largest grain separators with ease and pull more than 20 plows. They were manufactured from 1856 to 1930, but their popular span of life was from 1890 to 1925.

Ranging in horse power from 8 to 150, they came in a great variety of sizes, styles and shapes. In 1910, there were as many different models of steam tractors as there are different models of trucks and cars today. They served their day and purpose well.

Like a yoke of oxen, a steam tractor could be run off the land; straw or wood was used for fuel, water for steam, a little oil and grease to lubricate the bearings and if these ran short, beef tallow could be, and often was, used instead.

In their day, they cost about ten cents a pound. A big caterpillar tractor costs about a dollar a pound today. In monetary value the price of a steamer would be higher. Many farmers lost their lands and every thing they owned trying to buy one of these giants. A common expression then when any one bought a big steam outfit was, "There goes another bankruptcy," and most often it was true.

Very few farmers made money with them. Still, the ground had to be broken, grain had to be threshed and some one had to do it. Only the top executives, with ability to run and repair their own outfits and with the good fortune of a string of bump-

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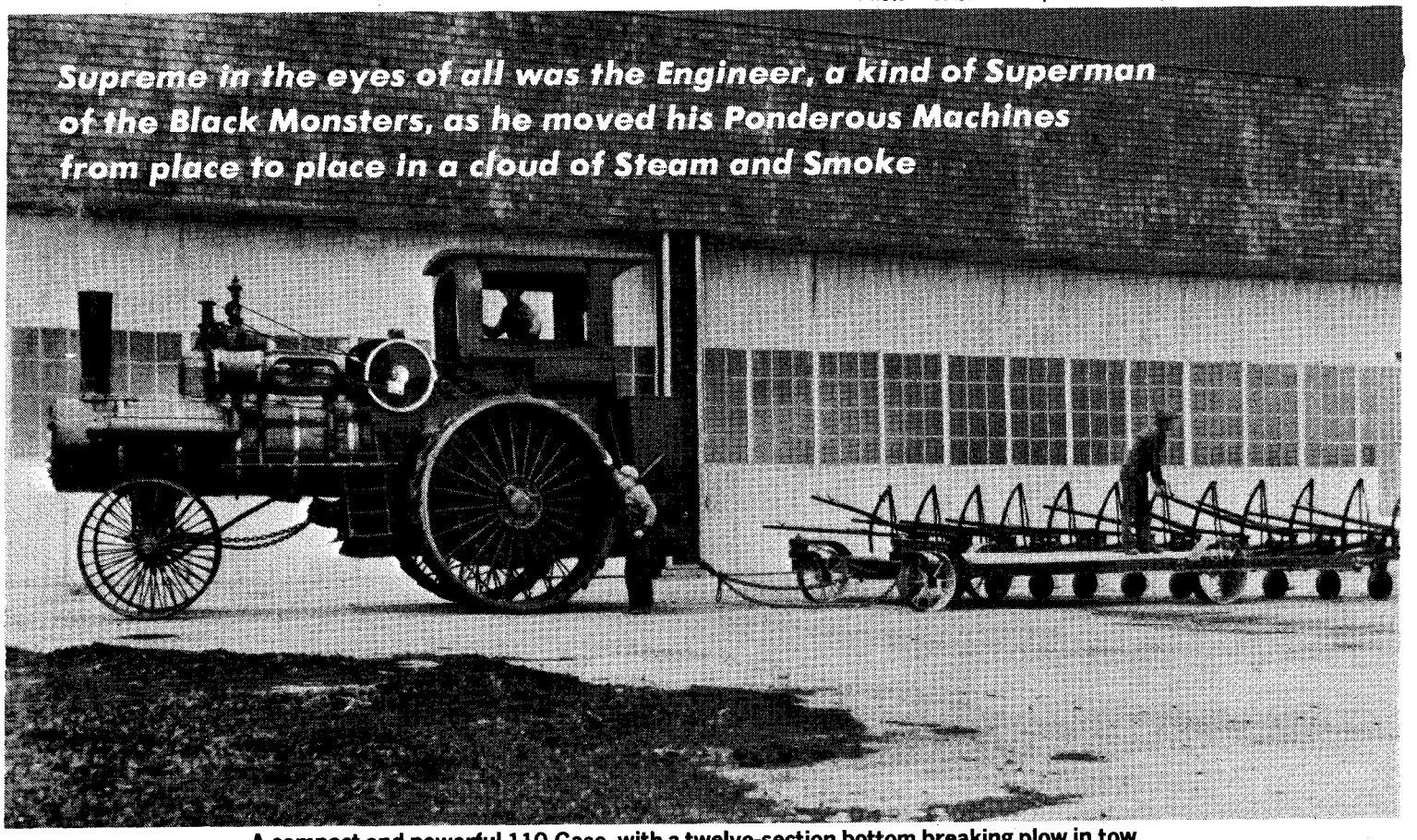
THE BLACK MONSTERS

Photo: Western development Museum, Saskatoon, Sask.



A compact and powerful 110-Case, with a twelve-section bottom breaking plow in tow.

er crops, ever made a reasonable profit with them.

For comparison we will take one make and model, the 110 Case. (I have owned and operated more Case tractors!) The 110 stood for brake horse power. It was a simple engine, (one cylinder) with locomotive type boiler, cab, water heater, power steering, carbide lights and other refinements that made it one of the more popular tractors of the time. It was the largest the company made in later years; they did make a few 150 Horse Power, but they did not prove to be practical.

The drivers on the 110 were seven feet high with a three-foot face. For plowing, 24 inch extension rims were added which made each wheel five feet wide. These drivers weighed more than two tons each. The front wheels were 53 inches high and 16 inches wide. The piston measures 12 inches in diameter and it had a 12 inch stroke. With a 160 pounds steam pressure and turning at 230 revolutions a minute, it developed 110 horse power on the belt pulley which measured 44 inches in diameter with a heavy 16 inch face. The drawbar horse power was more than half the brake or belt horse power. It pulled 12 fourteen inch plows in prairie sod and 20 or more in stubble.

To handle a plow this size would take more than 60 heavy draft horses. With the extension rims it measured 14 feet nine inches wide, twenty-four feet long, and eleven feet high. The tender carried close to 400 gallons of water and one ton of coal. Its average speed was 2-1/2 miles an hour and three miles was maximum. Loaded it weighed 42,000 pounds and it cost $4,200.

The steamer had no gear boxes and traveled the same speed backward and forward. To obtain more horse power the reverse lever could be shoved ahead one or two notches. This would lengthen the stroke of the valve in the cylinder and allow more steam into the piston. But steam pressure and water level could not be maintained long with the valve on a long stroke. Then, on the other hand, when the load was light the reverse lever could be shoved ahead one or two notches. This would cut down the stroke of the valve and save on water and fuel.

Photo: Western development Museum, Saskatoon, Sask.

One of the first steam tractors, with straw separators; not dated, but probably operating at beginning 1900's.

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Photo: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary, Alberta.

Threshing outfit of Thompson, Roy & Company, near Parkland, Alberta, Canada, about 1907.

Photo: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary, Alberta.

25-H.P. Reeves cross compound, pulling disk, harrows.

Photo: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary, Alberta.

Grain separator is early hand-fed model (1906); it required a man to feed it, and two to cut bands.

The crank shafts on a steamer were heavily counter-balanced and made to run at about 275 R.P.M. If they ran much over 300 revolutions a minute they would vibrate severely and burn out the bearings.

There were three types of boilers used; the vertical which was popular on donkey engines, the return flue and the locomotive. The locomotive was by far the most common. This type had one slight drawback. It did not work well in real hilly country.

When heading down a very steep hill the water would drain off the crown sheet (the steel plate above the fire box) and the fire would melt the safety plug. (A lead plug screwed into the crown sheet that melted and put the fire out in case the water got low.) Then if the engine was climbing a steep hill the water sometimes got into the steam chest and there was danger of blowing off the cylinder heads if too much water got into the cylinder.

These boilers had to be inspected annually by a government boiler inspector and to run a steam engine a man had to fire one for three years and then write and pass a state examination.

All steam tractors had one thing in common. Their engines turned very slowly in comparison to our modern motors, from 200 to 300 revolutions a minute. As a result many of these steamers have given over 50 years of continuous service.

The traction engines were all the piston type. The most common was known as the simple engine—one cylinder, but the steam pushed on both sides of the piston every revolution making it equal in power strokes to a four cylinder gas motor. Next was the double cylinder simple engine. Most railway locomotives were double simple engines. In power strokes it was equal to an eight cylinder gas motor.

There were four different compound engines. In a compound engine the live steam went into the first cylinder and was exhausted into another cylinder which was twice the diameter of the first. If the big cylinder was on the same shaft it was known as a tandem compound. If the big cylinder was at the side it

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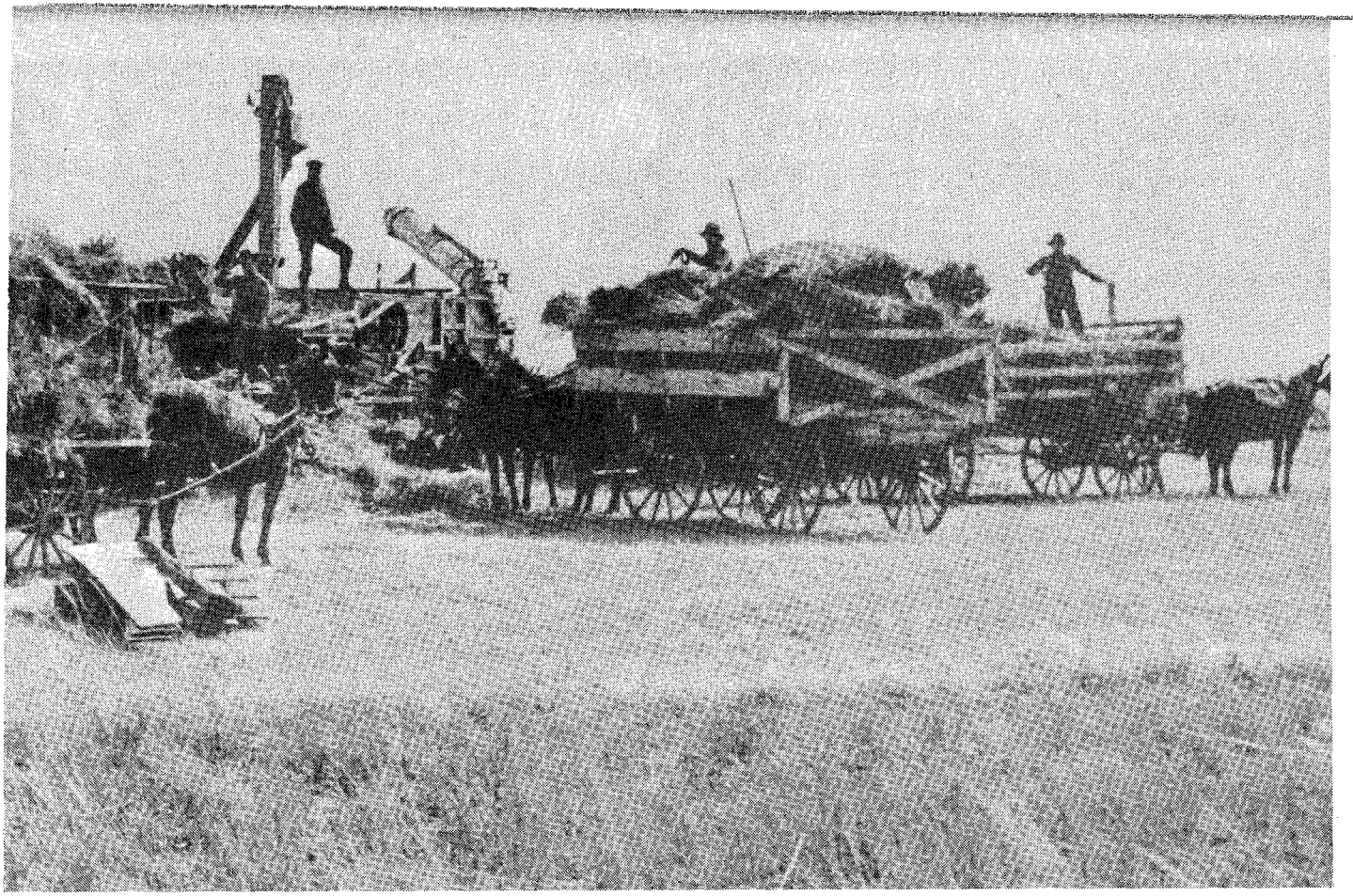

This was one of the first models of a steam engine, and had to be moved with live horse power.

Photo: Western development Museum, Saskatoon, Sask.

was known as a cross compound and looked much like a double simple except one cylinder was much larger. There were single tandem compounds, double tandem compounds, cross compounds and double cross compounds. The compound engines were more ecomonical but also gave more trouble.

In breaking prairie sod a steamer would burn between 80 and 100 pounds of coal per acre. A big one would burn between two and two and a half tons a day. When pulling hard like they all did breaking sod they used a lot of water. A big 40 Reeves pulling 16 breaking plows used 5000 gallons of water a day. It required two tank men with 500 gallon tanks to keep it going. Fifty acres a day was a good average for a big outfit, but they often did more. In fact every outfit tried to establish a record.

In the Garr Scott catalog, 1910, they list one of their Big 40's breaking 128 acres a day in North Dakota with a 28 disk plow. It was not only the private operators who tried to outdo each other, but the machine companies vied with each other to see who could pull the most plows. In 1911, at Purdue University, the Rumley Company assembled a 50-bottom Oliver plow and pulled it with three 30-60 Oil Pulls. Not to be outdone, the International Harvester Company assembled a 55 bottom plow and pulled it with three 45-90 Moguls.

One question that is often asked, "Which would pull the most, a D9 Caterpillar (The largest tractor made today) or a 40 Reeves (One of the largest steamers made)?" With a steamer, the question was not how much it could pull, but how to keep its footing. With extension rims and both drivers locked, a steamer would spin the drivers in the hardest sod. The D9 would, no doubt, pull the steamer back as it has six reduction gears and much more traction area, but both wheels of the old tractor would be spinning in a forward direction.

As far as brute horse power was concerned the 40 Reeves had it over all the old engines. It was a cross compound and in an emergency live steam could be let into the compound cylinder, which would increase its horse *(Continued on page 58)*

A 32-H.P. Reeves pulling twenty plows.

Photo: Western development Museum, Saskatoon, Sask.

50 plows pulled by three 30-60 Rumley Oil Pulls, 1911, at Purdue University field demonstration.

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by Ralph Lebec

Lone Stand Of

...and what about young Tarbox, newly arrived from the State of Maine? Quite likely the very first Apaches he ever saw—were also his very last...

"HELLO, MR. RHODES," they said, "we've come to bury you."

"Well, you've come too soon," Rhodes laughed as he greeted the approaching men.

With a twinkle in his eyes, and walking with an easy gait, Billy Rhodes, with one arm in a sling where he had been wounded by an Apache arrow, and despite a harrowing experience, appeared as cool as an evening breeze.

"Yes, sir," he said again, gayly, "you men came a mite too soon."

They had, indeed, come to bury Billy Rhodes that summer morning. This is one of the great epics of our frontier history, the story of William B. Rhodes, of Rhodes' Ranch. It's the story of a man who actually thought that fighting Indians was fun, and that a hundred-to-one added up to a darn good fight.

The year was 1861, and in that great expansive area below the Gila River known as the old Gadsden Purchase, down in Southern Arizona, events were reaching a hazardous peak.

This big piece of real estate in those days was nothing but a vast wasteland, harsh and savage. Never actually tamed by the Spaniards, it was later sold to the United States by Mexico (1854).

Now, William Rhodes, better known to his intimates as Billy, worked a small spread in this rugged country. Billy hailed from the State of Kentucky, where he was born around 1820. He had come to the old Gadsden Purchase in '55, with Colonel Douglass and Christopher Dodson. For a spell he hunted and supplied game for the mines in the area. By engaging in this business he naturally acquired a good knowledge of the terrain. In 1859, he settled on his modest ranch located about twenty miles south of Tucson, Arizona, along the Santa Cruz River, a tributary of the Gila.

In 1861, the crucial year, the Valley of the Santa Cruz was in a boiling turmoil. The War Between The States had begun in earnest, and across the mountains in the connecting Sonoita Valley, the soldiers at Fort Buchanan had received orders to evacuate. So the boys in blue, the old faithful bastions of the passes, were swinging east to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. As a result of the troops' removal, all hell had broken loose in the area.

Cochise, the revenge-filled chief of the Apaches, took this movement on the part of the military as a sign of surrender by the hated long knives, and unleashed an unrestricted reign of terror.

Like water bursting through a violently ruptured dam, Cochise and his marauding horde of shrieking Chiricahuas fiercely raged through the unguarded mountain passes. The savages rode rampant over the entire length of the valley. The scattered white population was being massacred on all sides for want of army protection. Family after family were killed and their ranches burned. Behind every tall Saguaro Cactus stood an imaginary Indian.

Even the Mexicans from across the border were taking advantage of the Americans' somber plight... killing and pillaging.

The state of affairs appeared mighty grim in the Valley of the Santa Cruz; most everyone was either leaving in a great hurry, or being buried in a great hurry.

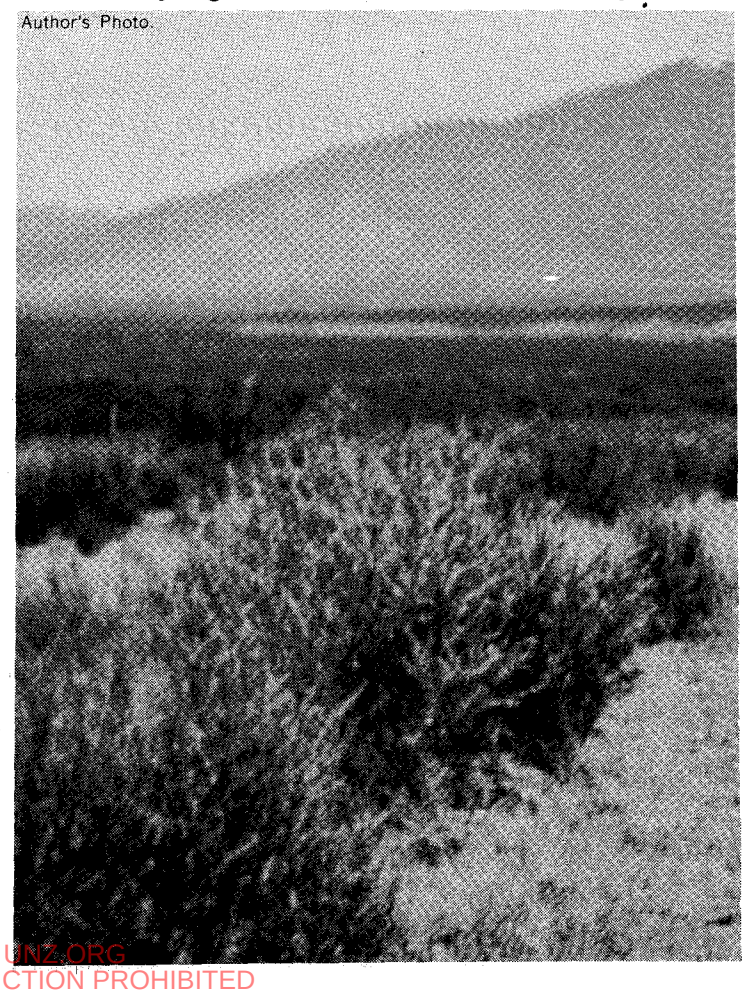
Billy Rhodes was known and well liked up and down the valley. They used to say he was completely ignorant of danger; positively fearless.

Now Billy, too, had decided to leave, but unlike everyone else he was in no great hurry. In his opinion he was a match for any Indian living. So he felt he had no reason to hasten out of the region he had learned to love.

So it was in the summer of that year, 1861, that Billy, in the company of one of his Mexican ranch hands, leisurely headed up the Tucson road from the mining settlement of Tubac. Peeled to the waist on that hot afternoon, with a pistol resting on each hip as he loped along, he was a pillar of confidence. Every now and then he would unconsciously sniff the dry desert air. Billy Rhodes once told a friend that Apaches had a certain distinctive odor that you could smell a mile away.

The ranch hand and Billy followed the dusty highway north, up toward his small spread on the river's edge. He knew every inch of the broad valley. He recognized every Palo Verde, every mesquite and cactus growing along the passing road, every

Billy angled off road here to find sheltered place



Author's Photo.

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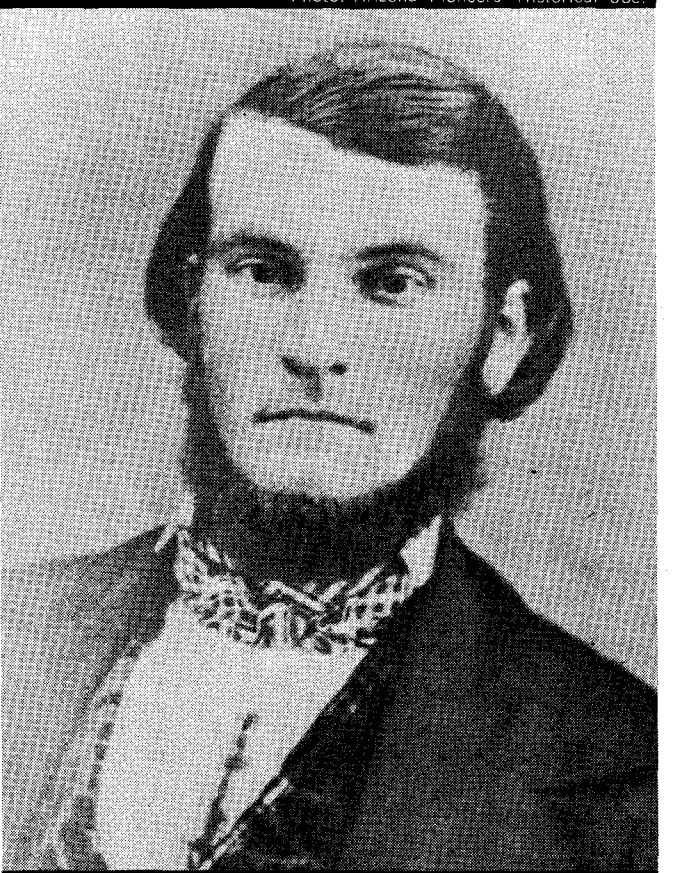
BILLY RHODES

Photo: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Soc.



Billy Rhodes sent his Mexican boy after help, found himself a thicket and took on a hundred Apaches.

weed on its edge. Billy flared his nostrils at the wind, and fingered the pistols on his hips. He was a crack shot with either one. This was to be an eventful day for Mr. William B. Rhodes.

The two men, continuing to travel the dusty roadway, passed the Reventon, a fortified ranch about ten miles from Tubac. Everything was fortified in those days. About four miles further on they rode into the Canoa, a stockade inn, run by a man named Tarbox. There, Billy told Tarbox that he would be back in an hour for supper; that he and his man were going to the ranch which was just a short stretch up the road to round up some stray stock.

Tarbox was a newcomer to the Valley of the Santa Cruz, but like everyone else he had quickly learned to like Billy. He liked his easy and confident manner. Rhodes made it seem as though these dangerous days were no different then any other.

Tarbox was delighted to hear that Billy would be back for supper.

"I'll have a good meal ready for you when you git back, Mr. Rhodes," he exclaimed jubilantly.

Billy and the Mexican ranch hand, whose name was Felix, continued up the road into the torrid afternoon, looking forward to the promised good meal.

They had ridden a mile or so when Billy suddenly stopped and lifted his face to the wind in a quizzical way.

"I smell them savages," he said grimly. Without another word they put spurs to their horses, and with a wake of dust swirling behind, made for the ranch at a gallop.

where he could hold off pursuing Apaches for a while.

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A scene of destruction met their eyes when they pulled up in front of the ranch house. That is, what was left of it. The whole place was a shambles, and the stink of sweaty Indians still permeated the air. The Apaches had run off all of his stock. Nothing was left of the ranch but a wisp of smoke rising from the embers.

"Them goddamned thieving skunks," he whispered to himself. And then, "I think it best we git, and pronto, amigo," he said to Felix.

They wheeled their mounts around and urged them on to greater speed as they headed back to the Canoa.

Now Billy Rhodes was not the vengeful sort, but in later years he confided that could he have had one of those redskins in his grasp that very minute, he would have annihilated him with his bare hands. However, fate was to see that Billy got his revenge.

The two riders were approaching the stockade now, and from a quarter of a mile away they were riding slow and cautious, with eyes peeled for movement. The birds had stopped chirping, things were too quiet around the Inn, and to Billy the scent of Apaches was strongly present.

Keeping naked spurs in a position for sudden prodding, they moved slowly abreast the timbered gate, staying discreetly on the road. Swinging in a slight breeze, a white bloodstained shirt caught their eyes. The red gore appeared fresh against the green of the cacti where it hung. Billy swiftly scanned the surrounding foliage. His frontier instinct sensed an ambush. Then he saw them. Just beyond a clump of Palo Verde, hunched over their ponies so as not to be seen, the savages were silently waiting—waiting for the kill.

Ready spurs literally forced the horses to leap ahead as Billy shouted, "Lets git, hombre," and galloped off over the dusty highway.

The frustrated Apaches, realizing they had been detected, let loose with a paralyzing shriek, and spurted out after the two riders.

It now became a race for life. Billy Rhodes and Felix, his courageous hired hand, galloped madly down the road toward the safety of the Reventon Ranch, four long grueling miles down the valley. The Indians, already tasting the kill, were charging frantically after them, a hundred yards in the rear.

Author's Photo.

C. Poston, Mine Director, came with crew to bury Billy.

Dashing furiously through the violent whirls of dust and heat, Billy fleetingly wondered about the fate of his friend Tarbox, back there at the Canoa. The young man was newly arrived in this region from the State of Maine, and very likely the very first Apaches that he had ever seen were his last. The pall of silence that came from the stockade, and that bloodstained shirt, were a sure indication that he had been murdered by the shrieking heathen now dogging the rancher's trail.

Although momentarily in danger of losing his life, Billy Rhodes kept his head. Indeed, even while he and Felix were rushing pell-mell over the dusty highway, his frontier trained mind was as cool as the proverbial cucumber.

He figured there were close to a hundred howling savages behind them, and this not being a fiction story where a horse's endurance is unfaltering, Billy didn't think his animal could make the four long miles to the safety of the fortified ranch . . . not in the Arizona desert's intense summer heat, anyway.

Billy's courage, and his knowledge of the terrain, came to the fore now. Though his actions thus far had been fast and furious, his mind functioned keenly, as usual.

There was a dense thicket not far off the road, and it was there that he was going to make his stand. His humor in the face of danger also came to the fore. He hurriedly told Felix to continue toward the Reventon for help when he, Billy, left the road.

(Continued on page 49)

Illus.: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Soc.

Confused Indians found Billy Rhodes was too much to handle.

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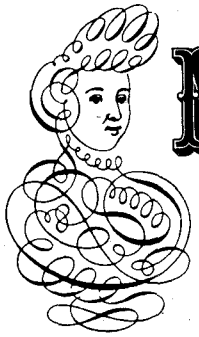


MINING CAMPS NAMED FOR THE LADIES

...Marietta...Belleville...Helen...
Ellendale...Adelaide...Bonnie Claire..
Maggie...Jean...Fay...Betty O'Neal...
Bernice...Lida...Aurora...Ruth...

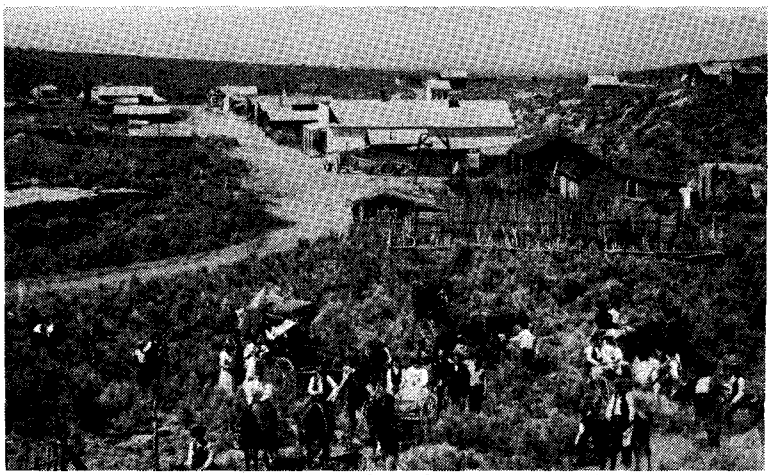
by Doris Cerveri

WOMEN PLAYED an important role in the development of the West and their presence was felt even in the promotion of mining towns, although they were often left behind by adventurous men who couldn't resist the lure of exploring a new frontier, or searching for an elusive ledge of gold.

Many mining districts and gold camps throughout Nevada were named for some sweetheart, wife, sister, or daughter. Some of these small communities have been almost forgotten. They flourished for only a short time and their names, locations and purpose have long since faded into obscurity.

All that remains of Belleville's nine-year glory is the broken walls and crumbling foundation of its large mill, remnants of stone cabins, and a few graves. In 1873 it was a lively, rambunctious place, similar to Marietta, and not far from it. The only thing missing, and desperately needed, was water. To obtain water a pipeline had to be brought many miles across an inhospitable desert. Such an undertaking was too expensive and impractical.

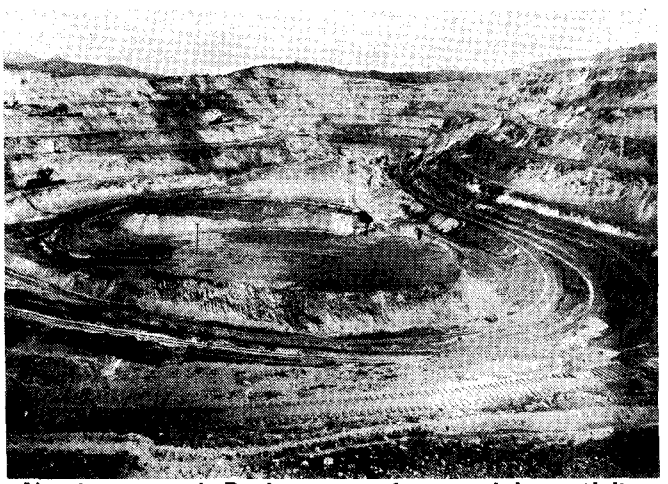
"It is cheaper to drink whiskey," was the town's motto. However, hotel keeper Johnnie Nicholson did not share this opinion. He hired a well-digging crew to sink a shaft. While these well-meaning, perspiring diggers were eating lunch, practical jokers poured a barrel of water down the shaft. After lunch was over, down went the first man on the windlass bucket. Up came shouts, and loud splashes. *(Continued on page 64)*



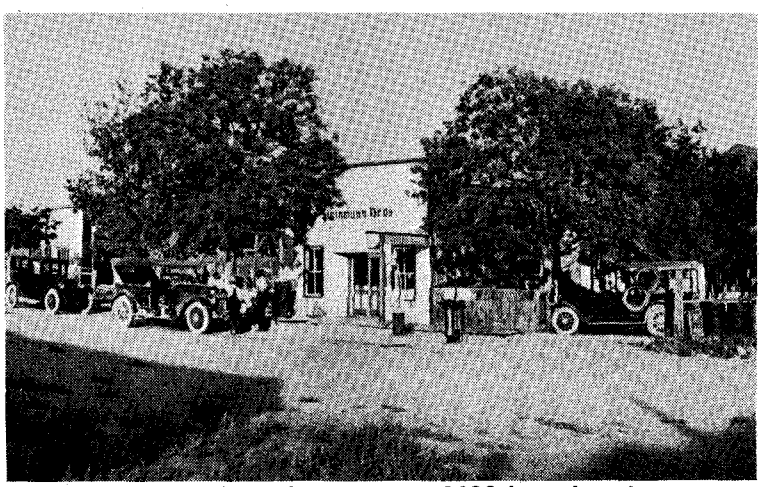
Mining town named after lone boasted a few ladies.

Photos: Nevada Hist. Soc.

The town of Mary is as pretty as a picture (1914).



No ghost town is Ruth, center of open mining activity.



Lida, Nevada, towers at 6400 feet elevation.

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James Dexter got so tired of dropping money into his "barren" silver mine that he just wouldn't believe it when the mine started to throw the precious stuff right back at him

Author's Photo.

These old shacks in seamy side of town provide marked contrast to public buildings erected later.

SAVE A MATCH—

by Rick Krepela

COLORADO MINING RECORDS confirm the fact that the Robert E. Lee mine in Leadville was one of the all-time record holders when it came to spewing out silver. In something less than four years of full-time operation, its owners hauled out more than $4 million from a rich vein that sprawled 150 feet below the five-acre tract. The deposit was 2 to 12 feet thick; more than enough to keep the Robert E. Lee producing well into the 1930's.

This much is documented fact. So, too, are the accounts of litigation which stymied production during the mine's first year. The dry statistical reports of stock sales, defaulted payments and legal red tape may make fascinating reading to a certified public accountant, but the data makes no mention of how James V. Dexter lost out on the bonanza flow simply because he didn't want to spend "another damn cent" on the mine.

If it weren't for a number of discrepancies in the earliest histories of the mine, this omission might be sufficient to pooh-pooh the whole story as a latter-day invention. As with any legend, just enough of the facts and circumstances dovetail to make the story at least plausible.

Feature writers as early as the 1890's were telling about Dexter's penny-pinching blunder. Historian Irving Stone writes a brief account of the incident in one of his books. As recently as 15 years ago, visitors to Leadville could find several old codgers who, swapping conversation for a beer or two at one of the saloons, would vouch for the essential details.

"Were you there? Did you see it happen?"

"Well, no. I was just a kid, remember. It happened in 1880, but I remember all the talk in town."

While this is hardly enough substance to pin an affidavit on, the oldsters who were telling the story in the 1950's have presumably gone on to richer mining camps. If only to preserve this footnote to Colorado's boisterous past, the story warrants repeating in print.

Nor is it surprising that the early records are sketchy about human interest details. As Leadville exploded from a mining camp of tents and ramshackle shacks into a city in something like two years, it is inevitable that those who chronicled the transition should be more impressed with the statistics than reflections about human nature.

In fact the Rocky Mountain News of January 18, 1880, preambles a detailed financial statement about the "World's Wonder"—an account of the Robert E. Lee mine—by saying: "The

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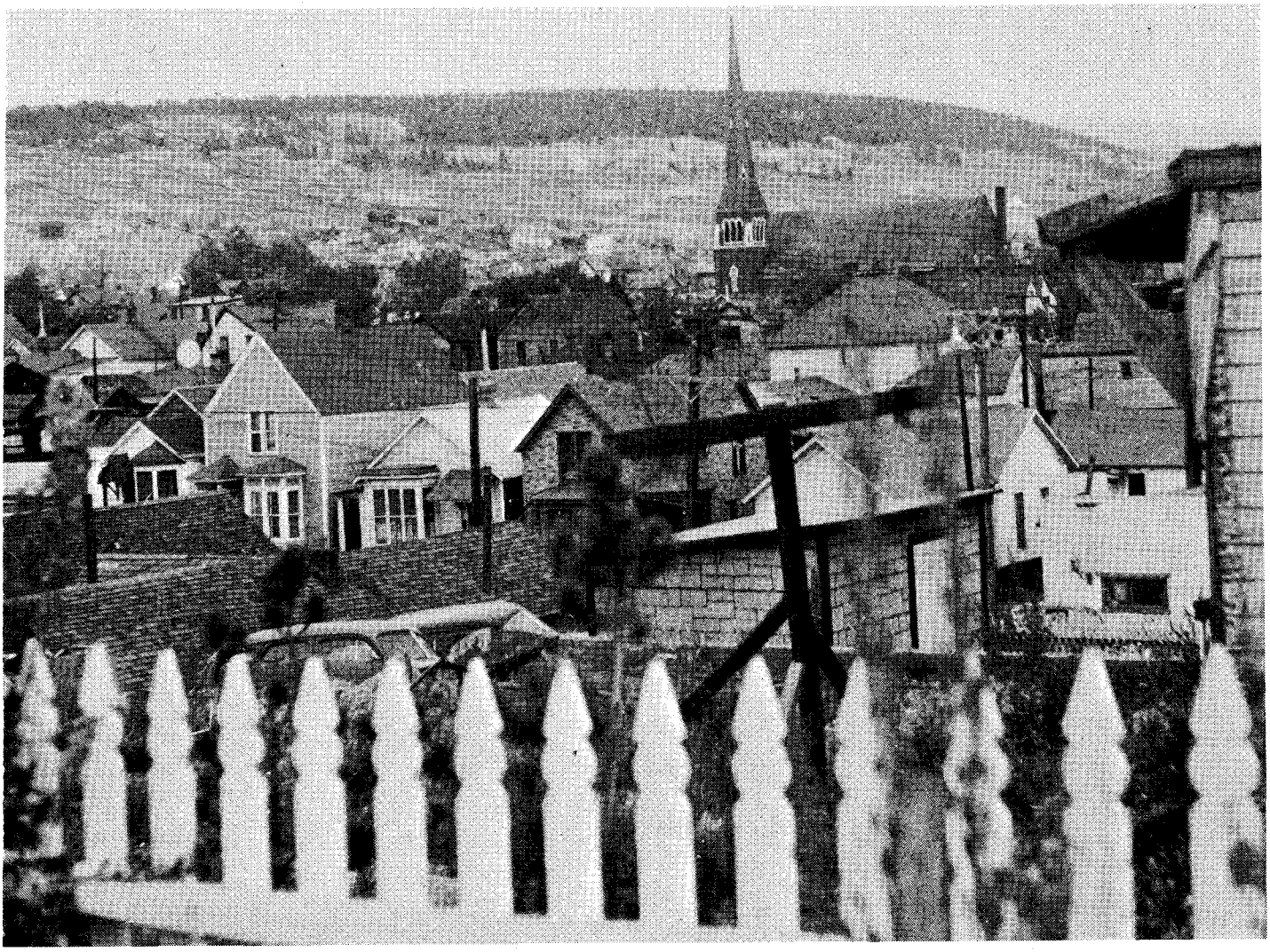
Author's Photo.



With but a fraction of peak population, Leadville is still much-visited tourist attraction today.

LOSE A FORTUNE

following statement, furnished late last night by one of the owners, conveys more in figures to startle the world than would a chapter or a volume written in the fashion of the Arabian Nights."

In short, the reporter was so blinded by the figures which indicated a head-swirling *40,000%* profit, that he completely overlooked what may have been the best part of the story.

The 1883 edition of the Colorado Mining Directory says the Robert E. Lee mine was "located June 25, 1878, and patented September 10, 1879." This was during the period when Leadville was experiencing its greatest growth. Within a matter of months the "waste of sagebrush" erupted into a four-block business district.

In the spring of 1878 there were 1,500 people in the Leadville mining district; by the end of the year there were 18,000! Lodgings of any kind were so scarce that one enterprising fellow put up a huge tent and hammered together three-tier board bunks. He rented out his 1,000 uncomfortable "beds" for a buck a night. And he sold out every night for months.

The Tourist Guide to Colorado, written in 1879, also reveals a fetish for raw statistics. It lists in virtual catalog form how great a city Leadville had become. Tallying up the business establishments, author Cass Carpenter writes, "there are 19 hotels, 41 lodging houses, 82 drinking saloons, 38 restaurants, 13 wholesale liquor houses, 10 lumber yards, 7 smelting and reduction works, 2 sampling works for testing ore, 12 blacksmith shops, 6 livery stables, 6 jewelry stores, 3 undertakers and 21 gambling halls." Completely ignoring Leadville's growing red light district, which already covered a half dozen square blocks below Harrison Avenue, the author sanctimoniously concluded: "The social condition of the city improves every day. Many ladies of culture and refinement have come in recently to make their homes here."

Or did Carpenter pen the last line with tongue-in-cheeck, expecting no one but the rawest dude to swallow it whole!

At any rate, this was the bubbling cauldron into which James V. Dexter stuck his financial finger. A wheeler-dealer of the first order, he was slated to become one of Colorado's first millionaires.

The square-hewn log cabin he ordered built so he could be close to his extensive mining interests was one of the first structures in Leadville. The rough exterior hid from casual view the fact that Dexter was a man of lavish and expensive tastes. Two-toned hardwood floors and highly polished woodwork framed the interior. Handmade imported English "Lincrusta-Walton"

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Photo: Library State Hist. Soc. of Colo.

James V. Dexter, millionaire mine operator.

paper covered the walls. Likewise, the furnishings fairly oozed with elegance. They were ornate, opulent—and expensive.

The "cabin" was such an oddity, and so typical of the early silver barons, that the Colorado Historical Society had acquired and restored it to its original condition. Moved from its original site, "Dexter's Cabin" now shares a plot with the small museum which houses some of Leadville's memorabilia. The cabin and furnishings are there to see, but gone are the rousing card games which used to keep Dexter and his close friends occupied most nights.

It isn't clear just when Dexter acquired his one-third share in the Robert E. Lee. One report—*The Rocky Mountain News*—credits him with having been one of the "locators" of the mine. But Fosset's *"History of Colorado,"* published in 1879, says that the original prospector sold out his claim for a measly $50. A story in a contemporary issue of the *Leadville Democrat* adds to the confusion by saying that Dexter bought into a going company for $16,000.

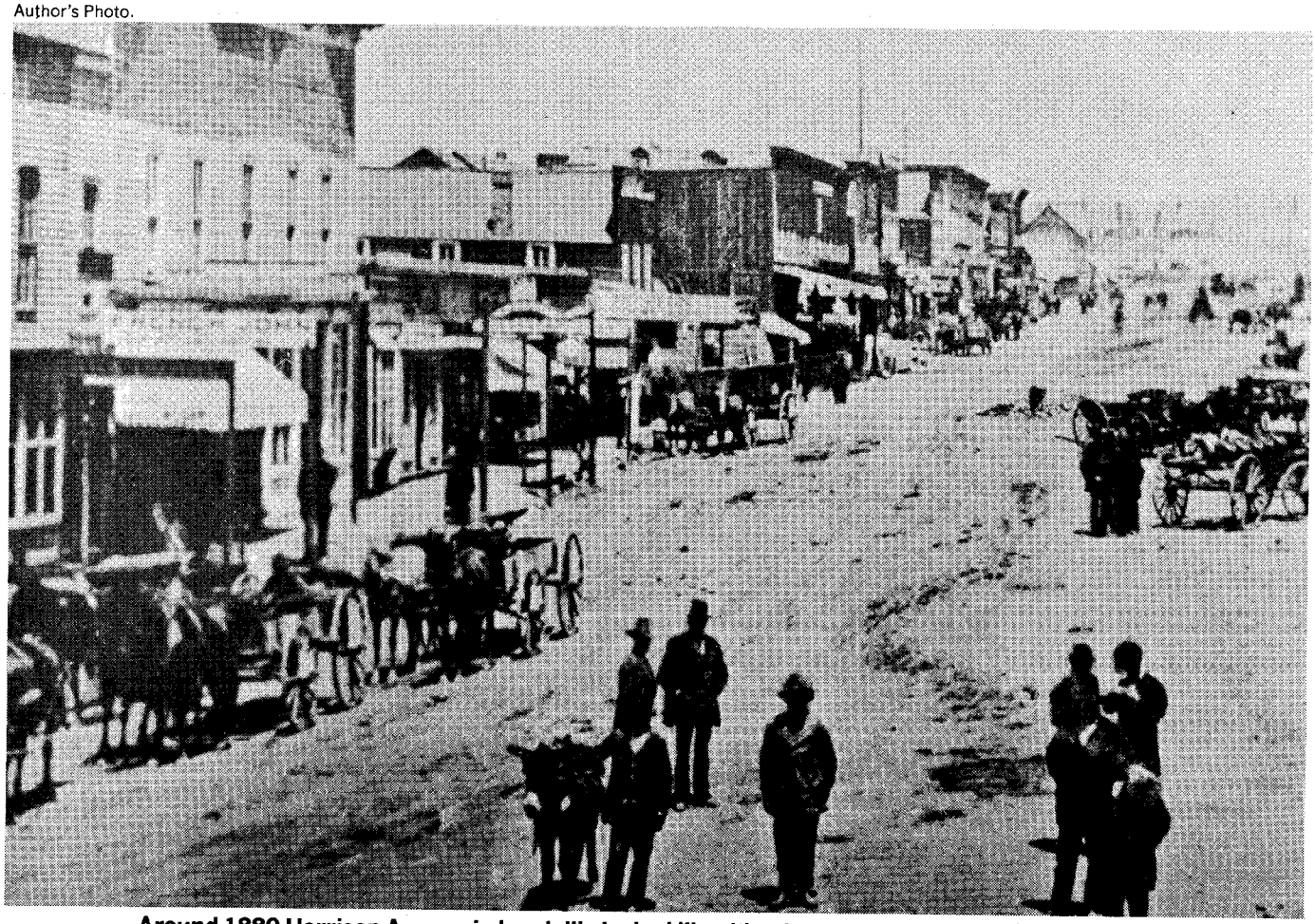
Either way it's a minor point. What does matter is that Dexter was soon sorry he had become involved. While dozens of other mines on Fryer's Hill were pouring out ransom-sized shipments of silver, the men at the Robert E. Lee were sending up ore cars full of plain dirt.

Dexter wanted no part of a losing proposition. His other interests were paying off and there was no reason why he should want to saddle himself with a "worthless hole." It went against Dexter's principles to pay out money—for salaries, for machinery and blasting powder—without getting a pile of silver in return.

Dexter and his two partners wanted out, so they hung up a "For Sale" sign. For months no one showed any interest. If Dexter didn't want the claim, no one else did either.

Around March of '79, the entire mine was offered for $1,500. Two months later, with the shaft down to about 100 feet and a

Author's Photo.



Around 1880 Harrison Avenue in Leadville looked like this—later it acquired elegant structures.

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big bonanza strike on the adjacent property, Dexter offered his one-third share for the same price. Still, there were no takers.

In August the claim showed definite improvement. Traces of silver-laden chlorides were turning up in the ore samples. The Dexter combine found a buyer at $9,000. Two grand on the barrelhead and the balance in ninety days.

But the purchaser scared off before the time limit expired and renounced his purchase. Dexter found another buyer under the same terms. But he, too, announced he would rather forfeit his deposit than complete the deal.

While this was going on, the mine foreman and his men kept plugging away. With the assistance of Dexter's money they were down to the 120-foot level, then down to 140 feet. Short exploratory drifts interrupted the straight walls of the shaft at various points, but each of the promising "cross-cuts" had petered out.

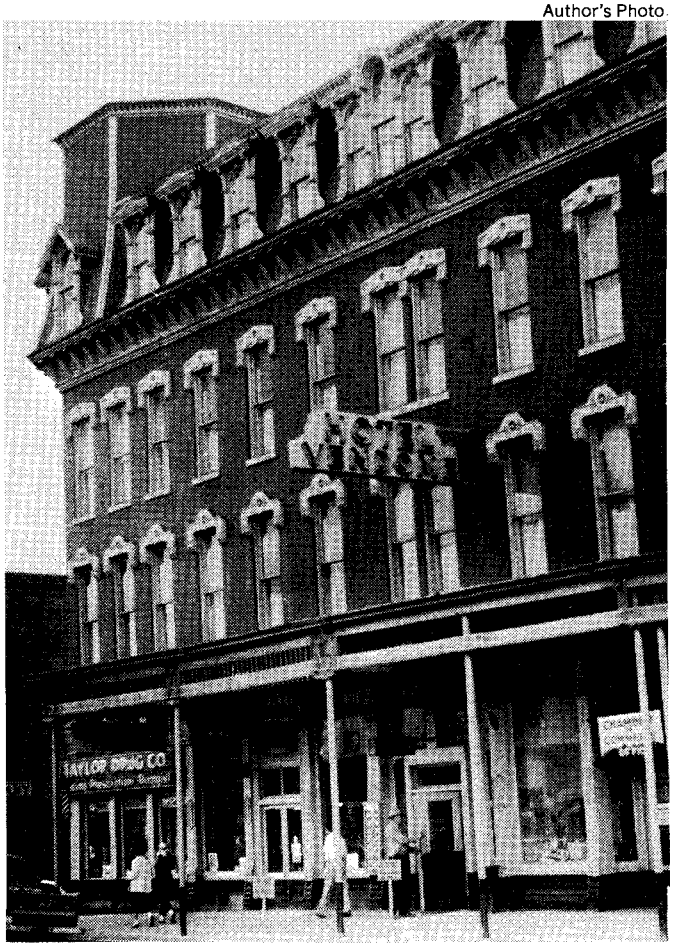
They were down past the 150-foot level, still following an elusive rainbow through the hard rock, when the ore samples showed a marked improvement.

While the assay report was marginal and the ore hardly worth the trouble to mine, it was such a contrast from the earlier assays that *both* potential buyers tried to re-establish the sale.

Dexter quickly found himself embroiled in a legal battle. Both buyers sued to have the sale completed in their favor. Presumably Dexter used most—if not all—of the forfeited deposits to pay the lawyers who fought off this challenge.

If he had been soured on the Robert E. Lee before, the litigation—though in his favor—only heightened Dexter's desire to rid himself of the mine. There were far more promising properties around Leadville for Dexter to think of the Robert E. Lee as anything more than a drain on his assets. Even if the assay verdict nudged upward a notch or two as the new "drift" pushed some fifteen feet in from *(Continued on page 51)*

Author's Photo.



Hotel Vendome on Harrison Avenue.

Author's Photo.

High mountain "park" in which Leadville is situated is stunningly scenic, ringed by some of Colorado's highest peaks.

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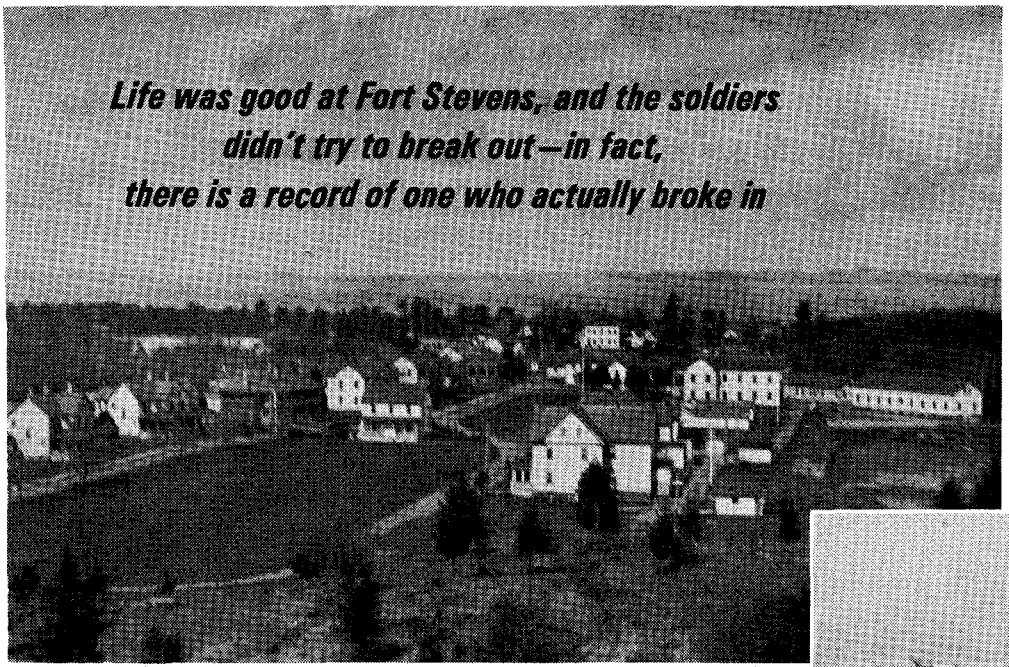
Photos: Bob Gohl

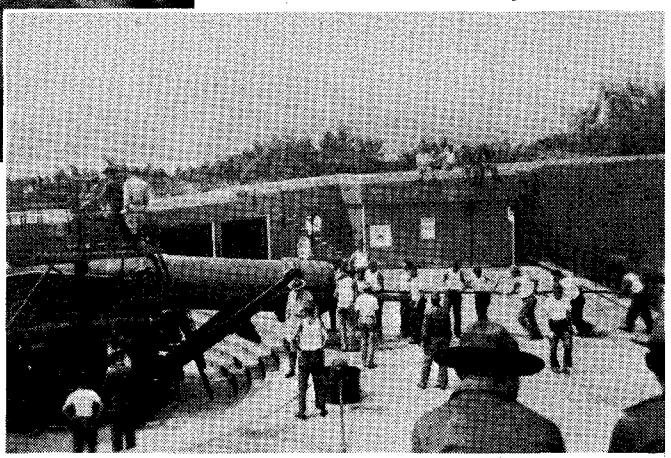


Life was good at Fort Stevens, and the soldiers didn't try to break out—in fact, there is a record of one who actually broke in

Garrison of Fort Stevens, with Columbia River in background—note sandy ground in picture's foreground.

by Ted Stokes

Disappearing coast artillery—load and lock ready to fire.



A Soldier's Life At Fort Stevens

IF ONE STIRS the imagination it is readily apparent that soldiers' garrison life at Fort Stevens, Oregon, in 1937-38, was, in a sense—like life in the French Foreign Legion at Sidi-bel-Abbes, Algeria, North Africa.

Like its opposite numbers on the Sahara desert, Fort Stevens wallowed in sand, and was slowly becoming an oasis in the capricious drifts. The sand sifted up against store-houses and gun emplacements and every other man-made structure. This was, of course before the CCC boys and Soil Conservation technicians stopped the aimless, drifting sand.

To Fort Stevens at that time Astoria was the Sidi-bel-Abbes (close by recreation): Seaside was the Mers-el-Kebir (both on the sea); and Portland was the Algiers (night life and Casbah) for the soldiers at the mouth of the Columbia River.

The soldiers were unto themselves an entity, a segment of society set apart from the citizens of Oregon. The professional soldiers came from military posts in Panama, Hawaii and the Philippines...

For example, one soldier had even served at Tientsin and Ch'ingtao in China. Another had been at Vladivostok, Russia in 1918, guarding American military supplies from the Bolsheviks. Still another man fought at Chateau Thierry in France, in World War I.

The younger soldiers came from the East, South, the Midwest and a half score from Oregon. Most of the men were in the one seacoast unit, Battery E, 3d Coast Artillery. Probably a score of men were in the medical, quartermaster and ordnance detachments. All in all there were about 300 soldiers at that time.

The mission of the post was to man the guns on river and ocean, to carry on mine-laying tactics and to maintain the premises.

Barrack life started at 6:30 A.M. with reveille. The field gun fired and the bugle blew. The men got off the none-too-soft mattresses and stood roll-call.

Breakfast chow was, like all the meals, excellent—just like in a fine restaurant. The early morning chow was usually bacon and eggs, hot cakes or creamed chipped beef on toast.

A tailor in Astoria, of Finnish origin, when he heard of the roast beef dinners, baked salmon dishes and chicken every Sunday, exclaimed: "Vee pay... vee pay!"

At his first meal, one raw recruit is remembered for having uttered: "Look at all that food, and it's all free!"

At 7:50 a.m. the duty day started. This was often setting-up exercises or drill of some kind, and then a change to work (fatigue) clothes. Some men were assigned to cut grass, some to paint while others went to the guns. From 11:30 A.M. to about 1 P.M. the soldiers ate chow, got their mail and shot pool in the battery day room. The afternoon duty knocked off at about 3:30 P.M. Evening chow was at 5:00 P.M.

There was no duty on pay-day, Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, or on Sundays or holidays, unless the soldier was on some special detail.

The soldiers had a mascot dog named Pooch who was loved by all. One day the first sergeant was told that Pooch needed a dog collar and a license.

(Continued on page 57)

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FOLLOWING THE

Treasure Trails ... With Harry Rockingchair

Truth or fiction, Treasure Hunts will always stir man's imagination

(The following material is a collection from the Treasure Hunter's Press of the nation. Your personal anecdotes, tips or reports of new discoveries will be appreciated. Address Harry Rockingchair, care of this magazine.

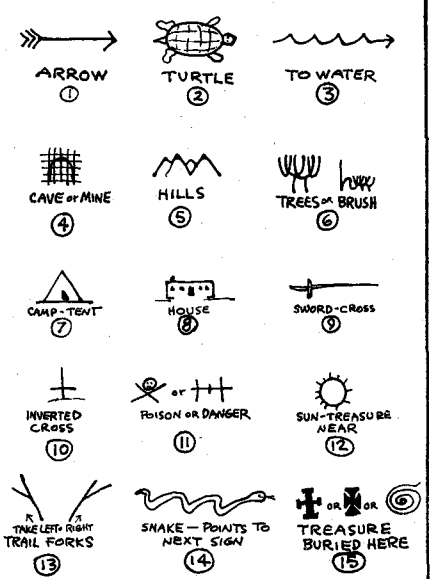
BOTTLE HUNTING, one of the newest, most productive and profitable of the TH'ing enterprises, is causing this column some pain. Bottle finders are sending in descriptions of their "finds" and asking for identification. I have been forced to ask you to not send in these queries, for space precludes my answering all inquiries. Go to the dealers with these questions. You will find dealers listed in our advertising columns. They will be glad to help you.

DATING RUINS—that is, determining the age of old buildings, walls and man-made structures—is a problem for TH'ers that needs more serious thought. If the age of a ruin is known, it is easier to know what to look for at the site. Generally, buildings appear older than they actually are. A building erected in 1890 may appear to be a pre-historic ruin by 1966 if it has had no care. Of course, anyone can determine by architecture approximately the age of "modern" buildings. But how to divine when was an adobe constructed? Or a rock house? Occasionally one may tell by the mortar used, or the degree of skill of the builder. It's worth any TH'ers time to read up on types of construction in the different eras.

I WAS INTRIGUED by an old letter in my files from an Albuquerque couple, (M and D), both of whom were informed TH'ers. They lived at Pecos, New Mexico for several years. One story they heard was that when the priests at Pecos were warned of the coming revolt, in 1680, three of them started out for San Cristobal with treasure from the church. Two of the padres were slain between the three churches of Pecos and buried near the old Spanish Road. The sites of these three churches, my correspondents informed me, have now been located. The testimony of Juan Ye to DeVargas, in 1693, seemed to my correspondents to corroborate the treasure story. I wonder if those correspondents have learned any more about this? Or have any other TH'ers in that area? Was the treasure buried with the priests?

LEARN TO READ "treasure signs." If you don't know them, get a good book on rock signs, trail signs, Indian pictographs and treasure signs, and "bone up." You'll find your TH'ing pleasure doubled.

Some Common Treasure Trail Signs



1. The Arrow is generally used to point the way. Bent arrow points a turn in the trail.
2. Frequently the Turtle points the trail. His tail, curved to left or right, points a turn in the trail.
3. Water is indicated by waves, a pool or lake by round area on which waves appear.
4. Cave or mine shown as arch in hillside. Crosshatching shows mouth of cave is concealed.
5. Hills. Mountains shown larger, steeper.
6. Indicates Trees or Brush ahead.
7. A temporary camp or home shown this way.
8. A permanent dwelling or building shown this way.
9. Sword-Cross, often points "trail ahead." Gun also points trail.
10. Inverted Cross indicates some surprise ahead, or danger.
11. Marks poison water, food etc. or great danger.
12. Sun depicts treasure nearby; if sun is dotted, Gold nearby.
13. How to mark trail turns or forks.
14. Snake head points to trail ahead.
15. Various Crosses mark site of buried or concealed Treasure. The Snake coils around the treasure, sometimes not buried when marked with coiled snake.

The above trail markings are common to Indian usage as well as modern TH'ers. A symbol, however, may have more than one meaning and may signify Man's attempt to set down thoughts long before he learned to read or write, so ancient petroglyphs should be studied as something other than "trail sign" for treasure hunting. The signs came to us through the courtesy of Bill Mahan and other Th'ers.

HERE'S A FACT that those who don't own a metal detector will never know: A metal detector on your arm is almost a *passport* into any farm or ranch if you go ask the owner. Few landowners refuse a man with a metal detector who promises to split the loot found on his land. I learned this when I went out a few times with an old-time TH'er who carried his detector like a salesman carries his sample case or order book. "Never had a man refused to let me look," this TH'er told me. He did say that he found several landowners who were tied up in promises with other TH'ers. "But even they let me nose around," he said. If you let neighbors know you have a metal detector, and know how to use it, they'll invite you to come probe for something they may know about but wouldn't otherwise tell you about. So don't discount the psychological help the possession of a detector gives you. I once had a lady telephone a man whose land I couldn't get on. They were long-time friends, and she gave him a good talk on what might be found with a detector. It was a dust bowl farm, and we recovered enough farm machinery and several kegs of buried *new nails* to really please the old fellow.

AN HISTORICAL SITE of importance has been located in Wyoming by history buffs Ralph Rogers, Hawk Springs, and Harry Carey of Guernsey, Wyoming. It is the grave site of the storied Jacques LaRamie, who is immortalized in the names of old Fort Laramie, Laramie Peak, Laramie River, and Laramie Mountains of Wyoming. The grave rests on a rugged bluff a mile northeast of the old Uva station, the two men claim. Earlier historians said LaRamie was killed by Indians at the mouth of Sybille Creek and his body stashed under the ice, above a beaver dam. The Sybille flows into the Laramie River, about a quarter of a mile from the discovered gravesite. Added proof could be given that this is the actual grave; however since LaRamie's grave has never been located previously, this will do.

FOLLOWING THE big Spanish gold hauls off the Florida coast, the state of Florida plans restrictive legislation upon TH'ers in coastal waters. The Florida Assn. of Marine Explorers, with about 300 professional and amateur backers, is asking that the state liberalize its 1965 legislation, created in behalf of the Florida

(Continued on page 71)

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ROUND-UP TIME

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. *How did Show Low, Arizona, come by such a name? G.L., Long Beach, Calif.*

A. The story goes that two partners in a large ranch at that place engaged in a game of cards. The two men were Croyden E. Cooley, a famous Indian scout, and Marion Clark, a cowman. When challenged by Clark to "show low," that is show the lower cards to win, Cooley did so and won the ranch from his partner.

Q. *Where were the worst outlaw gangs in Texas in the early days? B.W.T., Taylor, Texas.*

A. Your own section, and south to the Yegua and Knobs area had its full share. But perhaps the biggest concentrations were in east Texas and in the border area, west from Langtry around the Big Bend. During Reconstruction days, when the cattle business became the big-money "take," outlawry spread all over the state. There were reputed to be upward of 200 outlaws, scalawags and bummers from both Northern and Southern armies in your section of the country in those years. *The Austin Statesman* wrote in 1876: "There have been more men killed in Williamson County this year than were lost (from Williamson County) in the Civil War."

Q. *Who was Billy Binder, and what was he known for in the West? C.H., Neguanee, Mich.*

A. Billy was one of the finest horse-breakers and was with rodeo shows many years. He broke horses in World War I for both the British and the United States. He was known to all on the Wild West circuit around and after the turn of the century. I believe Billy is still alive, and old friends can reach him at Box 146, Southboro, Mass. 01772.

Q. *I shot my first deer in Maine last year, cleaned it and brought it straight home. It had the awfullest taste I ever heard about. It was fine buck. What was the matter? D.B., Newton, N.J.*

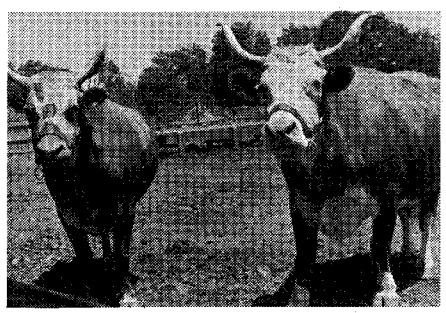
A. You may have cut into the musk glands, found between the hocks and the hooves of the deer. That taints the meat, when you get the musk on your hands while working with the animal. The glands are directly below the hocks, have no hair on them and are leathery stiff. Deer legs should be cut off at the hocks, and watch out for those glands! Failing to clean and bleed the carcass quickly will also cause taint. Further, if you shoot a male in rutting season, always remove the testacles at once. Better luck next hunt!

Q. *What is "pitch pine?" A.D.C., Oberlin, Kansas.*

A. Old dead pine stumps have pitch lumps within, and make excellent fire-starting wood. Woodsmen call this "pitch pine."

Q. *When was the Hereford crossed with the Longhorn breed? What was the result? P.W., Bridger, Mont.*

A. The Herefords first reached America in 1817 when Henry Clay, of Kentucky, imported two cows and a bull. They gained favor rapidly and by the 1870's the breed reached Texas. Some were crossed with the Longhorn stock. The result was a



robust animal, but with passing of open range conditions, a better beef brand, "less hoof and horn," was desired and breeders turned away from the Longhorn to Whiteface Herefords and Shorthorns. The Hereford, today, is the most popular on ranges of the West, outnumbering all other breeds combined.

Q. *Has a Pulitzer Prize ever been awarded to an author for a work dealing with western American history? Dr. D.B.S., Omaha, Nebr.*

A. Yes, Frederick L. Paxson received an award in 1925 for his *History of the American Frontier* and Bernard De Voto in 1948 was awarded the prize for his *Across the Wide Missouri.* Though a work or two on the Civil War, such as Bruce Catton's *A Stillness at Appomattox,* 1954, which may have a "western" orientation in parts, has been recognized, this is small appreciation of western history in a half century of prize awards. Biographies of famous men have fared little better, few westerners having attracted able Boswells to their cause. Despite the magnificent "westerns" done in motion pictures, they, also, have been overlooked. This observer feels that the western theme and western Americana is being, and has been, neglected. Pulitzer prizes dealing with journalism (today's news) have been more liberally awarded in the west, at least nine western newspapers having been recognized in the 45 awards given up to 1966. The New York Film Critics' Awards have been more generous, permitting such spectacular films as *The Grapes of Wrath, Treasure of the Sierra Madre, High Noon* and the western-oriented *Around the World in 80 Days* to break through as prize-winners in the 29 years covered from 1935 to 1965. However, so far as full recognition is concerned, the West is still frontier country to many in the East, and the Western Renaissance still remains undetected.

Q. Was the swastika, like the Nazis used, an Indian symbol? K.D., Moberly, Mo.

A. Yes, long before Adolph Hitler was born, the swastika was used, generally as a sign of good luck, or well-being. The writer first saw it in 1917 as a brand on cattle, in Nebraska. It had been used as such, both with the points turned to the left, counter-clockwise, as in the brand of B.F. Craig, Dickens, Texas, and with the points turned clockwise, as in the brand of M.D. Abernathy, Lubbock, Texas. It is regrettable that the German dictator made the lovely sign one of horror, by Nazi abuse.

Q. *Were the Comanches of western Texas always the cruelest of the Indians? B.C.M., Fresno, Calif.*

A. The Comanche Indians fought against the aggression of the white men, and became the fiercest of enemies, exhibiting many cruel traits. However, in *Coronado's Journal,* 1540, it was stated: "They are very intelligent, which is evident ... that they made themselves understood by means of signs. They are a kind people, and not cruel; they are faithful ..." etc. Maybe we made them cruel by imposing our will upon them.

Q. *Who was the first Indian airline hostess? D.F., Stapleton Field, Denver.*

A. Bethaneth Pease (called "Princess Goes-to-the Right"), a Crow Indian maiden of 18 years, is believed to be the first. She took off from Billings, Montana, airport in April, 1937, and was to be assigned to Northwest Airlines after an appearance in New York at a National Airlines Association dinner. Her father was Ben Pease of Lodgegrass, Montana. ●

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THE JOHNSON LEGEND

(Continued from page 27)

ments. In Johnson they found a trustworthy and understanding friend.

There were many incidents, but one of the most touching is about Charlie. Indians are not given to much talk, but the few guttural words and the misty eyes bespoke the deep appreciation Charlie had for Johnson. His face, grotesque, twisted and disfigured, bore mute testimony of a painful experience and much suffering.

He had been out hunting in the hills when he was attacked by a pack of dogs. They tore at his face and hands. Only with super-human strength was he able to beat them off. He could hardly move after the ordeal. Bleeding and weak, he had only one thought—to reach the store to get help. His face began to swell and the eyes were nearly shut. Crazed by pain and the burning sun, he longed for water for his fever-parched lips. He stumbled on, often losing consciousness and all track of time.

In the cool of night he again staggered on. It had now been several days since the attack, and at last he was in Campo. He now crawled into the store, muttered "dogs," and collapsed.

Henry didn't even recognize the mangled form at his feet except that it was an Indian who needed help. He picked up the man and carried him home. He and Josie tore Charlie's clothing off and bathed the torn body caked in blood and dirt, then bandaged him. The clean nightshirt they pulled on was probably the first he had ever worn. Charlie then rested in a clean bed.

The nearest doctor was 65 miles away and he would, if there was time, come to tend an Indian. Something had to be done immediately, because the face was badly infected. Henry recalled that his mother used an onion poultice to draw out infection and thought it was worth a try. He went back to the store and got a sack of onions which he and Josie peeled and chopped up. This fragrant mess was packed on Charlie's face and hands. Individual wounds in other parts of his body were treated similarly. Miraculously, in a short while the infection cleared.

On a diet of good food Charlie gained strength rapidly, and was soon able to return home. There was no pay or special thanks asked. Just that rule to do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Kindness of this nature built a lasting bond of friendship between the Johnson family and the Indians of Campo.

Another group was the grisly miners who stopped to fill a tin of water and purchase a grub stake. The arid desert hills that stretch out beyond Campo were rich in mineral deposits. When Lady Luck had proved kind the miner returned to the store for supplies and put gold nuggets and garnet stones in Henry's poke. The fact was well known if luck had run out they could leave a watch or some other valuable and get coffee, meal and bacon to try again. You never even had to leave your name—there was complete trust.

Johnson would remember what you left as security and the complete details of the transactions.

There was one elderly desert rat who had left his watch a number of times, after his nuggets ran out. Once again he was asking if he could leave his railroad watch for a small grub stake. He had been following a gold vein and looking for an outcropping in which to stake a claim. He was a likable old guy and Johnson hated to see him take out across the barren waste in the summer heat.

At last he gave in and even helped pack the burro with food and water. He watched as the old fellow walked around the bend and out of sight and Johnson wished he had asked him some questions. He never returned. Who was he? Where had he obtained the large nuggets he had at various times before exchanged for supplies? Nobody ever found out.

The ranchers around Campo did not raise crops but fattened cattle on their rich valley meadows. The store would carry their accounts on a yearly basis with payment due when the cattle were sold.

The cowpokes who worked on the ranches were in a class by themselves. After the yearly roundup and cattle sale, with money burning in their jeans, Campo was wide open. The men would come in and buy clean clothing and blankets, tossing their old clothes away. Then there would be a big dance and celebration.

When Johnson took over the store his first change was to dry up the whiskey jug. The custom had been long established that any man or woman was welcome to go in the back room and have a swig from the jug. Johnson neither smoked nor drank and he failed to see where a jug of whiskey would help his sales. The ranchers and cowboys sure cussed him, but he held to his belief and really, there was no place else to trade, so the matter was dropped.

By far the most interesting and colorful group was the smugglers who left large amounts of Mexican silver in the store till. These men would sit around the wood stove, spin wild tales, pet the store's black cat "Neg," doze, and in general wait for eventide. When the great dark shadows began to steal across the valley it was time for them to get busy. Trading would be brisk far into the night. The most sought after item was green coffee.

When Johnson was new to this business he tied a sack at the neck after withdrawing brew beans. He was quickly warned: "You know my people—sew the sacks!"

The soft tinkle of a bell from a lead burro would signal the arrival of the pack animals. They would quickly be laden with illegal goods and just as quickly fade into the deep shadows of the night and across the border into Mexico.

News had spread like a greasewood fire that Johnson was honest. One of the ranchers had not fully trusted the Yankee storekeeper, and to be certain of his bill he had taken it to the school teacher to check. Using her addition, he took the bill and the money to the store. There was finally a heated argument and strong language before the rancher realized it wasn't more money but less that Johnson wanted. After a great deal of misunderstanding the man learned that the school teacher had carried one figure twice. After that the teacher wasn't asked to check the figures, and whatever the bill was, the rancher paid it.

Johnson's word was his bond and he held to it even if the deal didn't always turn out to be as profitable as he figured it would.

The store carried the name "Mountain Commercial Company," and its motto, "Everything for Man and Beast," which much later was to read: "Everything for Man and Auto." Everything meant just that, from a pin to a casket. And if the latter was not in stock, that Yankee Jack of all trades built one!

The freight wagons seldom rolled back to San Diego empty. Of the lots of goods taken in trade, hides, cordwood and honey were the main items.

There was also a stage line between San Diego and Campo. Another brother, Durwood, wanted to take over this business to haul freight and passengers, but Henry quickly bought out the line. No animal would make that long haul and not receive proper care and grain. Henry offered the business to his brother-in-law, Will Perry, who accepted and ran it for years.

This large, rough-looking storekeeper had a tenderness toward animals. He was known around Campo for this trait.

Johnson's black cat, Neg, rated tops around the settlement. He was the store cat, and if you wanted a good firm cussing—just pester him. Charlie Cameron was an officer at the custom house. One night, as he walked home along the creek, he heard this animal cry. If that was Johnson's black cat caught in a trap there would be all hell to pay around Campo. He listened, then, and finally knew where it came from. He went over the bank, only to return much quicker than he had gone. He had found the animal, all right, only it was a skunk, and no amount of washing would rid Cameron of the smell. Needless to say, after that run-in Johnson's cat was no worry of his.

Skunks were plentiful around Campo; the store, having been built into a hillside, had a large cave dug in back as a food cooler. Bacon, ham and other meat

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hung in there, besides cases of food stuff. This became the favorite haunt for the skunks.

It was a grave problem; if caught in a steel trap the terrible odor would penetrate the food and it would have to be thrown out. After several costly experiments it was learned the best way was a box baited with a certain pink cookie. With this method the animal could be hauled out and done away with. However, it continued to be a big problem because the walls in the cave were dirt and loose rock, and there was no way to seal it off. The animals would just slip in.

In the early 1900's, when Henry's youngest brother Murray was about to be discharged from the U.S. Navy, their mother asked if he could be given a chance to work at the store. Murray was willing to learn and agreed to take a business course first, at Los Angeles. Then he and his wife moved to Campo.

Henry was president of the firm and Murray would have the title of secretary. These two brothers worked as a team. Murray was willing, most of the time, to listen to the advice of his older brother. Under their combined efforts a chain of stores spread out along the Mexican border. Tecate, Jacumba, Lakeside, Alpine, Descanse, Clover Flats and San Ysidre would have Mountain Commercial Company stores. Campo would have a new store building.

The Jacumba hot springs boasted only a house or two and the ruins of the Pony Express Station. It was a likely place for a store and it soon became a thriving community. It offered a place in the high cool mountains away from the blistering heat of the Imperial Valley.

The Tecate store was right on the border line of the United States and Mexico. The first store was burned during a Mexican insurrection. The storekeeper was murdered. The Mexican army, ill-fed and half-clothed, followed by their women and children, were a constant threat to peace. It was a troubled place, but business was good.

The Mountain Commercial Company would have a land development at Descanse, an ideal place among the groves of native live oak trees. Tracts were laid out, wells dug, a swimming pool built, and homes erected.

The Johnson Brothers Beef Pit Barbecues were put on to sell lots and they drew large crowds from San Diego.

Henry had a large home built on a choice lot of the Descance Park Terrace. They moved from Campo in 1913. Josie did not enjoy her new home for even a full year, as in August, 1914, she passed away.

The Mountain Commercial Company had purchased the old army telegraph line from Yuma Air to San Diego. It served as a private line to link the stores together. Later, Henry enlarged and reorganized this phase of his service so that all orders were taken and delivered centrally.

Great advances were made with the changing times. Murray would maneuver the first chain-driven trucks, replacing the wagons.

When cars became available Henry bought one. He found there was a great difference between his team and his new auto. It saved time to go into San Diego from Campo. His first trip to the K.W. Company is well remembered. He had parked all right, with no trouble. But after transacting his business his mind was not really on driving, and he forgot that in order to back the car out, the gears had to be reversed. He ran right into the side of the building. He was told that just because the K.W. Company had walls four feet thick, he didn't need to test them by ramming his car into them. There was little damage and he went his way.

He was the terror of the hills in his Reo. Not only were the passing teams and the livestock along the way frightened, but also the passengers who were brave enough to ride with him. He went just as fast as possible and is best remembered for driving with one hand, with doughnuts festooning the fingers of the other hand while he munched.

Passengers arrived now in a fancy touring car and were offered, for sale, souvenir plates of the stone store and the fancy car.

The San Diego, Arizona Railroad was laying track down the Mountain Spring Canyon. Their supplies, grub, blasting powder—even the pay-roll—was hauled by the Johnson Brothers.

There was the time when the pay-roll was late in being made up, so Henry said he would just run it out in his car. The money was dumped in a gunny sack and tossed under the seat. At the most unlikely place he had car trouble. He pulled out the money sack and dumped it over the bank into the sage brush. He walked back and finally got a ride into Campo.

Murray was worried and went right back and fixed the motor. He asked where the pay-roll was and his brother climbed over the bank, found his sack and tossed it up. After stowing it under the seat he was ready to go on.

Henry was never robbed. He carried large amounts of money around in a gunny sack which he often tossed over his shoulder. What hold-up man would pick on a man who gave the appearance of being a bum, with ragged dirty clothing, unshaven, and a gunny sack over his shoulder. This was Henry's idea and he peacefully went all hours over the San Diego back country with no trouble.

Henry wanted to retire, and it was agreed that K.W. Company would buy out the interest of the Mountain Commercial Company. Murray would not listen when Henry told him that Tecate was

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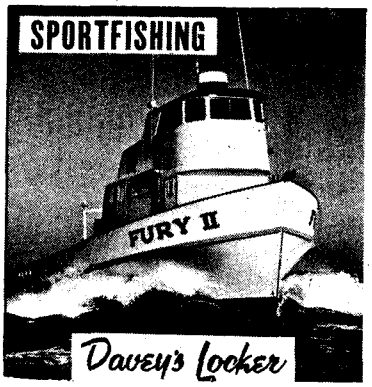

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not the place to build a new store. He moved there with his family, while Henry and his family moved into San Diego.

Henry often remarked he lost a lot in Mexico but wasn't going over to look for it. He made no friends among his customers—he was somewhat of a loner. Murray made friends easily, and enjoyed going into Mexico on hunting and fishing trips.

In October of 1926, tragedy struck. Murray was murdered as he entered a cafe in Tecate, Old Mexico. His body was dumped into his car and driven back across the line. It was said to be a case of mistaken identity, as a week later another man was found hanging by the feet with a bullet hole in his head. Henry was heartbroken. He lost all interest in the back country. In poor health and with a heavy heart, he lived seven more years. In September 1933, his death closed the pages on the Johnson Legend, ●

PIONEER SCOURGE

(Continued from page 23)

With the help of a friend who lived in the area, the men set to work and in two weeks felled and cut enough lumber for a house. Reverend Taylor describes his work in his own words in his book, *Seven Years Of Street Preaching In San Francisco.*

"My scantlings, which I bought in the rough, split out like large fence rails, I hewed to a square with my broadaxe. I made three thousand and exchanged them with a pit-sawyer for twenty four joists, each seventeen feet long. I bought rough clapboards six feet long and shaved them about as regularly and as smoothly with my draw-knife as if it were a plane. These were for weather boarding. I used similar boards, slightly shaven, for roofing, which were waterproof and very enduring. I bought the doors from a friend at the 'reduced price' of twelve dollars per door; the windows were one dollar per light, twelve dollars for each window.

Hauling my stuff from the redwoods to the landing cost me twenty five dollars per thousand feet. The regular price thence for transport to San Francisco was forty dollars per thousand feet, but by hiring a boat and working with my own hands, I got the work done for less than half that price."

The Reverend Taylor then found a lot on Jackson street, above Powell, for twelve hundred and fifty dollars and under the guidance of a friendly carpenter set about building a home for his family. He hired some carpenter helpers at the rate of twelve dollars per day to help him roof the structure. Friends lent a hand now and then and finally he had a two story house sixteen by twenty feet completed. The cost was only $1491.25.

He made a garden in the back of his home which grew and produced. A cafe owner stopped by one day and begged to buy some of Taylor's fine vegetables. He was given permission to do so at his own price. He filled a water bucket and paid ten dollars for the contents and made repeat trips so long as the garden produced.

Reverend Taylor also raised chickens and sold three for eighteen dollars. Eggs brought six dollars per dozen wholesale and retailed at nine dollars. Taylor also bought a cow which cost him two hundred dollars in Sacramento. Before acquiring the animal he had paid one dollar a quart for milk for his children.

After his arrival in San Francisco in September 1849, Reverend Taylor held services in the little Methodist church "on the hill" and announced that he would preach on the street at Portsmouth Square that afternoon at three.

Wrote Taylor in his book, *Seven Years Street Preaching in San Francisco,* "it was regarded by most persons present, if not all, as a very dangerous experiment; for the gamblers were a powerful and influential party in the city and the Plaza was their principal rendezvous and Sunday the best day of the seven for their business. The Plaza was nearly surrounded by gambling and drinking houses. The gamblers occupied the best houses in the city and had them furnished in the most magnificent style.

"The walls of these houses, (drinking-saloons and gambling) were hung with splendid paintings; the tables contained 'piles' of gold and silver; the musicians occupied a high platform in the rear end of the saloon; the 'needful' was served out by a 'gentleman of the bar,' in one corner, near the entrance, where many a jolly circle drank to each other's health the deadly draught.

"These places, especially at night, all night and on Sunday were crowded with moving masses of humanity, of every age and complexion. So powerful was this class of men in the city, that I do not remember ever hearing of one of them, in those days, being arrested even for murder."

Regardless of the advice of his congregation, Reverend Taylor mounted a carpenter's work bench at 3:00 P.M. on a Sunday afternoon in Portsmouth Square. Seated near him were his wife and another lady. A huge crowd gathered and Taylor started out with a Methodist hymn. Then, before he began his sermon, he practiced what would be called today some good old fashioned psychology.

Smiling, he began, "Gentlemen, if our friends in the Atlantic States, with the

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views and feelings they entertained of California society, when I left there, had heard that there was to be a preaching in Portsmouth Square in San Francisco, they would have predicted disorder, confusion and riot; but we, who are here, believe very differently.

"One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see those Stars and Stripes floating on the breeze," here he paused dramatically and pointed to the flag of the United States which hung in the square, then continued, "and who loves the institutions fostered under them — in a word, there's no true American but will observe order under the preaching of God's Word anywhere, and maintain it, if need be.

"We shall have order, gentleman."

He then launched into his sermon, the first of six hundred that he preached on the streets of San Francisco during his stay in the city. And the great throng that heard him that first Sunday was orderly in every respect.

Taylor was possessed of a quick wit and was well able to seize any circumstance that came to hand and turn it to his advantage. Once he preached on the Pacific Street Wharf, standing on a barrel of whiskey for a pulpit.

Undaunted he began, "Gentlemen, I have for my pulpit today, as you see, a barrel of whiskey. I presume that this is the first time that this barrel has ever been appropriated to a useful purpose. The 'critter' contained in it will do me no harm while I keep it under my feet. And let me say now to you all, to sailors and to landsmen, never let the 'critter' get above your feet. Keep it *under your feet*, and you have nothing to fear from it."

The next Sunday he made use of a barrel of pork as a pulpit. He began his sermon thus; "I see my pulpit of last Sabbath, the barrel of whiskey, is gone, and I am very much afraid that my timely warning, as is too often the case, was not heeded, and that its contents have gone down the throats of some of our fellow citizens.

"I have, in its stead today, as you see, a barrel of pork, literally less of the spirit and more of the flesh."

He then preached a sermon admonishing his congregation to keep subdued the lusts of the flesh in order to attain the happiness of wisdom.

One Sunday, two fruit vendors, hoping to make sales from the huge crowds that always gathered at the street preachings, set up their mobile stands, one on either side of the pulpit. Taylor appeared oblivious to their presence and urged his congregation close to the pulpit. The vendors, one French and one Spanish, were hemmed in the tight circle of humanity before they realized what had taken place. Taylor ascended his pulpit and then shouted, "Grapes, pears, oranges! Gentlemen, you must not suppose that I have any interest in this Sunday traffic in calling you together around it. I hope you will not patronize these Sabbath breakers. You are not so grape hungry but that you can wait until tomorrow, and then during the six days lay in a supply for Sunday. These fellows have set up here, expecting to make a fine speculation out of my audience this morning; but they will find that they have brought their fruit to the wrong market."

By now the fruit dealers had but one desire and that was to vamoose from the scene, but they were so tightly wedged in by the immense throng that they were forced to stand where they were and listen to Taylor's sermon. The crowd refused to let them through so they attended services which Taylor purposely made longer than usual. The vendors made not a single sale to the crowd.

On another occasion, Reverend Taylor recounted in his book, when a skinny man was attempting to drive an equally skinny horse through the crowd that was assembled for the street preaching, the minister shouted, "Look at that man! Working seven days a week is bringing him rapidly down to his grave. A man cannot break the law of the Sabbath without violating the law of his own constitution. Look at his sunken, sallow cheeks and his dim eyes! How the sin of Sabbath breaking is telling on him! He'll die soon if he doesn't reform. Look at his poor old horse! The Lord ordained a Sabbath for that horse, but his merciless master is cheating him out of it. See how he beats him. After all, I had rather be the horse than the man, if he dies as he lives."

On another occasion, Taylor related, a joker, thinking to have a little sport, tried to ride through the crowd on a burro. His animal balked, and the preacher said: "See here, that animal is like Balaam's the same kind, has more respect for the worship of God than his master, who only lacks the ears of being the greater ass of the two."

Reverend Taylor was absolutely fearless in attacking the evils of the day. He lashed out at the rum vendors. Once he shouted, "Look at that rum seller. The house in which he lives and from which are the issues of death, once belonged to a man of property and respectability. He lived there with his happy family; but the wily 'gentleman of the bar' took advantage of the moral 'imbecility' of his victim, just as the highwayman takes advantage of the physical 'imbecility' of the man he murders and robs. He has long since sent his victim's shattered, bloated carcass to a drunkard's grave. His family is in the poorhouse, daily shedding fountains of tears more bitter than death."

Once when Taylor was asked to preach the funeral of a gambler who had been shot in a fight with another gambler, he agreed after a regular customer of the gambling house told him that it would be a pity to bury the man without any relig-

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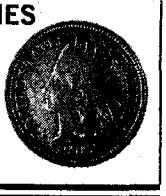
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ious ceremony to mark his passing.

A large crowd of gamblers attended the funeral. The Reverend pulled no punches but thundered out on the evils of the profession. Among other things he shouted, "What are you about? What are you doing here in California? Look at that bloody corpse. What will his mother say? What will his sisters think of it? To die in a distant land, among strangers, is bad; to die unforgiven, suddenly, unexpectantly, is worse; to be shot down in a gambling house at the midnight hour—oh horrible! And yet this is the legitimate fruit of the excitement and dissipation, chagrin and disappointment consequent upon your business; a business fatal to your best interests of body and soul, for time and for eternity.

"Again, look at the influence upon society. The unwary are decoyed and ruined. Little boys, charmed by your animating music, dazzled by the magnificent paraphernalia of your saloons, are enticed, corrupted and destroyed to the hopeless grief of their mothers."

His pet peeve was the land shark who preyed upon the sailors. In a special address he exposed their underhanded methods and in his book was an entire chapter, "Shanghaiing the Sailors." He wrote, "The history of the sailor, his isolation from domestic society, and the refinements and luxuries of home, his spirit of adventure, courage, patience, toil, suffering by starvation, cold and shipwreck, confinement in foreign hospitals, adventures among savages and cannibals, his imprisonments and slow tortures, his death by the violence of war and piracy, by the violence of the hurricane that sweeps the ocean and by the more dreadful tortures of wasting famine, has been written in detached fragments on every page of history of commerical nations and especially of our own country.

"The term 'shanghaiing,' is of California origin and was introduced in this way," he wrote. "A few years ago it was very difficult to make up a crew in San Francisco, especially for any place from which they could not get ready passage back to this land of gold.

"Crews could be made up for Oregon, Washington Territory, the Islands, and the ports of South America; for from any of these places they could readily return. Even from Canton they could stand a pretty good chance of a direct run back; but from Shanghai, they must make a voyage around the world.

"That was getting quite too far away from the placers of our mountains. Hence to get crews to Shanghai, they depended almost exclusively on drugging the men. Crews for Shanghai were, therefore, said to be 'Shanghaied,' and the term came into general use to represent the whole system of drugging, extortion and cruelty."

Reverend Taylor then exposed an almost perfect system for hoodwinking and oppressing the seamen, so that he was often robbed, mistreated and often shipped involuntarily in a doped condition. He was even murdered if he dared resist.

"To drown men's souls in rum, to poison, enervate and destroy their bodies and rob them of all their hard earnings, and leave their widowed mothers, wives and children, who are dependent upon them, to beg or starve, is perfect sport for the land shark. The great maneater of the deep is satisfied to get the stray carcass of a sailor occasionally but these land monsters must have soul, body and estate of all the sailors, if possible."

He was equally vehement on the subject of dueling. When his good friend and fearless editor, James King of William, refused to fight a duel with Alfred A. Cohen, Taylor stood behind him and defended him. Later when King assailed James P. Casey's prison record in his newspaper, the *Daily Evening Bulletin,* and as a result was shot by Casey, Taylor sat with the fatally wounded King day and night, and was with him when he died of his wounds.

In 1854 Taylor was requested to preach the funeral of a Colonel Woodlief who had not possessed the courage of James King of William, and who had been killed in a duel with a man named Kewen. Taylor gave his tender sympathy to the victim's family but deplored his lack of courage, as manifested by his acceptance of the fatal challenge. He assailed the *code duello* violently and shouted that those who engaged in duels were guilty of breaking both God's laws and man's.

One Sunday his subject was King David's Fool. He took for his text the words, "the fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God'." He held forth that actions and lives speak louder than words. He attacked the gamblers, the rum-peddlers, sensualists and asserted that their lives proved that they believed in the statement of King David's Fool. He begged the people to recognize the total control of the universe and proclaimed from his pulpit that every human is a subject of the Godly system, and that sooner or later he must bow to it.

Although the Reverend Taylor preached some six hundred sermons upon the streets of San Francisco, he never once allowed a collection to be taken up for his own personal use. Several times when members of the congregation started a collection, he halted them. He refused to have money taken at his street services. He wanted no one to be able to say that he preached for money.

It is also of interest to note that it is to William Taylor that California is indebted for its huge eucalyptus forests. In his own words he relates in his book how he introduced the great tree into his adopted land:

"There were no such trees on that coast when I went there in 1849. I sent the

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seed from Australia to my wife in California in 1863. Her seed-sowing made such a marvelous growth that a horticulturist neighbor of ours wrote to me to send him a pound of the seed—the smallest of all seeds—and the nurseries, thus seeded, dotted the whole country with great forests of evergreen, the most prominent floral landmarks of the Pacific coast."

As has been noted the Reverend Taylor preached for seven years in the streets of San Francisco. This was the beginning of a career of missionary work that carried him over many foreign lands and lasted for a full fifty years.

His dynamic sermons influenced many lives and gained many converts. A short time before he left California he accompanied a friend and his wife and children to the mountains for a vacation. When Sunday came they suggested that he preach just for them. He pulled no punches, even though the couple were his close friends. He called the wife's attention to her "back sliding" in regard to religion and laid it on the husband for his rough treatment of his little boy and for his use of profanity. At the finish, the husband thanked him for his honesty.

In October, 1856, Reverend Taylor returned with his family to the east and there he preached for three years. He then turned the whole of his energy to pioneering missionary work, establishing missions in Australia, South Africa, and South America. In 1884 he was made missionary bishop of Africa for the Methodist Church, and it was while he was serving in this post that he died.

In frontier California, a land of giant personalities, he was outstanding. A true pioneer minister, he carried the Word and the banner of civilization through the streets of San Francisco. In truth, he played his part in the winning of the west.●

LONE STAND OF BILLY RHODES

(Continued from page 34)

But first Billy figured he had to make all the Indians follow him, rather then his Mexican helper. So he began taunting them with obscene gestures and epithets.

Now, several of the Apaches knew William Rhodes as Don Guillermo, the Spanish translation of his first name, but as a whole they were bewildered with such behavior coming from one who was about to meet death. They fully expected to overtake the two riders and finish them off in a bloody orgy as was their custom, but here was one who was as much as telling them to go fly a kite, and in no uncertain terms. He was either crazy or very brave.

But Billy knew these Indians. He knew they would take his actions as a slur on their courage, and it worked. They soon stopped wondering and became just plain enraged. They whipped their horses to greater effort and each took Billy's gestures as a personal challenge. All the while Billy was multiplying the insults, until he reached a point in the road close to the sanctuary of the off-road thicket. Billy then deftly veered his fast-moving animal off the road, the horse's hoofs kicking up desert dirt as he struck off as though across country toward the spires of the Santa Rita Mountains in the distance.

The whole band of pursuing Indians, figuring they had Billy, cut loose with a howl of victory, and trailed out after him.

Felix understood what Billy had done, and waved a gallant farewell as he galloped down the highway.

"Adios mi Compadre," he yelled, and over his breast he solemnly made the sign of the cross, thinking that Mr. Rhodes would surely be killed.

A lot of other people as it turned out, thought he had surely been killed, too. But Mr. Rhodes was far from being dead yet. Winding through the tall saguaro and mesquite, he rode fast and skillfully over the desert floor. The Apache rabble, riding hard, were a hundred yards behind.

Billy led them on over the rocky floor till he came to the thicket. As the galloping horse passed around its edge, he threw himself into its center, while the animal continued on through the desert. It was ideally suited for the purpose of defense. It was so dense, it was impossible for an attacker to reach Billy without dismounting. With one entrance, it had a natural hollow called a charco in the very middle, where one could flatten himself while the bullets passed overhead.

Billy quickly dug in, drew his two pistols, and was ready when the first screaming Indian stuck his head in the entrance. A gun exploded right in the Apache's face, and with blood streaming from a hole between the eyes, the impact flung him out among the attackers. They hesitated for a split second. Billy in the center of the charco, with hammers cocked, lay on his stomach waiting. Another Indian stuck his head in and a bullet sent him sprawling on top of the first.

The savages now figured this was just too much, so they withdrew for a council. After whooping it up for a spell, down by the river, they returned and surrounded the thicket.

"Don Guillermo!" one of them shouted. "You are a dead man."

Billy raised his pistol, took deliberate aim, and fired. The Indian dropped dead; he had hardly had time to finish the last word.

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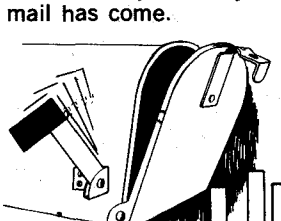

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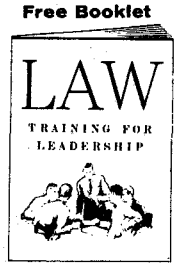

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"And so are you, amigo," was his answer.

The attackers now began raining arrows into the dense bushes that protected Billy. Bullets were whizzing over his sprawled frame. Broken branches were falling all around him. It was evident that he could see out but they could not see in. All the while Billy Rhodes was saving his shots. An Apache, thinking that perhaps he was already dead, left his protected position and approached the entrance to the thicket. A bullet quickly dispatched him into oblivion, and he went stumbling on top of his brothers.

The enraged redmen continued showering arrows into the natural barrier. One feathered missile found its mark just above the elbow of Billy's left arm. The frontiersman never flinched nor uttered a sound. With quick but sure aim he shot the assailant in the chest, sending him off to join his already dead friends.

After a lot of howling and fierce shrieking, and a useless waste of arrows, the savages realized they were getting nowhere. So they decided it was time for another conference, and once more they retired to the river for council.

Billy, lying prone in the center of that battered thicket, in the middle of the charco, could hear them whooping it up after they reached the river's edge. He lay there flat on his belly wondering what deviltry they might be cooking up. But Billy was not the sort of man to dwell on what he could not help, so he focused his attention on his wound which was bleeding profusely.

The arrow had passed clean through the muscle, and he figured he had better do something fast to stop the flow of blood; his senses were already beginning to reel. So without forethought he broke the shaft and rapidly yanked it out, then buried the arm in the sand to stop the gush of blood that immediately followed. It seemed to do the trick, and it had a cool, soothing effect on the senses.

Billy Rhodes didn't know it then but he was engaged in a fight that was to become a classic in Arizona History. With one arm buried in the sand, he reloaded his guns the best way he could. Now Billy wasn't figuring on coming out of this scrap a big hero. He was only figuring on killing as many Indians as possible before they got him. So with pistols loaded he waited; eyes glued toward the river. Up to now the odds were pretty good, five Indians dead, and he sure figured on getting more before it was over.

The fighting Arizona pioneer didn't have long to wait before the Apaches began sneaking back. They silently surrounded the battered barrier. An ominous quiet reigned.

"Don Guillermo!" shouted an Indian from behind a rock. "Come out and join us! You're a brave man, we'll make you a big chief."

"Oh yes!" answered Rhodes. "I know what you'll make out of me." And he sent a few choice epithets in their direction. To punctuate his answers, Billy sent a bullet whistling over the Apache's head. His only regret was that the savage was out of sight, otherwise he also would have left for the happy hunting grounds.

The arrogance of the quarry doubly enraged the attackers. They crept closer to the thicket and fired volley after volley of balls and arrows. The battle waxed hot for quite some time. But Billy retained his poise and good judgement through it all, and with sure aim, brought down a redskin almost every time he pulled the trigger.

Billy killed seven more Indians in this, their latest assault. Yet they continued to press closer, and still closer. The young frontiersman thought any moment would be his last. One big Apache was creeping toward the entrance behind a large stone, rolling the rock before him as he crept along. Rhodes, keeping one eye on the attackers and the other on the rolling stone, with pistols set and ready, waited fearlessly.

The big, rock-rolling Indian was getting nearer to the thicket entrance. The other Apaches held their fire and watched the results. A pall of silence fell on the nerve-wracking scene. After an agonizing spell of deathly quiet, the Indian at last reached the entrance to the passageway, and hoping to get Billy off guard by swift action, he instantaneously raised himself with rifle ready, and fired. The old gun happened to be an ancient breech loader, and it exploded and comically blackened the Apache's face. Billy laughed as he pulled the trigger of one of the cocked pistols. The ball hit the big Indian on the forehead and scattered his brains all over the landscape.

This completely demoralized the Apaches; they decided it was time for another powwow. So again they gathered down by the river, and the atmosphere was grave. Thirteen good men had been lost, and many bullets were being wasted. They concluded that the objective was not worth what it was costing them; it was resolved that the quarry would be spared due to the high cost in Indian lives.

In the meantime the object of the Indians' deliberations was settling down for another siege, surprised as anything that he was still alive. He dug himself deeper into the soft sand, and reloaded his deadly pistols. The sun was dropping low over the horizon; the battle was now three hours old. The blood had caked to a hard crust around the wound in his left arm. He felt no pain, just a dull ache which seemed to inhabit his whole body. Billy lay in the middle of the charco, with the dense growth surrounding him; a grisly pile of Apaches, stacked four high, lay at the entrance. Although he sensed a change in the atmosphere down by the river, he had no thoughts but to sell his life dearly.

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The Indians meanwhile were slowly and somewhat reluctantly mounting their horses. After they were mounted they milled around near the entrance for a brief moment. Then, with a cry of "Sopori! Sopori!" they took off. It was the name of a ranch that lay some miles away. With that cry of "Sopori" on their savage lips, they urged their mounts up the bank of the Santa Cruz River, and galloped at a safe distance past the thicket.

"Goodby, brave soldier" they yelled, as they sped by.

"Goodby, thieves," answered Billy, and fired a few shots as a parting gesture.

No doubt the Indians would make another raid before nightfall, and no doubt their victims would be the people at the Sopori ranch.

After the Apaches had galloped away over the desert, Billy relaxed somewhat for the first time in hours, but stayed within the protection of the thicket until dark. Then, cradling the wounded arm with his right hand, he walked the distance to the Leventon. There, the following morning, smoking a cigar, he went out to meet Charles Poston and Raphael Pumpelly. These two, with a group of male residents of the valley, had come with shovels to bury him.

Felix had ridden all the way to Tubac and had told the citizenry there about the attack on the Canoa, and that the same Indians had pursued and killed Billy.

Charles Poston, who was in charge, figured that with a hundred redskins chasing Billy, it couldn't have been any other way. So it was decided to wait until the following morning before they risked going out to locate the body for burial.

Well, you can imagine their mixed feelings when they reached the Reventon Ranch, and a Mexican who worked there opened the gate as they approached. Then who steps out smoking a big cigar? None other than Billy Rhodes!

After the exchange of happy greetings, Billy informed them that although they had come too soon to bury him, they might have some burying to do at the Canoa.

Poston, Pumpelly, and three other men rode the four miles to investigate, while Billy, his arm in a sling, took the highway back to Tubac.

For many years after, Billy Rhodes would tell the story to anyone who would listen, and when he came to the part about Poston and his crew, he would say:

"I've never seen a sillier bunch of hombres, as I did that morning when they came to bury me." Then he would slap the the table or whatever was handy, and laugh heartily. ●

SAVE MATCH—LOSE FORTUNE

(Continued from page 39)

the shaft, promising more silver.

Dexter and his partners were delighted. They could see the new figures to good advantage in luring another buyer.

"Sell the damn hole before the silver disappears altogether," the partners agreed.

The records are pretty hazy as to just who owned what by the time 1880 rolled around. Several one-eighth shares had been sold; resold again. Both of Dexter's original partners were out of the picture, but he appears to have retained at least a three-eights interest. There are reports of more forfeitures—one, a whopping $20,000 option which was not exercised—and at least one feeler to offer all the shares in the Robert E. Lee for $300,000.

The medium grade silver ore the mine was beginning to ship had at least raised the price tag up to a respectable level. The property was no longer on the block for a humiliating $1,500.

In January, 1880, three men formed a syndicate to buy out all the shareholders. The Honorable J. W. Marshall, a Colonel Humphries and one Homer Pennock headed a group offering $250,000 cash. A quarter of a million dollars!

Dexter snapped at the bid. As one of the principal shareholders he hurried out to the mine shack to tell the foreman to stop work.

"Lawyers are making out the papers. If all goes well, we'll have it sold this afternoon," he told his foreman.

The men grumbled; they at least wanted to finish out the time for a full day's wages.

Dexter shook his head.

"How about firing this last shot? We just finished placing the fuses. It's all ready to go," the foreman said.

"Not another damn penny in that hole," Dexter called as he hurried back to his buggy for the mile ride into Leadville. "As of right now, you're on your own time."

The men quit work and that afternoon the papers were signed, selling the Robert E. Lee. Dexter, as nearly as can be figured, came out with something under $100,000. Some accounts say the amount barely covered what Dexter had spent on the property and that the profit, if any, was small. One other published account places Dexter's take at less than a third of this amount.

It doesn't really matter. Dexter was finally rid of the Robert E. Lee.

It was the custom for the seller of a mine to have a blowout for his friends at Tontine's, Leadville's most fashionable restaurant. Dexter did the usual, reveling in the good wishes of his friends.

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By noon the next day the new owners had assembled a work crew. Naturally, the first thing the foreman did was to clear the shaft, shout "Fire in The Hole!" and light the fuse on Dexter's previously placed charges.

A reporter for the *Leadville Democrat* told what happened when the smoke and dust had settled: "Never in the annals of mining history, including the legendary days of California and Australia gold gulch mining or the fabulous stories told of old Mexico's silver mines has there been an equal to the Robert E. Lee mine in magnitude or ore body and marvelous value of the mineral."

The blast had ripped through a limestone wall into a rich deposit of silver-bearing ore. Within a year the mine produced more than $1.5 million, within the first month the receipts totaled over $300,000.

But the statistics of the first 24 hours tell it best. Some 95 tons of ore were removed just clearing out the rubble left by the initial blast. One ore wagon, carrying almost two tons of ore, yielding 23,500 ounces of silver. Another shipment of about a ton and a half gave up 6,000 ounces of silver. Not one of the 95 tons contained less than 530 ounces of silver and most averaged much higher.

Total cost for digging and hauling this ore to the smelter was a meager $300. Not bad, considering that the receipts for that 24-hour period came to $118,500.

The Robert E. Lee went on to become one of Colorado's all-time top producers, and Dexter, dabbling in other mines, made another million or two along the way. No one will ever know how much regret he might have felt every time he lit a cigar or kindled a fireplace.

Certainly, Dexter must have had some feeling everytime he watched a flame spark to life at the end of a match. A single match was all it took to touch off that last "shot" he had left behind. ●

THE LADY KILLER

(Continued from page 15)

"Could be. You know Mary?"

"She was on the stage coming down from Tucson. Met her then."

"You'll save yourself a lot of trouble if you let it stand right there."

"See you tomorrow, Mike. And don't be surprised if I ask you for a job."

"You do that," Mike said. "See you tomorrow."

Leslie returned to the Oriental the next day but he was minus his Beau Brummel outfit.

"There's an apron hanging in the closet back there," Mike said, "in case you want it."

"I don't wear an apron like an ordinary suds-slinger," Leslie said.

"Suit yourself."

Leslie wore a buckskin vest, fancifully figured. From that display Tombstone soon pinned a tag on him: he became Buckskin Frank Leslie. He didn't mind. There wasn't a better *hombre* anywhere, the town agreed, than Buckskin Frank—when he was sober, that is; but when he was drunk he was meaner than a bobcat with a toothache. If men lost respect for him at a time like that, they still respected the pair of guns he wore on his trim hips, and the fast delivery. It hadn't taken long for the fly-killing incident to make the gossipy rounds.

When it was whispered about that Buckskin Frank took a bath every day, nobody protested even though it was an act of heresy in a parish of unwashed humanity. And nobody commented on his manner of speaking which held the tone of college culture.

But he was a mystery man. One day he'd hit town, dressed like a capitalist. The following day he was found working behind the mahogany in the Oriental saloon. Who was he, anyway?

He played around with women. He couldn't resist a pretty face and figure. And Tombstone had quite a supply of the kind he favored; a San Francisco syndicate periodically shipped them in. After a few weeks of playing around, however, Buckskin Frank became annoyed with himself. A phantom face seemed to appear out of nowhere—Mary Killeen.

Mary Killeen held an anomolous place in Tombstone society. She was a fast-stepping, sharp little blonde but she was not in stride with the Cyprian crowd that hung to the wrong side of the street; nor did she mince her steps with the upper-crusty set on the right side.

She was, indeed, the wife of Killeen the bartender, but they were estranged. She'd vowed, when she left him and gone to live in the Commercial Hotel on Fourth Street, she'd get rid of him by divorce. Apparently she kept putting off that little matter. At last Frank Leslie found her again and they were openly seen together, here and there. Killeen was overmuch annoyed by what he saw and heard. Even though Mary was separated from him, he believed that he still had a valid claim on her. He ordered Buckskin Frank to stop honeyfussin' around Mary.

"If you don't stop," he said, "I'll stop you."

Leslie grinned at him.

"Pick out a fly," Leslie said.

That night Frank told Mary of the meeting he'd had with her estranged husband.

"Oh, Frank," she said, "he might have a fool's luck with that clumsy gun of his. What'll we do?"

"Are you worried, Mary?"

"I am."

"Don't be."

Later that night, Killeen strapped on his sixgun, walked over to the Commercial hotel, and placed himself inside it, near a second-floor window. From that strategic point he watched for the appearance of Leslie and Mary. At last he saw them coming. He waited until they were within sure shooting range and then he let fire at Leslie. He missed. Leslie returned the fire and a moment later they found Killeen where he had sagged to the floor, dead.

Killing a man didn't seem to bother poker-faced Leslie as he stood looking down at the corpse he'd just made. But Mary was excited. She ran along the hall to thump on the hotel proprietor's door. A young fellow, relative of the proprietor, heard the noise. He jumped out of bed, grabbed a handy revolver, and swung out into the hallway. In his excitement, he began racing up and down the hall, forgetful that he was dressed only in his own skin. "He became suddenly cognizant of the fact," a newspaper report ran, "that there was a lady in sight, and though he made a frantic rush for a fig leaf, there was, alas, none to be found because in Tombstone the only figs they have are dry ones."

"Self-defense," the law said, and didn't hold Leslie for murder.

A few days later, after Killeen had been permanently stowed away in the Boothill graveyard, his widow married Frank Leslie.

Weeks wore on and strange weeks they were for Frank Leslie, for he thought of no woman other than his wife, Mary. He continued to tend bar, part-time, for Mike Joyce. He gambled a lot and ordinarily won. Anyway, would anyone dispute him when he said he'd won? Sometimes when he was short of cash he'd hunt around and happen on a drunken fellow in a backroom somewhere and proceed to roll him. Frank was a big spender when he had the *dinero*. And now he was drinking more than a lot and that meant he was becoming more and more dangerous, more inclined to drop a quick hand to a gun.

One night he reached home, boozy and belligerent. He found Mary, who was nightgowned for bed, considerably upset.

"What's the matter now?" he growled, presumably expecting a repetition of the curtain-lecture Mary was wont to give him about this overmuch drinking.

"Indians, Frank," Mary said. "They've been prowling around the house all day."

"Indians? Hell! You afraid of 'Paches?"

"I am."

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He groaned and dropped into an easy chair. Suddenly he slapped his knees, yelling out, "Dammit, Mary, only cowards are afraid of 'Paches."

Mary looked down at him, studying the disheveled mess that whisky made of him.

"I'm not a coward," she said, "or I wouldn't have married you, Mr. Leslie."

"Ha!"

"You haven't breathed a sober breath in weeks and weeks," she reminded him. "You've become a perfect sot. And besides, Frank, you know that when you're drunk, you can't shoot straight."

He jumped up, bristling.

"I can't?" he growled. "Woman, I'll show you!"

And so saying, he grabbed her by an arm and then began to tear off the sleazy nightgown that clung to her.

"Stop, Frank, stop!" she cried.

She squirmed, screamed, kicked, bit him; but he yet held her in the vice of one big hand the while, with the other, he ripped off the last shreds of her nightgown, leaving her naked there under the soft glow of the lamplight. Abruptly, then, he pushed her against the wooden wall of the room.

"Now," he said, with a satanic twist to his lips, "we'll see who can shoot straight."

"But Frank, please—"

"Shut up, woman, and stand still. If you don't stand still—"

Wide-eyed, frozen with fear, she watched him lurch back from her, watched him lift a gun from one of his holsters.

And then he fired in quick succession and bullet after bullet hit sharply into the wall about her. And then he lifted a second gun and emptied it in like manner. With that done, he slumped into his chair and was soon snoring.

Mary stole off to bed. But in the morning, after he'd left. she saw what happened. The bullets had missed her body by a mere half-inch margin and by them her shapely figure had been outlined on the wooden wall.

When Tombstone heard the story of what had happened that sombre night in the Leslie home—a building that was, truthfully, little more than a shack—there was renewed amazement among appreciative men over Buckskin Frank's marksmanship. They secretly agreed, however, that he hadn't treated his lady in a gentlemanly manner, but they made no overt protests to him. After all, it was a family affair and consequently none of their business. Especially since they were such poor shots themselves.

For quite some time afterward, the mural of the Gunsmoke Nude, for which Mary Killeen had unhappily posed, attracted not a few lovers of Art. And it remained where it was gun-drawn until some time later when the shack was torn down.

Buckskin Frank's skill in triggernometry was always a good subject to chin about. Did you hear what he had Ed Williams, the silversmith, make for him? Billy King, who ran a saloon in town, said that Leslie went to Williams with a new idea for speeding a bullet to its target, human or otherwise.

"I want you to fasten a silver plate with a slot in it to the right side of my belt," Leslie said to Williams. "And then I want you to weld a small, solid knob to my .45, just behind the cylinder. The knob on the revolver must fit into the slot in the silver plate—a ball-and-socket sort of thing, see?"

"For hip-shooting, eh Frank?"

"How'd you guess?"

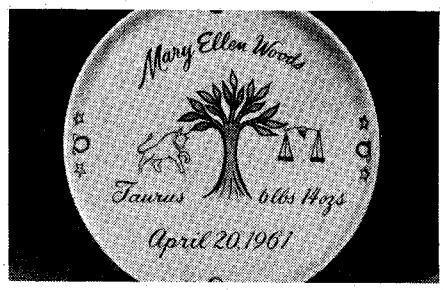
But Leslie used his old tried-and-true method one memorable night in Tombstone's Bird Cage theater. As a devotee of the leg-and-bosom Art, Buckskin Frank steadily patronized the variety house. On this special night, he was entranced by a pretty young charmer who, incidentally, had a fine voice.

Others were entranced, too, for the audience was unusually quiet and mannerly. And then, abruptly, a thumping noise was made by a cowboy who occupied a box directly across the auditorium from Leslie. The cowboy had lifted up one of his big, heavily-booted feet and hooked it—with a thump—over the box railing. Leslie was so greatly annoyed by this intrusion on the young nightingale's singing that he whipped out his .45 and shot the heel off the cowboy's boot.

A fellow named John Ringo, perhaps equal to Buckskin Frank in his ability to spew fast bullets, frequently clomped self-importantly up and down Tombstone plank walks. He lived in Galeyville, Arizona's Outlaw Capital, so-called because it was inhabited principally by *hombres malos*. He and his tough townsman, Curley Bill Brocius, worked together in rustling cattle and robbing stagecoaches. Ringo spent a lot of his stolen silver and gold in Tombstone saloons and thus he became acquainted with Buckskin Frank Leslie. They went on many a spree together. At last they were joined by a fellow who was little more than a kid. In fact, he liked to call himself Billy the Kid, after New Mexico's teen-age horror, William H. Bonney. His name was Billy Claiborne. His elders taught him many impressive lessons in outlawry of one kind or another. He discovered that he could stay on a drawnout spree quite as long as they.

One day Ringo rode into town and forthwith began to drink heavily. Soon Leslie and Claiborne joined him. At last Ringo, accompanied by two bottles of whisky, left Tombstone. His boozing companions soon followed. They caught up with Ringo at Antelope Springs, nine miles out of Tombstone, and there the trio resumed drinking, and for three days they kept it up. They moved on to Myers Cienago in Sulphur Springs Valley where they drank some more.

"Ringo drank like a crazy man," the ac-



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count runs as given by Walter Noble Burns. Leslie and Claiborne began to taper off and then rode on. Ringo tarried and rode away alone. A few hours later he was found leaning against the bole of a giant oak tree—dead. A suicide, authorities said. Later, however, for a reason not clear, Leslie boasted that he had killed Ringo. But nobody who knew Leslie would believe that. Perhaps Judge J.C. Hancock summed up the man when he wrote: "I knew Leslie. He was as treacherous as any devil that ever lived. There was no bravery in him." He boasted of killing men who had been dead for some long time—but not from his gun. "He was too cowardly," Hancock wrote, "to take chances, even though he was reputedly a quick, sure shot."

Billy Claiborne believed, however, that Leslie killed Ringo, and Billy considered Ringo his friend. He began to feel edgeways toward Leslie.

On a November night in 1882, Billy barged into the Oriental and up to Leslie who stood behind the bar, discussing with some tippler a mooted point in the day's political doings. Billy interrupted him. Leslie didn't mind the interruption for he observed that his young friend was considerably whiskified. But when Billy suddenly became nastily personal in his remarks, Leslie called a halt.

"Shut up, Billy," he said. "You talk too much."

"I won't shut up," Billy said, "for you or anybody else. Nobody's going to shove me off, not even you. I'm going to kill you, Frank, like you killed Ringo."

"Forget it, kid. Go on home and sleep it off."

"The hell I will."

Billy turned and tromped out. About an hour later a fellow rushed into the Oriental.

"Frank," he panted across the bar, "Billy Claiborne's headed this way, carrying a Winchester. He's yellin' out that he aims to kill you."

"That's too bad," Leslie said, and meant it.

He lit a fresh cigar and calmly puffed on it. Soon another fellow came in and going up to Leslie said quietly, "Young Claiborne's outside. Says he's going to kill you. He's armed for it, too."

"He is?" Leslie queried politely.

He laid his burning cigar on the edge of the bar, checked his revolvers, and then slipped out a side door that opened on Fifth street. He looked toward gas-lit Allen street and saw the glint of a rifle barrel pointing at him from the end of a fruit stand that stood in front of the Oriental. But he could not see the rifleman.

"Come on out, Billy," he called, "and don't shoot. I don't hanker to kill you."

"You won't kill me," Billy tossed back. "I'm gettin' you first."

Leslie stepped off the sidewalk into the street. A bullet whizzed past him. He answered the fire. Billy staggered and doubled up.

"Don't shoot again," Billy screamed. "You've killed me."

"Sorry, Billy."

But Leslie couldn't be sure that he'd hit the mark. He shot again but now deliberately into the sidewalk. There was no answer to the bullet. Young Billy wasn't feigning injury, for he lay in the dust of the street, groaning. Hearing the shots, Night Officer Boyle came on a dogtrot to the scene.

"I had to do it," Leslie said to him. "And I'm damned sorry. But he threatened me and shot first."

"I'll have to take you in, Frank," the officer said.

"All right. Here." He handed over his two guns. "Just a minute, Doyle. I'll be right back."

Calmly he walked inside, picked up his cigar from the bar-edge, flicked off the ash, puffed and blew out a cloudlet of smoke. He shook his head sadly.

"He died nice," Leslie said, and went back outdoors.

But Billy was not yet dead. He was carried to a physican's office where the medico discovered that he'd been shot through the left side. The bullet had made its exit at the back, near the spinal column. Billy suddenly began to rave, crowding his final moments with scatological jibberings. He was finally quieted by sedation but death soon put an end to his short, vile life.

Witnesses backed up Buckskin Frank's contention that he had killed Billy Claiborne in self-defense, and he went free. But in a larger sense, he was not free. Public opinion began now to press unfavorably about him.

"He's too quick and too sure on the draw," people said.

He continued to work at the Oriental but business began to lessen there because of his presence. Mike called him aside one day.

"Sorry I have to do this, Frank," he said.

"I know, Mike, I know. I've been expecting the boot ever since that fool kid tried to kill me."

"I'll have to let you go but I'll have something else for you soon."

"I've always trusted you, Mike, and I still do. Dammit, if I could only behave myself—"

Strange, was it not? But here was a badman whose conscience was still alive. Perhaps what the El Paso *Herald* printed about him, a little later in his mixed-up career, wasn't altogether newspaper

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gossip. He had been educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, "but he never did take that job," the *Herald* would say.

While Leslie waited for Mike Joyce's nod, he tried to find work around Tombstone. Apparently, nobody wanted to hire him to do anything. Mary Leslie turned her practical hand to nursing but out of her earnings she'd not give her husband a cent for whisky. That was why Leslie paid Mrs. King a visit.

Mrs. King said, in an interview: "Sure I knew Frank Leslie. He had a nice wife, a nurse, and she took care of me when my son Roy was born. One day Mary said to me, 'If Frank comes and asks you to give him my pay, please try not to do it.' 'Try not to do it'! Of course I wouldn't do it. I wasn't afraid of Frank Leslie or any of his kind."

She smiled, her eyes twinkling, and continued: "I was still abed from childbirth but I wasn't afraid. I kept my pistol under my pillow. When a heavy knock came to my door, I called out, 'Come in!' Frank Leslie came in. He stood, hemming and hawing like a schoolboy. Finally he told me what he'd come for; he wanted the week's wages that Mary had earned. Then I let loose, and I've got a tongue when I need to use it.

"He took a step toward my bed. I reached for my gun. I told him to get out, quick. He turned and started for the door. But I heard him mutter to himself, 'By hell, I'm glad I'm not married to that woman!'" And Mrs. King laughed until tears came to her eyes.

Mary put up with him as long as she could and at last decided to divorce him. But before she could legally do that, she had to gain definite, conclusive evidence —and witnesses—against him. She had friends who would gladly help her to that end.

One night Leslie was seen taking a hussy to a room over an Allen street saloon. Mary and her friends soon followed them. Carefully they placed a barrel in front of the bedroom door. Each one then successively climbed up on the barrel, and peered through the transom... Mary obtained her divorce without difficulty.

Later, in 1889, she married Councilman A. Durward, "at the bride's residence on Fourth street," a newspaper account read, "after which she moved with her husband to California."

After Buckskin Frank had been divorced, he dropped around to see Mike Joyce at the Oriental. Mike pitied him but did not condone his sundry sins.

"I don't know what'nhell I'm going to do, Mike," he said. "I know I'm to blame for all the messes I get into, but I suppose I still have to live, though I sometimes wonder why."

"I've got an idea," Mike said. "I bought a small ranch the other day, down in Horseshoe Valley of the Swisshelm mountains. I want you to go down there to ramrod it."

"Thanks, Mike," Leslie said. "I'll do it."

But before leaving town for the ranch, Leslie picked himself a stunning bosom-companion named Mollie Williams. He was now free to marry her but he didn't bother to do so. Soon after taking over the one-horse outfit he hired a young cowboy named James Neil to help him run it.

It was soon evident that Buckskin Frank was no rancher. Ranching entailed too much hard labor, especially for a fellow whose mind was never on his work. Leslie's mind was on whisky and women —a deadly combination if ever there was one. At the moment, Mollie Williams was No. 1 woman. She couldn't down quite so much whisky as Frank but she could come in second when she really tried.

What happened at last was deplorable but it was also logical. They quarreled, noisily, incessantly. Leslie slapped her freely, knocked her down frequently. And young James Neil was aware of all this but he kept hands off. He was no match for Leslie, anyway. He was little more than a kid but suddenly he became a rival.

Just before sundown on July 10, 1889, Leslie returned to the ranch after an alcoholic day in Tombstone. Mollie and Neil were sitting outside the ranchhouse, talking.

"I'll put a stop to this!" Leslie blasted.

He lifted a pistol and shot at Mollie. She jumped up and started to run. Leslie then turned to Neil and shot him. Neil then started to run. He looked back once and saw Mollie stumble and fall. He wasn't a coward but he knew that he couldn't face up to Leslie. Furthermore, he was not armed.

If Leslie had any plan at all in the double shooting, it wasn't known. Mollie died. It was believed that he meant to kill both of them and then blame Neil for Mollie's murder. But Neil lived to tell the truth.

Leslie was brought to Tombstone by shrieval insistence, put in jail, and then tried.

During his trial it came out that he was a Texan, born in Galveston some 40 years before. He was very young when his mother died; he quarreled with his father and then left home. It was questionable that he'd studied for clerical orders but he had picked up some knowledge that put him ahead of the average *hombre* who shared the horizon with him. He called himself Franklin Nashville Leslie—the cognomen coming from his mother's maiden name. Actually, his name was Thomas Kennedy. But did it matter what a man's name was when he was about to exchange it for a number?

It was quite against Leslie's will that he soon left Tombstone for Yuma. He was accompanied by a man who wore a star. He didn't like the sheriff's company but there was nothing he could do about that.

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Nor was he pleased when he perforce took up residence on what was commonly called the Hill. It was a whiskeyless, womanless hellhole, overlooking the swirling, muddy waters of the Colorado river. But he'd been sentenced to spend the rest of his life on that elevated spot which held Arizona's territorial penitentiary.

The warden said to him, "What have you done, Leslie—I mean in the way of work?"

"I've been a custom's officer, a cowboy, a bartender—"

"What I want to know is what to put you at *here*."

Leslie pondered. "Have you got anything like a drug store here?" he asked.

"Nothing but a few bandages."

"Let me fix you up with a supply of what you might need in case somebody gets sick or hurt."

"All right," the warden said. "Tell me what you need and I'll see that you get it."

And not long after that, the Yuma prison was equipped with an emergency hospital, thanks to Frank Leslie. Indeed, he *did* know something about doctoring and pharmacy, got from some studies and no little experience among cowboys. Now he was privileged to wear a white coat.

A former guard at the prison once talked about him to a reporter. "Leslie was an educated man," he said. If it hadn't been for his love for liquor, he might have amounted to something." Another guard said: "During 1892 I guarded Frank Leslie, who was a killer. But I will say this for him: he could be a perfect gentleman. As a pharmacist, his work was in the prison hospital where he had an easy time compared with other convicts."

Leslie served seven years on the Hill.

A feature story about Frank Leslie appeared in a San Francisco newspaper in 1893. The writer had the unique talent of Ned Buntline, who heroized many a Western scamp. He played up Leslie an an exciting, devil-may-care Indian scout. The tale was prettified by a picture of the dashing hero. And it gave his current Yuma address.

By chance a lady named Belle Stowell was sojourning in balmy-palmy California. She read the story. She re-read it. She gazed on the picture of the handsome Indian scout.

"What a handsome devil!" she said.

She pondered a long while, and decided that she'd fallen in love with him. Conveniently, she had just divorced her husband; she felt free, therefore, to fall in love with any man she cared about.

"Love knows no barriers," she told herself. "I must write to him now."

She began to correspond with him, to send him flowers and fruit. Leslie answered her letters with a gallant flourish of pen. At last Belle Stowell suggested in her flowery way that since Cupido's dart had obviously pierced the hearts of the twain, what could be finer than marriage? Leslie replied that Belle's logic was perfect but at the present vile moment he found it impossible to consummate a marital fusion. She wrote back, telling him that she'd see him soon.

It was a bright Yuma day when a heavily-veiled woman stepped off the train that had come from San Francisco and hired a hack that took her up to the Hill. For some time she talked to the warden and then she and the warden lit out for Phoenix. After a long conference there with Governor McCord, they returned to Yuma. The warden carried with him a pardon for Franklin Nashville Leslie.

A story, coming out of Stockton, Illinois, was carried by the Tombstone *Epitaph* and datelined December 1, 1896. It reported: "Nashville F. Leslie, giving his residence as San Carlos, Arizona Territory, was married by Justice Parker to Mrs. Belle Stowell, whose residence was listed as Warren County, Illinois."

The story briefly related, furthermore, how the newlyweds had come to know each other and divulged, in passing, that the bride "had been and still is drawing $40 monthly alimony" from her discarded husband. It appeared, however, that Stowell was becoming tired of helping to support his ex-wife and her new husband and had "sent a detective" to Tombstone, among other places, "to obtain evidence which may release him of his burden."

After that, the deeds of Buckskin Frank Leslie were set down by the Recording Angel only and no earthly reporter was ever able to persuade the Recorder to give out even the briefest hint of what became of the onetime dude of Tombstone, the lady killer, figuratively and literally. But rumor, which generally outruns historic fact, relates that Leslie was last seen, a ragged, lonely old man, cleaning spittoons in a San Francisco saloon. ●

CANNIBAL TRIBE

(Continued from page 13)

Well entrenched in Mexico, and sparring with the French for control of east Texas and the lower Mississippi, the Spanish decided to win over the Atakapa, or at least the more westerly ones, by building them a mission.

In 1748 work was started on the Mission of San Ildefonso, located on a tributary of the Brazos River not far from present-day Cameron. To the mission came those Atakapa who had been raiding along Galveston Bay, and smaller bands who had been living farther up the Trinity River and in the Big Thicket country of Texas. But in the winter of 1750-51 an epidemic struck the missionized Atakapa, greatly reducing their number; the survivors abandoned the mission to join the Nabedache, who were hatching a plot to drive the Spanish from east Texas.

War with the Spanish did not develop, but the Nabedache and their Atakapa allies struck at an older enemy, the Apache. Later some of the Atakapa went back to the mission but others became gun-runners, supplying the Apache with French firearms.

In 1754 the Spanish were disturbed to find a French trader operating among the more westerly Atakapa. And so the Spanish decided to build a presidio, a military post that would also serve as a trading center for Indians. They built it on the Trinity River, named it San Agustin de Ahumala, and stocked it with 50 families of Tlascaltec Indians from El Salvador. Then, a short distance downstream from the presidio, the Spanish began to construct the Mission of Nuestra Senora de la Luz.

Several of the cannibal bands came in to the new settlements; but in 1764 the presidio burned down, and the Atakapa soon abandoned the mission. Turning wholly away from the Spanish, they withdrew to the Tonkawa country, west of the Colorado River. Their arrival was welcomed by the Tonkawa, who were fighting the Apache and maintaining a very uneasy truce with the Comanche and Wichita.

In the meanwhile, the Atakapa bands of Louisiana were doing well under French protection. Their most influential chief was a man whom the French called Kinemo (actually Skenne Mok or "Short Arrow" in the Atakapa language). In 1760 Kinemo sold a sizeable chunk of Louisiana to a Frenchman, Fusilier de la Clair; the transaction involved all the land between Bayou Teche and Vermilion Bayou.

Thereafter, quite a bit of land was bought by the French, but nothing was changed significantly except the Atakapa's financial condition; for the Indians did not vacate the tracts they had sold, and in 1763 France turned the whole region over to Spain.

In the winter of 1776-77 another epidemic swept through the tribes of Texas. The Indians had little resistance to, and no cures for, the diseases brought by the white man; and when that terrible winter was over, half of the Texas Atakapa lay dead. Most of the survivors turned their back on the prairies where they had dwelt for so long, and pushed into southwestern Louisiana which had escaped the brunt of the epidemic. One small village, the

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last remnant of the Bidai band, persisted near Montgomery, Texas, until the middle 1800's; but its members gradually lost their ways, customs and identity as Indians, and by the early 1900's this settlement had vanished.

The Louisiana Atakapa gave shelter to their refugee kinsmen from the prairies, and so the eastern and western branches of the tribe were united in the country between the Sabine River and Bayou Teche. But just one year after the epidemic, the Spanish viceroy of Mexico, Count Bernardo de Galvez, called out all the able-bodied Atakapa for an expedition against British outposts on the Mississippi.

Their numbers reduced by the epidemics and the endless warfare, their whole way of life disrupted by the changes that were taking place along the frontier of white settlement, the Atakapa fell into a rapid decline.

A village on Vermilion Bay was abandoned in the early 1800's, one on the Mermentau about 1836, one at Lake Prien about 1850. The last of the Atakapa were those living at Lake Charles on the Calcasieu River of southwestern Louisiana, some 30 miles from the Texas border.

In 1907 and 1908 Dr. John R. Swanton, authority on Indians, searched east Texas and nearby parts of Louisiana for surviving Atakapa. He located only nine people who still knew the Atakapa language. All of them were from the Lake Charles region, although some had moved away from it. Swanton made a photograph of one survivor, a fine-looking man named Armojean Reon. This Reon lived in a cabin under the live-oaks at Lake Charles. He may have been the last man to speak Atakapa, and to tell the legends of his people.

The east Texas prairies, once held by the cannibal tribe, were caught up in the tide of western history. In 1821 the pioneer Stephen F. Austin founded an American colony along the Brazos and the Colorado. Settlers, attracted by free land in Texas, flocked in and soon revolted against Mexican rule.

Jim Bowie and Davy Crockett came out of the east to die at the Alamo; Texas became an independent republic and then a state. The buffalo herds vanished. Cattle barons warred with small competitors, with sheepmen, with rustlers, with homesteaders, with lawmen under orders to cut the barbwire that halted settlers. In the excitement of this new West the Atakapa were almost forgotten.

A few place names remind us of these people. Bedias Creek, a tributary of the Trinity River, recalls the Bidai band; the name means "brushwood," in reference to the Big Thicket country. The town of Bedias lies between Bryan and Huntsville in east Texas.

Opelousas, near Bayou Teche, was once the home of an Atakapa band whom the Choctaw called Opelousa — 'black hair' — in reference to the conspicuous scalp-lock. A few towns, creeks, or crossroads have borne the name of Tuckapaw, a version of the tribal name Atakapa.

For other traces of these Indians you would have to return to their old and nearly forgotten village sites along the Trinity, the Brazos, and the Colorado. Here, if you are lucky, you might find a few arrow points and gun-flints, bits of native pottery and trade china, and scraps of bone — the only relics of the people who bore the name Atakapa: "man-eater." ●

SOLDIER'S LIFE, FORT STEVENS

(Continued from page 40)

The total cost would be about five dollars. The sergeant thought if a collection box was set in the pay line, the men would each donate a pittance — a few pennies — for the welfare of the friendly pooch.

The pay of the Army private — and most of the men were privates — was $21 per month. Well, when pay day arrived, the soldiers all noted the collection box for Pooch. They all donated. When the final tally was revealed, Pooch had $85. He had a license, a collar and a bank account.

This was the time of the Great Depression. To illustrate this economic blight, the following true tale at the fort is told.

One day the monthly ration train from Astoria (one engine and one box car) arrived with stable provisions such as canned goods, potatoes, and other staples.

A young man got off the box car and walked to the guard house about 100 yards away. He told the sergeant of the guard: "I'm a deserter from the Army; I want to turn myself in."

It was early March and patches of snow dotted the grounds. The weather was cold.

The stranger was locked in the nice, clean and warm guard house. He was questioned by the officer of the day. The newcomer was told that it would be some weeks before his record could be checked in Washington, D.C., and action taken in his case. In the meantime he would be quartered in the guard house and assigned duty on the garbage pick-up detail.

He proved to be a model prisoner. He painted the interior of the guard house, rode the garbage truck and shoveled coal into bins. The men of the garrison liked him and gave him clothes, cigarettes and toilet articles.

Weeks went by. The winter snows turn-

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ed to rain; spring blossomed over the Lower Columbia. Then one day a letter came from the Adjutant General of the Army in Washington. The letter said, in substance, to release the man in the guard house. He had had an honorable discharge from the Army a year ago.

The Harbor Defense Commander, and in fact all the personnel at Fort Stevens, were quite surprised that the stranger was not a deserter. The post adjutant asked the man why he had done such a thing. The man replied, in essence: "Well, sir, I had no money and no place to stay. But I had a job in the local fishing industry coming up in a few weeks. That guard house looked mighty good. I knew that it would take a month or longer to check my record in Washington. In the meantime, I worked hard here. I think I earned my keep. My job is waiting now."

The adjutant replied that the "deserter" had been a model "prisoner." The guard house had never looked cleaner. However the adjutant admonished the man not to try his act again.

In the late spring the soldiers spent more and more time at simulated seacoast firing in preparation for the actual service manuevers at Fort Canby across the river and near Ilwaco, Washington. Sub-caliber firing was conducted at Fort Stevens.

Then one summer day, the gun crews went to Fort Canby. This was the day the 6-inch coast disappearing rifles were fired.

The battery commander came up to his position on the grassy mound above the two gun wells and looked seaward through his scope. Then he turned his gaze to the gun crews standing and ready.

This was the final event for the guns that year. The target was a small moving raft with a waving banner atop a high pole set in the middle of the float. Over 1500 feet of line led to the bobbing tug boat entering the Columbia river.

The telephone operator relayed his instructions to the plotting room: "Commence tracking..."

Later the battery commander barked: "With cast iron projectile fire one ranging salvo, number one gun leading!" And the guns raised up and fired.

The action of firing, the burning grass on the front bank and the earth tremor, caused some excitement around Cape Disappointment, Long Beach and Ilwaco. During the day each gun fired about 10-15 rounds (96-pound projectile). If one stood just back of a gun, it was possible to see the projectile leave and sometime later skip on the ocean. The guns opened fire when the target-raft came within about 10,000 yards.

When this service practice was over the men returned to Fort Stevens and got ready for mine-laying activity.

The mines used were shaped like a ball (waist-high). One set of mines would each hold up to 300-pounds of high explosive. A mine-planter boat came to Fort Stevens for the maneuver.

The mines were planted in the Columbia River, 19 in a group. There was a heavy sinker that went to the river bottom and held the individual mine about six feet under the water's surface.

In wartime, with an enemy ship inbound, the bow of the marauder would strike the mine... set about 100 feet apart. This contact would not discharge the submerged explosive. However, a bell would ring in the fort and the operator on the panel board could then press the corresponding button, and the electric impulse would set off the charge and blow the ship apart.

Two mines were exploded and caused a geyser of water over 100-feet high. When the mines were picked up the men went back to garrison duty at the fort.

On the post the men could, for recreation, bowl, play golf, or attend the movies (14¢ apiece for tickets). One evening, a young Oregon artilleryman asked his old sergeant: "Sarge, why don't we have more recreation on this post, say a gym and a swimming pool?"

Replied the sergeant: "You know, that's a good question. Well, you see, a satisfied army won't fight. Why fight when you have everything. You only fight when you don't have everything!"

Some of the Coast Artillerymen of 1937-38 still reside in Oregon: Marshall Hanft, Salem; Robert Gohl, Hammond; Paul Williamson, Steven Nelson, Astoria; Stewart Cameron, Rex Swaggert, Warrenton; John Carden, Seaside; Werner Dinteman, Canby; and others.

Today the old East barracks, a school, still has its familiar outline; Battery Russell, minus the 10-inch rifles, still presents its concrete form; and the old guardhouse still squats in its strategic location.

This military installation that was started in 1863 closed station in 1947. To the south from Fort Stevens is the famous state park of that name. ●

PASSING OF BLACK MONSTERS

(Continued from page 31)

power more than two hundred per cent for a few minutes. When this was done great care had to be exercised or it twisted off the crank shaft or tore out the gears.

In wheat country, threshing time was the big event of the year. Extra help was needed and railways ran harvest excursions west. The grain was cut by binders and the bundles were set up in shocks (stooks in Canada) till the grain hardened and the straw was dry enough to thresh. Then the engineer hooked his big steamer to the grain separator, tied the cook car on behind it, and with the rest of his outfit following he started for the grain fields.

The average steam threshing outfit employed eight to twelve bundle teams, depending on the size of the separator. A large plowing engine handled, with ease, the largest grain separator made. To handle a separator with a 44 inch cylinder and a 72 inch body (the largest made) required twelve bundle teams, four field pitchers, and three spike pitchers.

Added to the crew was the engineer, fireman, tank man, separator man, cook, and flunky. A big outfit like this could thresh 4,500 bushels of wheat or 14,000 bushels of oats in a good day.

The first man up was the fireman. At 4:00 A.M. he would tramp his way out to the engine and get up a head of steam. By 5:00 A.M. in the eerie darkness, whistles began blowing: this was the call to breakfast. At 6:00 A.M. sharp, the engineer opened the throttle and bundles began rolling into the big hungry separator, and they continued to roll till dark. Twelve hours was considered a good threshing day.

Supreme in the eyes of all was the engineer, as he moved his ponderous machines from place to place in a cloud of steam and smoke. It was the aim of every engineer to pull into a new set, line up with separator, put on the big drive belt and have the machine going in record time.

The separator man often looked like a chimney sweep, but he was the boss of the threshing crew and usually the owner of the outfit. Standing on top of his machine, with a long oil can in his hand, he kept a watchful eye on the men pitching in the bundles—woe unto the ones who didn't feed his machine right.

The tank man kept the engine supplied with water and the flunky kept the fireman supplied with straw or coal. To house and feed a crew this size a bunkhouse and a cook car were hauled with the outfit. The bunkhouse was built on four wheels and large enough to sleep the crew.

The bunks were built along the walls, two tiers high, with a stove in the center. The cook car was about 20 feet long, and ten feet wide, also built on wheels. In one corner was a large cook stove, work table and a bed that pulled down from the wall. In the center ran one long table with benches along each side, where the men ate.

Each meal was a banquet. Breakfast was served at 5:00 A.M., dinner at 11:00 A.M., afternoon lunch at 4:00 P.M., and

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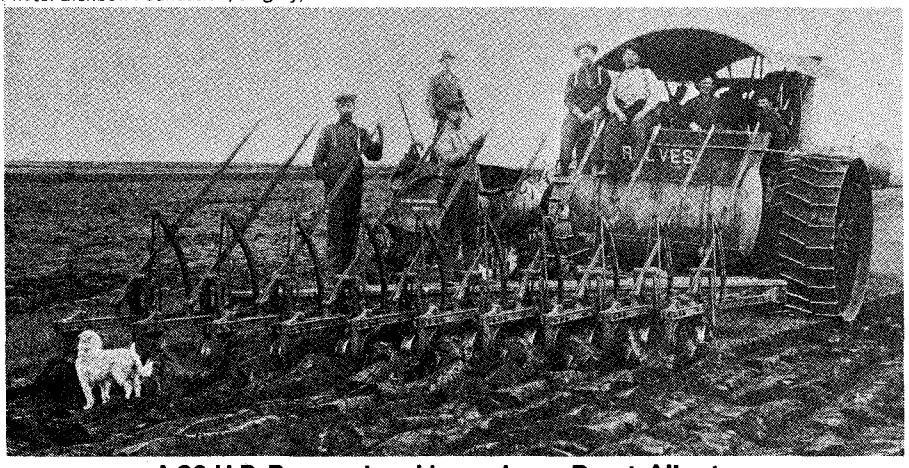
Photo: Glenbow Foundation, Calgary, Alta.



A 32-H.P. Reeves, breaking sod near Brant, Alberta.

supper between 7:00 and 7:30 P.M. The runs were between 20 and 40 days, with 30 days being a good average.

The most thrilling scene ever witnessed on the prairies was a big steam threshing outfit in action. The big black monster gently rocking and throwing a plume of grey smoke and white steam into the clear blue sky; with the water and straw wagons resting smack beside it; three or four bundle wagons crowded around the separator and four men pitching in the sheaves; the high bagger dumping golden grain into bins, a stream of yellow straw flowing from the howling blower in a continuous stream onto a straw pile that rose like a small mountain on the level plain.

In the late 1940's several older men in different parts of U.S. and Canada realized that scenes like these were gone and their last chances of finding any of the old steamers and threshers that helped make them were fast fading. (The scrap iron collectors were cutting them up.)

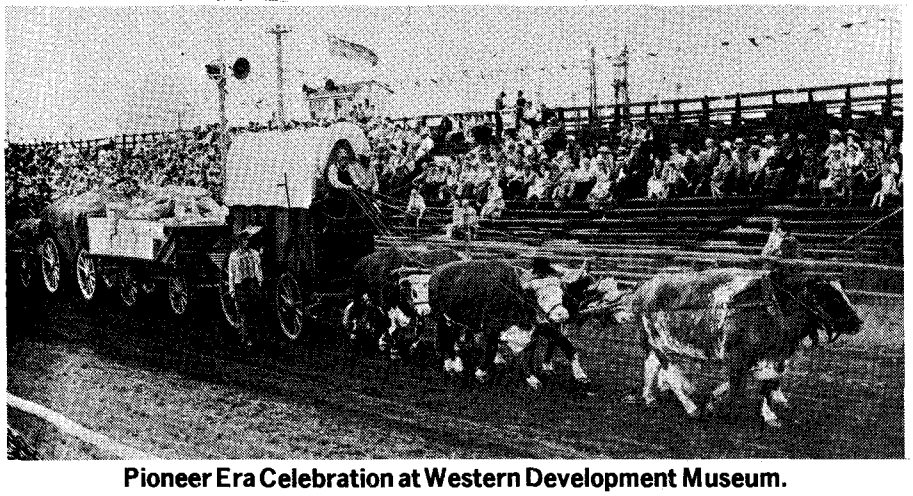
They set out in earnest searching for the few that might still be around. But they had waited too long. They found a number of the medium sized, but most of the big ones were gone. The big 150 Case, the large 115 Sawyer Massey were gone. In the two countries they found one 40 Horse Reeves, two Big 40 Garr Scotts and nine 110 Case.

The Western Development Museum at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan has the greatest collection of steamers in existence. More than a 100 different models in working condition, plus scads of old gas tractors, grain separators, and other early farm implements. Each summer during their Pioneer Era they fire up the old boilers, crank up the ancient gas tractors, yoke up the oxen and try to recreate scenes of days that are gone. Throughout the nation there are many smaller exhibits and usually once a year they fire up the old Puffer Billies.

One question that is always asked is, why was the steamer displaced by the gas tractors when the steamers were much more dependable and more maneuverable than the early gas tractors? There are a number of reasons. It took a crew of four to run a big steam outfit; engineer, fireman, tankman, and boss or flunky to haul fuel, while one or two men could handle a gas tractor the same size. No training was needed to run a gas tractor, while it took two or three years firing and a state examination before a man could get papers to run a steamer.

These are some of the reasons but no doubt the greatest was the gas companies. They needed a market for their products and the steamers did not burn gasoline. ●

Photo: Western Develop. Museum, Saskatoon, Sask.



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THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

friends $20,000 for guns and equipment they had smuggled across the border and (Pancho) had refused to pay them until they came across with all the guns he had ordered. He had ordered about $150,000 dollars worth of guns and equipment. (Perhaps the gold in the car was to pay for the guns).

The guns and equipment were for Villa's new revolution. He had plans of taking over the state of Chihuahua and setting up his own private little kingdom. The car used by Worley in the shooting belonged to Salas Barrazas.

The two men in the front seat were unknown but it is believed that one was Congressman Barrazas.

Pancho Villa's head was cut off before he was buried and sold to a General in Mexico City. The General was an old enemy of Pancho Villa's and he paid $15,000 for the head.

It hung in his living room for several years and then he cut the skull open and made ash trays out of it.

About three years after Villa's funeral some of his old friends heard rumors that the General had Pancho's head. One night they got drunk and went out to the cemetery and dug up the grave to see if the tales were true. When they found that the head was missing one of the men went mad with rage and while kicking around he cut his hand. This is where the blood in the coffin came from.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Joe Hale
Box 324
Ontario, Calif.

We find Mrs. Hale's letter very interesting and wish we could personally discuss Villa and his activities with her. We relied on historians, newspaper clippings, and interviews for the story of the assassination, but as the first paragraph of our story states, he was one of Mexico's most controversial figures. That seems to have been true from accounts of all phases of his life, birth to death, and many of the most widely circulated stories about him are admittedly legends.

My family lived in Mexico for a time, leaving when the revolution made it unsafe for Americans. My earliest recollections are of hearing tales of those exciting times. Many other Villa stories came from my stepfather who was for many years in the cattle business near Nogales, Arizona, and from one uncle who was sheriff of Santa Cruz County and another who followed mining and prospecting on both sides of the border during Mexico's revolutionary years.

Mrs. Hale give the first explanation we have read of the blood found in Villa's coffin when it was opened to expose the headless body three years after burial. We had read where there were rumors that it was feared Villa planned a new uprising, but such rumors seemed vague. This is the first time we read of the money Villa owed at that time for smuggled arms.

We appreciate Mrs. Hale's interesting, informative letter. (Sgd.) Thelma Knoles, for Knoles-Peterson.

SURE WAS A BLOOPER

Dear Editor:

I buy your magazine every month and enjoy it very much. While reading a story "Fight for Your Lives," which appeared in the March 1967 issue of *The West,* I noticed this date—July 31, 1967.

I suppose it is a mistake and should have been 1867 eh? I guess you've found it by now, but thought I'd send this note anyway.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Ida Bauman
1612 So. Arrawann
Tampa, Fla. 33609

(1867 is just what it should have been; it was a typographical error. Ed)

ANY SUGGESTIONS, READERS?

Dear Editor:

I'm planning to go back to Detroit, Michigan from Los Angeles, California sometime this summer. I would like to take the southern route with my mother. I will be driving back and am in no hurry. My nephew is stationed in Tennessee and my cousin is living in Shawnee Mission, Kansas.

Sir, I would love so much if you could send me or tell me what to see and where to go on my way back to Michigan. I would like to see my nephew and cousin on the way, if it's on the route you suggest. My mother has never driven across country, nor have I. She is 75 and loves the old cemeteries, etc., and has lived all her life in this country. Her father was the first furrier in Detroit. I would like to show her a beautiful trip. Could you send me a route to travel on and see all the interesting things?

Sincerely,
Velma Morrison
5528 Paradise Vally Rd.
Hidden Hills, Calif.

OLD-TIMER ON L.L.

Dear Editor:

I just read L.L.'s letter, Hermiston, Ore. Well I am sort of a pioneer. Been around Alaska about 40 years. I have known lots of oldtimers in Alaska, Idaho and also Canada.

Most oldtimers look back on those bad old days, as the very best days of their lives. They would like to relive them. The challenge, the hardships just makes an interesting life.

You just can't explain that to a man of L.L.'s temperament.

L.L. probably prefers a soft monotonous life. Not me. I have lived a good life. Most old-timers are sorry to see the change, but they know it is inevitable. So far as bad men, I got an idea any large American city nowadays has more cutthroats than all the west had. They are just not so picturesque.

The challenge, the beauty of unspoiled wilderness—you can't explain to L.L. He is evidently more at home in a traffic jam.

Yours is a good magazine.

Yours truly,
Lee Hancock
P.O. Box 955
Anchorage, Alaska 99501

(He's sorry now—Ed.)

LIKES BREIHAN'S STARR

Dear Editor:

The story Belle Starr—Oklahoma Whirlwind" by Mr. Carl W. Breihan in your March issue of *The West* has been greatly researched. This is one of the important traits of Mr. Breihan's articles and also his splendid books about this and other Western characters. I have really enjoyed his previous stories in *The West* and look forward to more of them in future issues. Keep up the good work with your excellent magazine. I also am interested in articles about Custer and his Last Battle. Adios for now.

Sincerely,
Allen C. Yenerich
Rt. 3
Mendota, Ill. 61342

LOVE CHILD?

Dear Editor:

We enjoyed your article in the March 1967 issue of *The West* magazine on Belle Starr.

My paternal grandparents' name was McLaughlin, they lived in the Missouri, Oklahoma and Kansas territory mentioned in your story. My father was adopted by the McLaughlins in about 1886, the Indian appearing woman who offered him to my grandparents said his last name was James, and that is all the information I have about it, but we wonder if he could have been a child of Belle Starr and one of the James boys. Thank you for any information.

Yours truly,
Mrs. M. C. Lair
1315 Eucalyptus N.
Rialto, Calif.

PROUD TEXAN

Dear Editor:

A few lines to set the record straight about Custer's Last Stand. No Indian was ever a coward in battle or out. My grandmother, my father's mother, was the daughter of Crazy Horse, and she told the story of the battle many times and it was

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always the same of how her father, the greatest Chief under Sitting Bull, led the battle. Custer should of died at birth and the rest of the cowardly men who wore the blue uniform. If the soldiers of today were there, the children would have been fed and not killed. The women would have been taken care of and not raped and killed. The soldiers of the frontier days were the cowards and lower than a snake. I am not anti anything, I just want to put a few of these so-called early American writers in their place. I am a proud Texan and part Sioux Indian.

Sincerely,
Jack Roberts
225 Grand View Dr.
Canyon Lake Forrest
Fisher, Texas

If you hadn't said you were proud of your Indian heritage, and of being a Texan, we'd have been disappointed; but didn't you forget something? How about being also a proud American?

BELLE STARR NEUROTIC

Dear Editor

I'm a constant reader of your *The West* magazine, and have enjoyed the many interesting stories being published in the magazine. I noticed one item done by Mr. Breihan titled "Belle Starr—Oklahoma Whirlwind." His work is most fascinating. Though, to my knowledge, I have never cared much for Belle Starr, because she lived a life of fantasy. She was never a bad woman, so to speak; though she had nerve, (she was) not so notorious as some men were in her days. If she had not used the gun, or ridden a horse, then there wouldn't have been a Belle Starr. She was far from being a Queen of beauty. As I pictured her, she was a female play girl, making herself noticeable to men. A call girl in outlaw dealings. I doubt that she actually killed anyone. Her intentions were good, but she never carried them out. I will never dispute Mr. Breihan's word on or about this gal, but I will say her life was a mixed up affair. Reckless? Yes, and anyone can be reckless, and not harm a soul. They say that Jesse James wasn't so bad at heart, but I believe if old Jesse had come in contact with her he'd have taken one look at her, and ridden away laughing his guts out. On the other hand, he may have been in her company one time or another. This is my opinion, of course. So much for her, now. Do print by all means anything Mr. Breihan sends in. I'll be on the receiving end, to read and enjoy his articles.

Yours for good reading,
James C. Glazner
2404 McCroskey Ave.
Knoxville, Tenn. 37917

TREASURES FOR SALE

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading your Treasure Trails in *The West* magazine. My grandfather served in the Civil War, and while there wrote letters to his mother telling of some battles and also of being wounded. Those letters have been handed down to me. I have five of them and also his army discharge, and a map of a battle he had taken off a prisoner. I'm getting along in years now, and would like to sell them for what they are worth, and I believe them worth a considerable sum. I have had some dealers in New York City wanting me to mail them, and they would judge their worth, but when they leave me, I want to know what I'm getting. I thought you might know of someone interested in them or some museum that would buy them. Keep up your good stories as I love to read them.

Yours truly,
Walter H. Farquer
Williamsfield, Ill. 61489

LIKES OUR COVER

Dear Editor:

After seeing your March 1967 issue of *The West,* I felt it necessary to write to you and compliment you on the magazine. The cover painting of "Trail of the California Pioneers," by Reuel Deckard is a marvelous cover for your magazine. It truly brings out the contents of the magazine. It is certainly appealing to all of us who enjoy reading about the Old West. Your magazine supplies us with many hours of good reading. I am looking forward to your future issues—hoping to see others that will impress me as much as your March 1967 issue.

Yours very truly,
Lydia Smith
Box 101
Chester, Illinois 62233 ●

POLLOCK DIAMOND ROBBERY

(Continued from page 8)

he all but murdered his man, plundered him of his diamonds, and escaped without the slightest interference.

When his pistol was picked up, near the spot where he left the train, it was found that in the struggle the cylinder had caught, so that it would have been impossible to discharge the two chambers remaining loaded. Thus eleven able-bodied men were held in a state of abject terror by one slender lad, who at the last was practically unarmed.

At California Junction the wounded diamond merchant was carried from the

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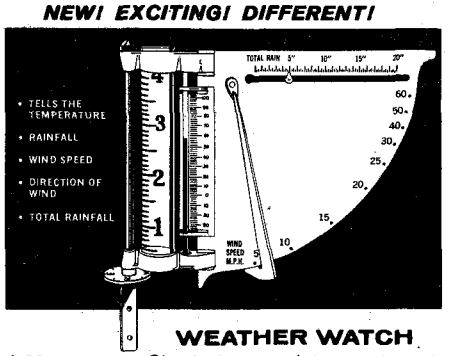

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train, and taken back to Omaha that same night. Mr. Pollock being a member of the Jewellers' Protective Union, a rich and powerful organization, established some years ago for the protection of jewelry salesmen against thieves, was entitled to its aid.

The association keeps the Pinkerton Agency constantly retained for its service. And here it is worthy of note that there never has been a salesman robbed during the twelve years the association has been in existence that the stolen property has not been recovered and the thief sent to prison.

One of the strictest rules of the association is to compromise or compound with a thief under no circumstances, but prosecute to the end. In this instance the case was immediately reported to Mr. William A. Pinkerton, at Chicago, with instructions to secure the robber and bring him to justice, no matter what the cost might be.

When the Pinkerton men reached the scene of the robbery, the robber had vanished as completely as if he had been whisked off to another planet.

To be sure, farmers in the neighborhood brought rumors of the stealing of horses, of a strange man sleeping in the woods, and of a desperate-looking character seen limping along the road. But all this came to nothing, except to establish, what seemed probable, that the diamond thief had fled back to Omaha.

A patient and exhaustive search in Omaha resulted in nothing. The man was gone, and the diamonds were gone; that was all anybody knew.

What made the case more difficult was the uncertainty as to the robber's personal appearance; for some of the passengers testified to one thing, and some to another.

The black beard was a cause of confusion; only one witness besides Mr. Pollock remembered that the man wore such a beard. Mr. Pollock, however, was positive as to this particular, and it seemed as if he ought to know. It was also impossible to decide, from conflicting statements, whether the robber had a mustache or not, and whether it was dark or light in color, The fact is, the passengers had been so thoroughly frightened at the time of the assault that the credibility of their testimony was much to be questioned.

Mr. Pollock reported that for several weeks previous to the robbery he had suspected that he was being followed. He also reported that on the day of the robbery he had been in the shop of Sonnenberg, the largest pawnbroker in Omaha, and that while he was there, two noted Western gamblers had entered the shop and been presented to him by Sonnenberg as possible customers.

He had made a trade of some diamonds with one of the men, and in the course of the negotiations had shown his entire stock. While the trade was in progress a Negro on the premises had noticed, lounging about the front of the shop, a man in a slouch hat, who suggested the robber. From these circumstances it was decided that the robbery might be the work of an organized gang, who had been waiting their opportunity for many days, and had selected one of their number to do the actual deed.

All his life it had been Mr. Pinkerton's business to study criminals and understand their natures. He knew that a crime like this one was as much beyond the power of an ordinary criminal as the strength of the great athlete is beyond that of the ordinary man.

Let a robber be ever so greedy of gold, reckless of human life, and indifferent to consequences, he would still think many times before declaring war to the death upon twelve men in a narrow car, on a swiftly moving train. This was surely no novice in crime, reasoned Mr. Pinkerton, but a man whose record would already show deeds of the greatest daring; a brave fellow, though a bad one. And even among the well-known experienced criminals there must be very few who were capable of this deed.

Mr. Pinkerton, therefore, set himself to studying the bureau's records and rogue's gallery to first pick out these few. Page after page of photographs was turned over, drawer after drawer of records was searched through, and at last a dozen or more men were decided upon as sufficently preeminent to merit consideration in connection with the present case.

Photographs of these dozen or so were speedily struck off, and submitted by the detectives to all the men who had been in the smoking-car at the time of the robbery, to the conductor of the train and the

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trainmen, to other passengers, to farmers and others who might have seen the robber while making his escape, and to various people in Omaha.

The result was startling. Conductor D. M. Ashmore, without hesitation, selected from the dozen or more photographs one as that of the robber. Mr. Shaw, the Omaha well-digger, who had sat just behind the robber, selected the same photograph, and was positive it pictured the man he had tried to talk to. Other passengers also picked out this photograph, as did various persons who had caught sight of the man as he escaped.

The portrait thus chosen by common accord was that of Frank Bruce, one of the most desperate burglars of the younger generation in the country, and it seemed only necessary now to find Bruce, to have the problem solved. Many days were spent, and hundreds of dollars, in searching for him. Dozens of cities were visited, and every conceivable effort made to get on his track, but it was not until his pursuers were almost weary of the chase that he was finally discovered living quietly in Chicago, on Cottage Grove Avenue, near 36th Street, where he was operating with another highclass burglar, "Billy" Boyce.

Requisition papers were at once procured from the Governor of Iowa on the Governor of Illinois, and men were sent to take Bruce into custody, when the "shadows" reported that he and Boyce had left for Milwaukee, where, of course, the requisition papers were valueless. Fortunately, that same night they attempted a burglary in Milwaukee, for which they were arrested and held for ninety days. This gave the Chicago detectives abundant time to identify Bruce as the missing robber.

Mr. Pinkerton himself went at once to Milwaukee, saw Bruce in the jail, heard his story, verified its essential facts, and within two days, to his own complete disappointment, and in spite of himself, had proved a complete alibi for Bruce, To satisfy himself in this connection, Mr. Pinkerton brought Conductor Ashmore and Mr. Shaw to Milwaukee, and pointed Bruce out to them; and, after looking carefully at him, both men declared they had made a mistake in identifying his picture, and that Bruce was not the robber.

With Bruce clear, the detectives were again without a suspect, and almost without a clue. Just here, however, Mr. Pinkerton recalled that on a trip to the West, some three years previous, to investigate the case of a man arrested at Reno, Nevada, on a charge of "holding up" a faro bank, and while stopping over in Salt Lake City, Utah, he had run across some "sporting" men in that city with whom he was well acquainted, and, on his telling them where he was going and what his business was, one of them, whom Mr. Pinkerton had known for years, had said:

"Why, the man at Reno is innocent. The men who committed that robbery are in this city. One of them is a smooth-faced boy, about twenty years of age, and the other is a heavy-set, dark-complexioned fellow, with a dark mustache. They are the intimate friends and companions of Jack Denton, the well-known gambler of Salt Lake; and only a short time ago, in Salt Lake, they entered a house through a rear door, wearing masks, and compelled two ladies, who were just returned from a ball, to give up a large amount of diamonds."

Though not interested in this particular robbery, Mr. Pinkerton had mentally jotted down the intimacy of Jack Denton with this class of people; and he recalled it now in connection with the fact that Jack Denton was one of the two gamblers to whom Pollock had exposed his diamonds at Sonnenberg's pawnshop in Omaha. He at once decided to secure definite information in regard to the boy who had been with Denton at Salt Lake three years earlier. Proceeding immediately to Salt Lake City, and making cautious inquiries, he learned that the boy in question, since he first heard of him, had been arrested and convicted of robbery at Ogden, Utah, and sentenced to one year's term in the penitentiary.

An investigation at the penitentiary disclosed that the young man had given the name of James Burke, had served out his sentence under that name, and had been released about one month previous to the Pollock robbery.

Denton, in the meantime, had left Salt Lake and gone to Omaha to make it his home. The boy Burke, argued the detectives, had naturally followed his friend to that point. An accurate description of Burke was got from the records of the Utah penitentiary, and some idea of him and his friends was derived from the officials of the prison. But where to find him in the whole great West was a question.

Inquiries at Salt Lake developed the further fact that Burke had had one intimate friend there, a man named Marshall P. Hooker. Hooker had now, however, left Salt Lake and removed to Denver. For a man of his class, Hooker was unusually talkative, and was known by "crooks" throughout the country as "Windy" Hooker.

Plans were made for keeping a watch on him and on Jack Denton, in the hope, by "shadowing" the movements of these two, of ultimately locating Burke.

Through the free talk of Hooker, reported back to the detective, it was soon learned that Burke was known by the alias of "Kid" McCoy, and that he had recently been operating on the Pacific coast in "holding up" faro banks, and had also been concerned in two large robberies, one at Lincoln, Nebraska, and the other at Sacramento, California. His whereabouts at that time, however, were unknown.

Much time had now elapsed since the

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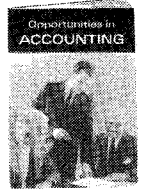

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robbery, and the sensation caused by it had died out. Jack Denton and his friends seldom spoke of it, and Hooker never spoke of it unless the subject was introduced to him. Both men were extremely shy of strangers, and it was almost impossible for a detective to draw them out, as anybody who introduced the subject of the robbery was at once looked upon with suspicion. For the purpose of creating further talk upon the subject, Mr. Pinkerton caused to be inserted in the Omaha papers an advertisement as follows:

"Five hundred dollars will be paid for any information leading up to the identification of the party who robbed William G. Pollock on the Sioux City and Pacific train, November 4, 1892. (Signed) William A. Pinkerton, Paxton House, Omaha, Nebraska."

This at once attracted the attention of the local newspaper men, and when Mr. Pinkerton arrived in Omaha he was interviewed by all the papers in the city in regard to the robbery. Thus interest in the robbery was at once renewed. Denton and the other persons under suspicion commenced talking of the matter again, none more freely than Hooker.

The latter was then in Denver. Mr. Pinkerton instructed Mr. James McParland, Denver superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency, to send for him, and say to him that he had understood that he (Hooker) could throw some light on the robbery, and that a large sum of money would be paid him for the information.

Mr. Pinkerton explained to Mr. McParland that Hooker would lie to him, and endeavor to get the money by giving him false information, but to listen patiently to what he had to say, and lead him on as far as possible without giving him any money.

This done, Mr. Pinkerton further predicted Hooker would go back to his cronies and boast of the way he was fooling Pinkerton, and how much money he expected to get; and that eventually, through his boastings, he would prove the means of locating Burke, alias McCoy.

And so, precisely, it fell out. Some of Hooker's companions were Pinkerton detectives, although Hooker did not know them as such, and they in time reported back that Burke was really the Pollock robber; that after committing the robbery he had gone back to Omaha, and from there had gone to Denver. From Denver he went to Salt Lake, and visited a prisoner in the Salt Lake penitentiary with whom he was intimate, gave this prisoner some money, and went from Salt Lake west to the Pacific coast.

Mr. Pinkerton next instructed that the record be examined for daring "hold-ups" that might have occurred in the country lately traversed by Burke. It was then found that a faro bank at Colorado City, a small place between Manitou Springs and Colorado Springs, had been entered late at night by a masked robber, who compelled the dealer and other persons to hold up their hands, took the money in the drawer and escaped; that later on a similar robbery had been perpetrated at San Bernardino, California; that later still the pool house of James Malone, a noted gambler at Tacoma, Washington, had been treated in the same manner; and, finally, that a light or pane of glass in a jewelry store at Sacramento had been smashed in, and a tray of diamonds snatched from the window by a daring thief.

And all of these deeds, Mr. Pinkerton learned ultimately through Hooker's talk, had been done by Burke.

The watch on Denton at Omaha developed little, if anything, except that a close companionship existed between him and Sonnenberg, the pawnbroker.

During the summer of 1893, learning that an intimate friend of Burke's, a burglar who had served time with him in the Utah penitentiary, was confined in jail at Georgetown, Texas, Mr. Pinkerton decided to go and interview this man and see if he could get any trace, through him, of the robber. In the meantime he instructed the detectives at Omaha and Denver to keep a particularly close watch on Jack Denton and Hooker.

On Mr. Pinkerton's arrival in Austin, Texas, he found awaiting him despatches from Superintendent McParland of the Denver Agency, stating that through Hooker's talk they had learned that "Kid" McCoy, or Burke, had been arrested at Eagle, Colorado, with a kit of burglar tools in his possession, and was then in jail at Leadville, Colorado.

Mr. Pinkerton at once telegraphed to have Conductor Ashmore and Mr. Shaw, the well-digger, sent to Leadville to see if they could identify the prisoner. Word was also sent to New York for Mr. Pollock to do the same. He also instructed Superintendent McParland at Denver to send his assistant, J. C. Fraser, to watch the case, so that if McCoy gave bail, or attempted to escape from the Leadville jail, they could be ready with a warrant for his arrest on account of the Pollock robbery.

Having wired these instructions, Mr. Pinkerton proceeded on his journey to Georgetown, Texas, where he called on McCoy's former prison associate in the Utah penitentiary, but was unable to get him to tell anything about McCoy, though he volunteered, if Mr. Pinkerton would furnish him a bond and get him out of his Texas scrape, to go to Omaha and compel the "fence" who had received the diamonds to turn back the property. But the rule of the Jewellers' Protective Union was to get the thief first and the property afterwards; so no treaty was made with the Texas prisoner.

Mr. Pinkerton now went to Kansas City, and found awaiting him there despatches from Superintendent McParland of the Denver Agency, stating that Conductor Ashmore and Messrs. Shaw and Pollock had positively identified the prisoner James Burke, alias "Kid" McCoy, as the man who assaulted and robbed Mr. Pollock of his diamonds. Burke winced perceptibly when he saw Conductor Ashmore and Mr. Shaw, and went fairly wild when confronted by Mr. Pollock.

Requisition papers were obtained from the Governor of Colorado, and the Colorado offence being a minor one, Burke was turned over to Assistant Superintendent Fraser and another detective, to be taken to Logan, Harrison County, Iowa.

Before leaving Leadville, Mr. Fraser was confidentially warned by the sheriff of the county that he could not be too careful of his prisoner; for that Burke, through a friend of the sheriff, had made a proposition to the sheriff to pay him a thousand dollars if he would secretly furnish him with a revolver when he left the jail, his design being, with this revolver, to either "hold up" or kill the two detectives who had him in custody, and make his escape from the train.

On trial at Logan, Iowa, the man was easily convicted, and was sentenced to imprisonment for a term of seventeen years. ●

Reprinted from April, 1895 issue of McClure's Magazine.

CAMPS NAMED FOR LADIES

(Continued from page 35)

"I'm drowning—get me out—there's water down here."

Townspeople immediately went wild. Chinamen exploded firecrackers, men beat on tin pans, and high-powered liquor was consumed by the barrelful. Belleville had itself the biggest, wettest drunk of any mining community in the entire state, and the next morning the biggest hangover and let-down. There was no water! Eventually, a pipeline was brought down from the mountains, but the community lost its milling business to nearby Candeleria.

Helene started out as a tent city in honor of Mrs. H. A. Cohn, wife of one of the prospectors digging in the Monkey Wrench District near Delmar in Lincoln County. Activity here was sporadic, and

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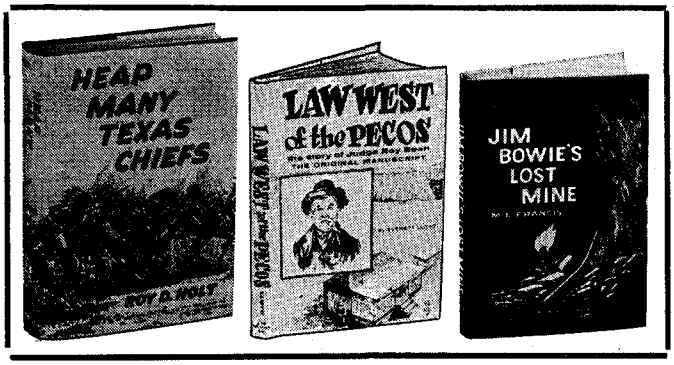

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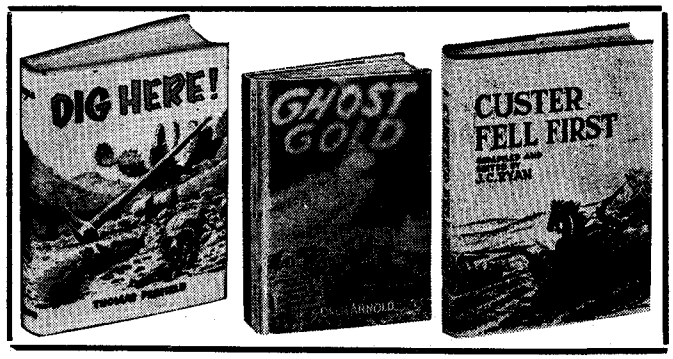

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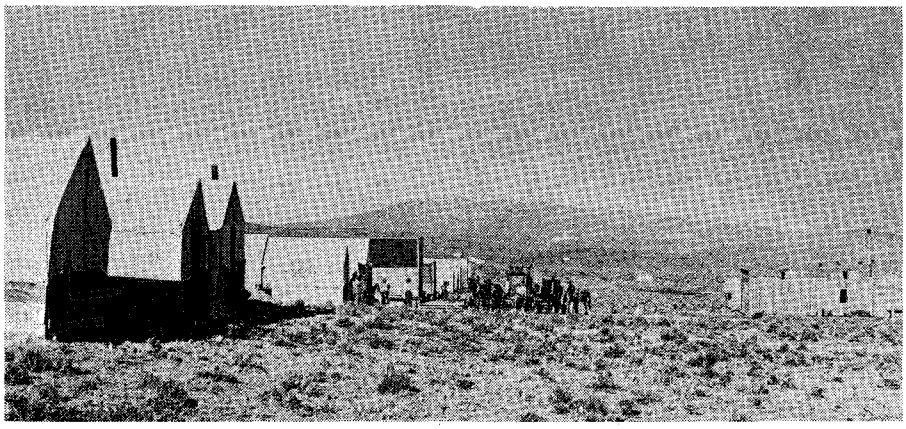

Main Street, Ellendale, 1909—named for Ellen Nay.

after a brief, hectic spurt, died down within a few months.

At a point 30 miles east of Tonopah, high grade gold float was discovered in 1909 by Ellen Clifford Nay, causing a mild stampede to stake out claims, and Ellendale flourished briefly. After producing $1,000,000 in bullion the camp died as swiftly as it was spawned. In 1951 only a single house marked its location.

There appears to be no record of Marietta's namesake, but this small community was one of a group of several that kicked up its heels in a vain attempt to become famous. Located at the southeastern border of Mineral County where it joins Esmeralda, Marietta was a heterogeneous lot of miners, promoters, and gamblers.

There was no civil authority to curb their lawlessness, and no preacher to turn to for guidance.

The best days of this he-man community occurred in 1873 when borax was discovered in Teel's Marsh by Borax Smith, who built a general store and large processing plant. Camels laboriously packed the borax all the way to the Comstock, and plodding pack mules transported it to the mills at Aurora. Nothing remains here, but it is still on most highway maps.

The small mining district of Adelaide, located south of Golconda in Humboldt County, on the eastern slope of the Sonoma Range, was named for an unknown woman in 1866.

The appellation of Bonnie Claire signifies beautiful, healthy, and plump. This tent town lying south of Goldfield might have become all this and more if railroad promoters had had sufficient financial backing to support their propaganda.

The small Bullfrog-Goldfield Railroad was built in the area in 1906, and an attempt made to construct another railroad from Bonnie Claire to the Gold Mountain Mines in the hills, but grandiose plans did not materialize. Financial problems, too, in the mills, forced the railroad company into receivership. There was very little actual mining in town per se, the important mines being located six miles to the west. In 1957 erection of the J. Lippincott Mill caused a temporary revival, but it, too, turned out to be a delusion. Today one building and some ruins still remain.

The Maggie Creek district, nine miles northwest of Carlin, which produced rich ore until 1906, was named by an early emigrant for one of his three daughters.

Silica sand was mined at Jean, a spur on the Union Pacific Railroad southwest of Las Vegas, and named for Mrs. Jean Fayle, the only white woman there in 1905.

A. W. McCune, a major investor in a area located in eastern Lincoln County on the Utah border, named it for his daughter Fay. In its heydey this district produced gold, silver, and lead.

Another deserted mining camp included the Betty O'Neal mine. This area, 14 miles south of Battle Mountain, was busy as late as 1920. Today, however, ruins of its mill, boarding house, and a few shacks present evidence of early-day activity.

Bernice, located on the western slope of the Clan Alpine Range in northeastern Churchill County, 90 miles from Fallon, was named for an unknown miner's sweetheart. W. W. Van Reed was the first to ship antimony ore from the district and W. W. Williams worked a group of silver mines there in the 1880's and '90's.

Tangible pay dirt soon petered out and activity in Bernice came to an abrupt standstill. Just a few sundry ruins mark the site now.

The Nevada State Highway Maintenance Station is located at Lida, but numerous empty buildings, ruins of Little Mill and a trading post are all that's left of former mining activity. Called Alida after Dave Buell's wife, this community managed to hang on longer than most mining camps after discovery of high grade ore there in 1871.

From 1908 to 1921 it produced small quantities of gold, silver, copper, and lead. One factor hampering the town's development was its remoteness from the nearest railroad, and other towns. When silver was discovered at Tonopah and gold at Goldfield, Lida established a combination stage station for the Goldfield stage, exchange office, and shop for servicing automobiles.

Goddess of Dawn—that was Aurora, founded by E. R. Hicks, J. M. Corey, and J. M. Braley. Aurora claimed two sources of fame in addition to the $30,000,000 in gold taken from its mines. It was the local seat of government for two counties at the same time—one in Nevada; the other in California because of a discrepancy in the original survey of the boundary line between the two states. It was proud, too, that Mark Twain lived there for a short time.

In spite of the severe winter, people continued to arrive by stage at the rate of 20-to-30 a day, pitching tents and holing up in dugouts and flimsy shacks. During the first two months, 357 mining locations were made and every ledge and outcropping was taken up. By 1864 Aurora had a population of 10,000 with 761 houses, 64 of which were constructed of brick. It boasted a jail, brick schoolhouse, 20 stores, a dozen or more hotels, and numerous boarding houses and saloons.

Its opera house attracted the best talent of the era, while a flourishing red light district accommodated the undesirables. Lodges and other civic organizations, as well as several literary and cultural societies, vied with neighboring Bodie on the fraternal and social side.

In spite of the great yield of bullion, Aurora depended on freight wagons, oxen and mule teams for its very existence. People needing supplies had to go 90 miles to Carson City and then across the Sierras to Sacramento. Hopes were high in 1862 that Aurora would become the gold capital of the world, but the deepest workings went down only 94 feet; other mines were a mere 50 feet below the ground. Gold bars were shipped out every day, and stage hold-ups a daily occurrence.

By 1869 early bonanzas became exhausted because of the shallowness of the veins, the expensive and inadequate methods of milling and because available pumps could not cope with water in the shafts. All these factors and others contributed to Aurora's decline. Her best years were over by 1870, although a few mines continued to produce some gold, silver, and chalcedony up to 1882.

Today the mill is gone. There are a few mute remains of brick buildings. The interior of the brick schoolhouse has been stripped down by vandals to bare walls, and trail-like streets lead to a few mounds here and there of tailings. Rock hounds and bottle hunters have demolished much of the town in their search for specimens. One might say only the graveyard remains.

Ruth, seven miles west of Ely, is one stable mining community that lays no claim to being a ghost town. Encompassed in the Robinson district where silver was found in 1868, there was no inkling after the first discoveries that copper instead of gold and silver would be the sustaining

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factor. Although Ed Grey and David Bartley, pioneers in the district, attempted to develop their copper claims, they experienced difficulty in getting ore to market. In 1902 Mark Requa solved this problem by forming the White Pine Copper Company, which later became the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company. This organization ran a railroad from the mine to Cobre and built a mill, power plant and smelter at McGill about 20 miles distant.

In 1907 when open pit copper mining started in the area, it was estimated the mine would be exhausted in thirteen years. This, of course, has proved to be untrue, as extensive mining operations continue to be an important and integral part of Nevada's over-all economy.

Kennecott Copper Corporation acquired full control of Nevada Consolidated in 1933 and changed the name to Nevada Consolidated Copper Corporation. This was again changed to Kennecott Copper Corporation, Nevada Mines Division, on January 1, 1943. Most recent development was the acquisition by Kennecott on January 31, 1958 of the contiguous property of Consolidated Coppermine Corporation. Personnel of Kennecott are skilled in the strenuous business of taking raw low-grade ore from the earth and converting it into giant slabs of copper.

Ore bodies occur at an elevation of 7000 feet and cover an area approximately six miles in an east-west direction covering four pits, the Liberty Pit, the Tripp Pit, the Veteran Pit, and the Deep Ruth underground workings. Since 1959 all mining has been consolidated at the Liberty Pit, with development of the others to follow on a planned schedule.

In the future, should new rich strikes be made at some remote spot in Nevada, no doubt they, too, will follow tradition, and be named for some woman. ●

INKPADUTA, SCARLET POINT

(Continued from page 21)

formed their immense numbers into an effective rear guard, deterring any further attack until the cavalry was reinforced.

The thunder cloud moved away and all was sunshine again! By the time the cavalry reinforcements arrived, the Indians had got three or four miles away

The Indians naturally took this to mean that Inkpaduta possessed supernatural powers, and from that time on they were always glad to fight under his leadership.

In the words of a cavalryman in that charge, "...As we rode up to fire upon them, they spread out in a semi-circle in the rear of their moving train to prevent us from flanking them, causing our line of battle at times to become extended for about a half mile in length. The Indians fought like tigers and performed many acts of courage and rash defiance."

Just before sundown, the Indians made their last attempt to check the cavalry. After losing thirteen braves they fled into the night.

The cavalry boys took a number of scalps in this charge.

During the night, a majority of the Sissetons, under Standing Buffalo, who wisely knew that resistance was useless, and who deplored Inkpaduta's treachery, pulled out and fled to the north

Later, during the same night, the remaining Indians under Inkpaduta made a junction with the large body of Teton Sioux, among whom were Gall, Black Moon, and Sitting Bull, The latter was but twenty-four years old and had not yet established his reputation.

The pursuit continued. The Indians, unable to inflict any real damage upon Sibley's army, sought to slow its advance while they fled toward the Missouri River.

Early in the morning of July 28, just as the army was pulling out of camp, the full force of the Indians, numbering sixteen hundred mounted warriors, appeared suddenly from behind a large hill hoping to make a surprise attack. But army scouts gave warning in time and the Indians were heard to exclaim, "It is too late, it is too late!" and "We must fight for our children." The vast numbers of the Indian fighters enabled them to form a line five to six miles long, encircling two-thirds of the distance surrounding Sibley's army. Inkpaduta, commanding an even larger force than at the first battle, attached the baggage train in the rear and very nearly inflicted a damaging blow, but again he could not stand the superior fire power and artillery that was brought up to beat off the attackers.

After two hours of fighting, General Sibley ordered the column to proceed in battle formation regardless of the great Indian force surrounding it. This show of confidence and invulnerability of the whites threw the Indians into consternation. With yells of disappointment and rage they fired a few departing volleys and sped to the Missouri River. Here they made good their own crossing to safety.

When Sibley arrived at the river, the Indians literally covered the opposite banks, flashing defiance at the soldiers with their small mirrors.

Sibley was running short of supplies and remained encamped for ten days waiting for Sully to come up from below, but receiving no response to his rockets and cannon fire, he began his return march to Minnesota. He had failed in his

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main objectives; to secure peace, or to crush the Indians' hostility. The Indians had lost most of their camp equipment and winter food, but their dead numbered no more than forty braves, and they had escaped to safety while holding off a superior army.

Sitting Bull and most of the other chiefs who took part in this battle, except Inkpaduta, were fighting the United States Army for the first time and were learning from the wily rebel the important lessons in warfare they would use in the great campaigns to come.

The Tetons remained west of the Missouri, but Inkpaduta, who most certainly did not feel chastised, recrossed the river and started again in pursuit of the buffalo. He had with him about nine hundred and fifty warriors, Yanktonnais and Santees, and was ready to do battle with General Sully.

Sully, arriving a month late, learned the direction Inkpaduta had taken and set out to find him. By the third of September he judged he was close to the Hostiles and sent out Major House with four companies of cavalry to reconnoiter.

Proceeding down a draw to investigate some reported lodges, they turned a bend in the ravine and found themselves directly upon the entire force of the enemy, about four thousand Indians all told! The battalion was fairly trapped.

Though the Indians were as much surprised as if the military had dropped from the clouds, they immediately prepared for action, and before Major House could turn he discovered that both his flanks were covered. His men sprang from their saddles and stood with guns in hand waiting for the order to fire.

Before they were completely surrounded, a scout had been dispatched to summon Sully, who was about twelve miles away. The Indians were now in a position to destroy the batallion forthwith, and would have done so had it not been for the innate deviltry of Inkpaduta. Seeing that but few soldiers were in the detail he instantly resolved to make a great event of the killing—one that would forever resound to his great fame.

"They are but few," he cried, "let us wait."

With the soldiers hemmed in, Inkpaduta set about to make a mighty carnival of the massacre, unaware that House, too, was maneuvering for time. The squaws began to cook, and the warriors got on their war paint.

Meanwhile, the untrained volunteers, standing at their guns but a few yards distant, were subjected to all of the jeers and insults in which the Dakota was so proficient.

It was drawing near evening and Inkpaduta was ready for the execution of his captives, when Sully appeared upon a hill less than a mile away, approaching at the utmost speed of his cavalry.

In the twinkling of an eye the aspect of the camp was changed. Tepees came down like magic and every thought of the Indians was turned towards escape. In an incredibly short time the camp was in full retreat.

Sully struck them from the rear and House managed to cut in from the east, and this time the Indians were caught in the ravine. Shouting the death song, the warriors sprang to the attack. It lasted but a moment, but that moment was a bloody one. The warriors fell back into the ravine and pandemonium reigned. A nation was hemmed in that narrow space and the hour of extinction seemed at hand. "Get away! Get away," came the cry and the warriors, with buffalo robes over their heads, again dashed out. The cavalry horses were successfully stampeded and in the falling darkness many of the Indians escaped.

The fight, known as the Battle of Whitestone Hill, lasted for an hour. For every one of the twenty-two soldiers killed, sixteen redskins bit the dust. Two hundred and fifty women and children were taken prisoner, and at the beginning of winter the survivors of the hostile camp were left destitute.

Nevertheless, the manner in which Inkpaduta got the remaining two thousand women and children out of the ravine in which they were trapped and spirited them away to safety was a marvelous piece of generalship. It established him firmly as the Indians' military leader.

Had he not let his vanity and bloodlust get the best of his soldierly instincts, he might then have established himself solidly as one of the greatest Indian war chiefs

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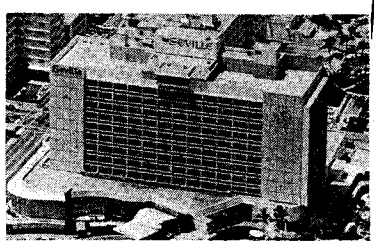

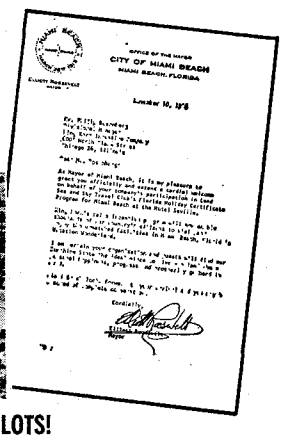

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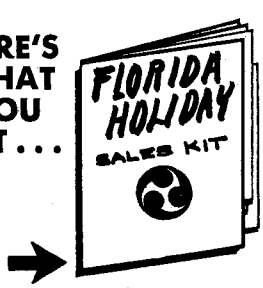

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of that time, or any other time...

As a matter of fact, neither General Sibley or Sully, or any white man, knew who was the leader of the Hostiles. After learning of Little Crow's death they supposed it must be Big Head, the Yanktonnais chief. But whoever it was, they knew he had robbed them of the decisive victory they needed to crush the Hostiles. Consequently another attempt had to be made during the following summer of 1864.

This time it was an army under General Sully alone who again moved up the Missouri River in search of the Hostiles.

On their way, a naturalist with the expedition was murdered by two Indians, who were quickly captured and beheaded. The heads, left behind on top of two poles, so convinced the Dakotas that Sully was determined to wipe them out, that most of them fled in panic to the northern Bad Lands of Dakota where they believed the white man could not follow.

They sent runners to summon back Inpaduta, their magical savior, who was then active in the Minnesota and Iowa settlements stealing horses, and he arrived in time to conduct them to the edge of the Bad Lands. All the leading chiefs of the Yanktonais, Santees, Unkpapas, Sans Arcs, Blackfeet, and Minneconjous were there, but the general scheme of defense was left to Inkpaduta whom the Indians had come to believe possessed a charmed life.

Inkpaduta selected a site for a camp ground highly advantageous for defense at Killdeer (Takahouty) Mountain, in what is now western North Dakota. Here they established a camp while their warriors, sixteen hundred in number, went off to harrass Sully who had struck out west from the Missouri River in pursuit of them with twenty-two hundred fighting men.

Inkpaduta knew he was not powerful enough to attack Sully, but was confident of holding this last stronghold against the invaders. The Indians were miserably armed and had very little ammunition.

As Sully neared the Indian stronghold, the battle was joined. Known as the Battle of Killdeer Mountain, it is considered by authorities to be the greatest battle, in number of combatants, ever fought between Indian and white men in North America. (There were to be many more Indians, but far fewer white men at the famous Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876.)

The terrain favored the Indians, being too rough and wooded for Sully's cavalry. The cavalry, however, dismounted and climbed up on foot, their rifles stuttering a constant fire. Still, the great camp was situated so that a sudden retreat could be effected, and when the all-powerful artillery opened fire upon the camp ground, the Indian women and children had already fled in near panic.

The warriors effectively covered their flight, firing from ravines and hilltops as long as their ammunition lasted. The troops attempted to pursue them up the ravines, but soon gave up and returned to the captured camp ground where they destroyed most of the Indians' abandoned possessions and winter food. Only in this way did Sully achieve any measure of victory, as the following fall and winter most of these Indians were forced to their knees by starvation.

Sully continued chasing the Indians through the Badlands all the way to the Yellowstone River and proved to them that without arms and ammunition they could not stop him. But by Inkpaduta's skillfully planned and executed strategy of retreat, he had, with the loss of few men, again frustrated Sully's hopes of winning a decisive victory.

As the Hostile horde broke into retreating fragments, Inkpaduta's career as commander of the fighting Sioux came to an end. He had again saved their skins, but the Indians were now so destitute of food and shelter that they no longer regarded him as either their savior or hero.

The immediate danger having passed, they now recalled bitterly his treachery in setting off the war with the whites in the first place, and he and his gang again found themselves the outcasts of the Sioux.

Until about 1900, no written word would give Inkpaduta any credit for the supreme role he played in the four mighty battles of 1863 and 1864. The Hostiles of course kept no written record and when in contact with the whites, which was rarely, they had strong reason never to breathe the name Inkpaduta, or if they did, it was only to villify him.

The reason was that after those great battles which brought many of the Hostiles to their knees begging for food, their loudest plea was the claim of innocence of any part in the Minnesota Massacres, and their insistence that the whites were punishing them unjustly for it. This was a plea that most of them, except the Santees, made in all honesty. But for them to admit that they had fought under the command of the notorious Santee Inkpaduta was to smear themselves with his bloody guilt and to forfeit the chance that the whites, who gagged at the very mention of his name, would consider their pitiful pleas. In fact, such was Inkpaduta's reputation as a common bandit and horse thief, that any Indian telling the truth about him would have been called a liar.

It took the Sioux forty years to overcome their fear of reprisal and reveal the truth about him to Doane Robinson, South Dakota State Historian. If it was not the truth, it is fair to ask, why would they credit so highly, long after his death, an outcast whom they otherwise hated and mistrusted? Many Indians do not agree about him, but all feel strongly.

Even today, the descendants of the Sissetons and Yanktonnais deny his leadership, and nowhere in their modern museum on the site of the battle of Whitestone Hill, near Ellendale, North Dakota, is his name to be found. (It is understandable that they would claim for one of their own the leadership in this battle.)

Nevertheless the Hostiles had achieved a far larger measure of victory than they knew. They remained unsubdued, and the entire campaign of the army was regarded by the civil authorities to have been a failure. It was due to the common sense of Newton Edmonds, Governor of Dakota Territory, that the War of the Outbreak was brought to a close long before the army would have accomplished it.

In a report dated Sept. 20, 1864, Edmonds wrote: "I am convinced that little if anything was accomplished towards the subjugation of the Indians. These two expeditions were immensely expensive to the government. I am not prepared to say why they were failures." He then proposed bringing about a permanent peace through negotiation.

In January of 1865, he left for Washington and in time got the ear of President Lincoln, who was soon convinced of the business sense of Edmond's proposal. He took one of his personal cards and wrote upon it: "Thad Stevens: Give Governor Edmonds what he wants.(sgd)A.Lincoln."

The War Department took a back seat, and treaties of peace, providing the Indians with a large measure of subsistence, were signed with all the principal Sioux tribes, except the outlaw Inkpaduta and his Santees.

In 1866, the theatre of Sioux Indian hostility shifted to the western extremes of their territory, the Big Horn Mountains. The campaign of that year was climaxed by the total anihilation of Captain Fetterman and his men. Inkpaduta was again on hand.

One more brilliant flourish was made by the Scarlet Point on the stage of American history—at the climactic moment in the great struggle of Indian against white man—The Battle of the Little Big Horn.

By then, at sixty one, he was a most venerable old man for an Indian of those days. He was almost blind (some accounts say stone blind) but his voice could still command. He was still chief of the Santees who on that great day were situated near the south end of the Indian encampment, in the path of Reno's advance, while Custer was proceeding elsewhere to his own anihilation.

Inkpaduta sought to draw Reno into a trap, until he was reinforced by a large number of Indians from the other tribes under Chief Gall. Reno, outnumbered five to one, retreated in time, unlike the foolhardy Custer. After directing Inkpaduta to keep Reno on the retreat, Gall returned north, with Inkpaduta's two

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younger sons, to meet Custer.

There is as much evidence today that it was one of the younger sons of Inkpaduta who plugged Custer with the fatal lead as there is evidence claiming this for any other Indian.

In the several years before and after this great battle, all the chiefs of the Sioux surrendered to the white man's will, except Inkpaduta. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail had made peace several years before, Crazy Horse soon after.

Inkpaduta fled to Canada with Sitting Bull and Gall, determined to die if necessary, for they saw that further resistance without ammunition was suicide. After three years, Sitting Bull and Gall came down and surrendered, but Inkpaduta, whose hand was against every man and who knew that nothing but death would avenge the atrocities of which he was guilty, died of old age in Canada in 1879, unforgiving, unforgiven, and almost forgotten. An exile at the end of his long life as he had been almost from the beginning. ●

TREASURE TRAILS

(Continued from page 41)

Board of Antiquities. About $150 million in gold and silver coins is involved in the controversy. The governor and state officers wish to hand out applications to search for treasure to a limited number of known salvagers and keep a state agent on every vessel searching Florida waters. TH'ers argue that of 150 applications to search, only ten have been approved because of lack of state personnel in supervisory capacity. A court test may follow.

SEVERAL LETTERS have been received from novices asking how metal detectors work. This is a subject far too technical to enter into in our limited space. However, nearly all manufacturers of these electronic metal detectors are most happy to have your inquiries. Write them for their literature. They invite your inquiries.

KARL VON MUELLER in *The Treasure Hunter,* Vol. 2, No. 4, Box 188, Midway City, Calif., has a fine article on juvenile delinquency. Karl argues, and with solid reason, that every boy, and most girls, love the outdoors. He states that parents looking for a means of companionship with their youngsters can do no better than to take them treasure hunting, a recreation that appeals to all ages. Read his article. It packs good sense. Title, "God's Country and Bad Kids."

GOLD on the Hong Kong free market recently reached a high of $51.98, prompting a temporary suspension in dealings. The world price is approximately $35 an ounce.

HARLEY SMITH has a good article in TPC, Odessa, Texas, Oct. 1966 issue, on bottle collecting. One couple, using a metal detector, found the old dump at a southwest mission. From the trash dump they unearthed old Jesuit wine bottles, vintage of the 1870's. Proving that you can go after glass with a metal detector. Old forts throughout the west contain such trash dumps. Find them and you'll find scores of relics of the past!

FOUR MILES WEST of Dodge City, in the summer of 1853, according to pioneer Robert M. Wright, a Mexican wagon train was attacked and all killed but one freighter, Jesus M. Martinez. The morning following the massacre, Martinez returned from the river bank where he had hidden in the night. The Indians had taken everything of value to them, the flour, blankets, bacon etc. But 21 bags, each containing 1,000 silver Mexican dollars, still remained untouched on one of the wagons. The old Mexican carried them some distance from the camp and buried them. He then made his way back to Mexico, where he died. Some years later his son returned to the site of the fight, and for many days sought the treasure, using a stiff wire to probe into the earth. But he never found the silver coins. The question is, have the TH'ers of that area who own modern detection equipment given it a real go? Twenty one thousand Mexican silver dollars would be worth locating on today's silver market!

MILDRED ROSHTO asks for leads on Louisiana treasures, factual leads, not theory. Address her at Box 431, Tullos, La.

GEORGE DUVALL, Chicago, in a letter to TPC, warns TH'ers digging in the cities or near electric wires to be careful. A man in Chicago dug into a 2200-volt underground line with a jackhammer and made Duvall aware of this danger. "When I saw him he was still kneeling there, dead," he wrote. There are also water mains, gas lines etc. Such are our TH'ing problems in the modern world!

EVER WONDER where to look for treasure? A childhood experience taught me. At a fair one day I watched a young lady lose a quarter at a merry-go-round. When the show was over and the tents torn down, I went back for that quarter. Lo! instead of one quarter I picked up $2.78 in change! That taught me to look *where people have been!* ●

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(Continued on page 72)

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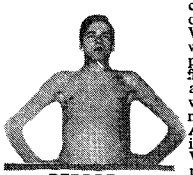

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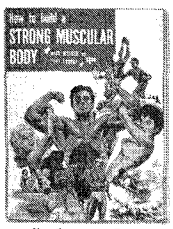

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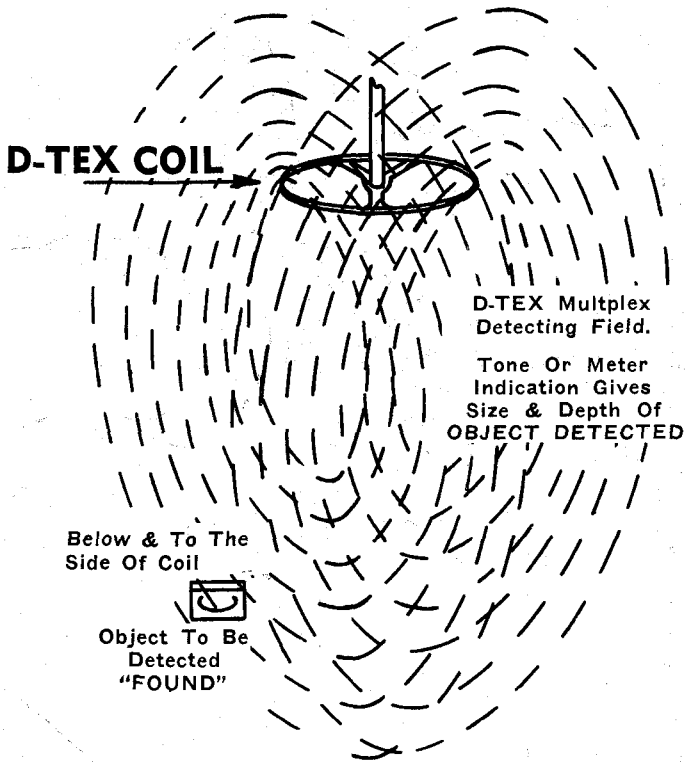

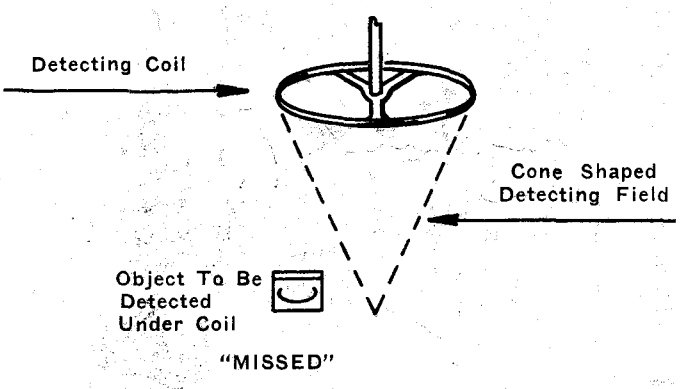

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